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THE NEW YORKER

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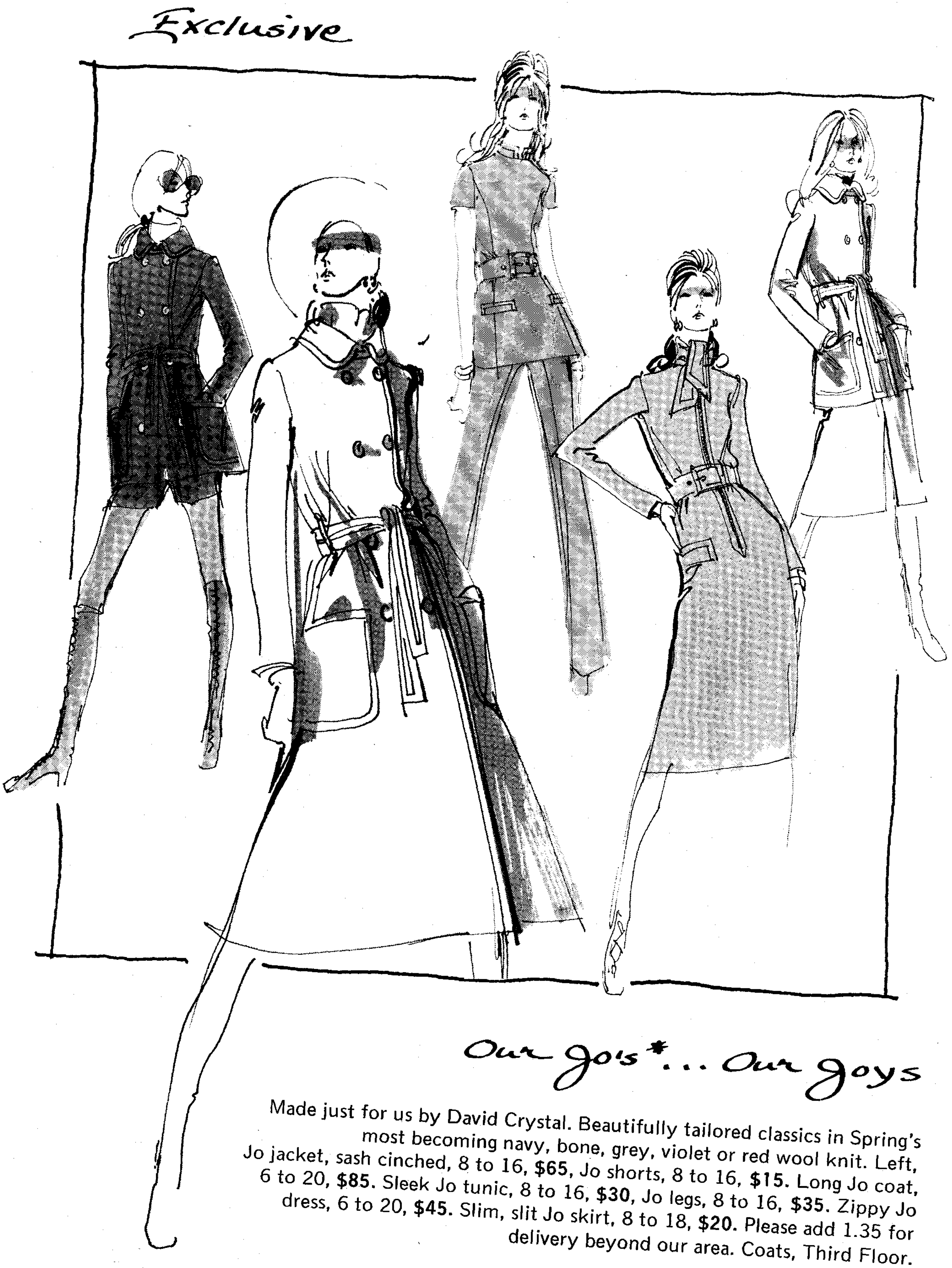

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. means East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Abelard and Heloise—A famous love story neatly but not very movingly retold by Ronald Millar. With Diana Rigg, Keith Michell, and Ronald Radd. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Alice in Wonderland—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

All Over—A well-written but empty play about death and not dying by Edward Albee. With Jessica Tandy and Colleen Dewhurst, among others, and directed by John Gielgud. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

L'Amante Anglaise—Madeleine Renaud, Claude Dauphin, and Michael Lonsdale in a three-character play by Marguerite Duras, performed in French and presented by Le Tréteau de Paris. Previews Tuesday evening, April 13, and Wednesday matinée, April 14. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 14, at 7, and will run through Saturday, April 24. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. 586-3620. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little—Admirable performances by Estelle Parsons, Julie Harris, et al., in an oddly dated play by Paul Zindel. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Behold! Cometh the Vanderkellans—A play about a rebellion in the home of a Negro college president in 1960. The battlefield is the gap between two generations. The script, by William Wellington Mackey, has its ups and downs, but the acting, under Edmund Cambridge's direction, is good. With Graham Brown and Frances Foster, among others. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Dream on Monkey Mountain—Derek Walcott's beautiful and humorous play about the vision of a West Indian prophet, in a triumphant performance by the Negro Ensemble Company. Michael A. Schultz was the director. Roscoe Lee Browne and Ron O'Neal are wonderful in the leading roles. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 18.)

The Fabulous Miss Marie—The fourth in a proposed cycle of twenty plays about black life in America, by the extraordinary black playwright Ed Bullins. Loose and episodic in style and often very funny, it is set in a living room in Los Angeles and backed by a lively jazz band. Robert Macbeth directed. (New Lafayette, Seventh Ave. at 137th St. 862-2460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Closes Sunday, May 2.)

The Gingerbread Lady—Maureen Stapleton, Michael Lombard, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Ayn Ruymen are superlative in a play by Neil Simon that is funny and sad and a touch too earnest for its own good. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Here Are Ladies—Siobhan McKenna is at her delightful best in this solo program of scenes and poems by all your favorite Irish writers of the twentieth century. Her performance of Molly's soliloquy from Joyce's "Ulysses," which ends the evening, is superb and indelible. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious satiric, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. Harold Gould, somewhat miscast in the leading role, does quite well anyhow, and Katherine Helmond, as wife, and Anne Meara, as mistress, are just about perfect. Mel Shapiro was the director. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

How the Other Half Loves—A smarmy little English comedy, starring Phil Silvers and Sandy Dennis. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, April 12, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Macbeth—Awful. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, April 14, at 2.)

The Olathe Response—A play by Jack Marshall. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Philanthropist—Christopher Hampton is a dramatist whose acquaintance you may as

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COVER: *Charles E. Martin*

DRAWINGS: *George Price, Chon Day, Warren Miller, Ed Fisher, Robert Day, Alan Dunn, Lee Lorenz, George Booth, Charles Addams, William Steig, Joseph Mirachi, Richard Oldden, Herbert Goldberg, Dana Fradon, Henry Martin, J. B. Handelsman*

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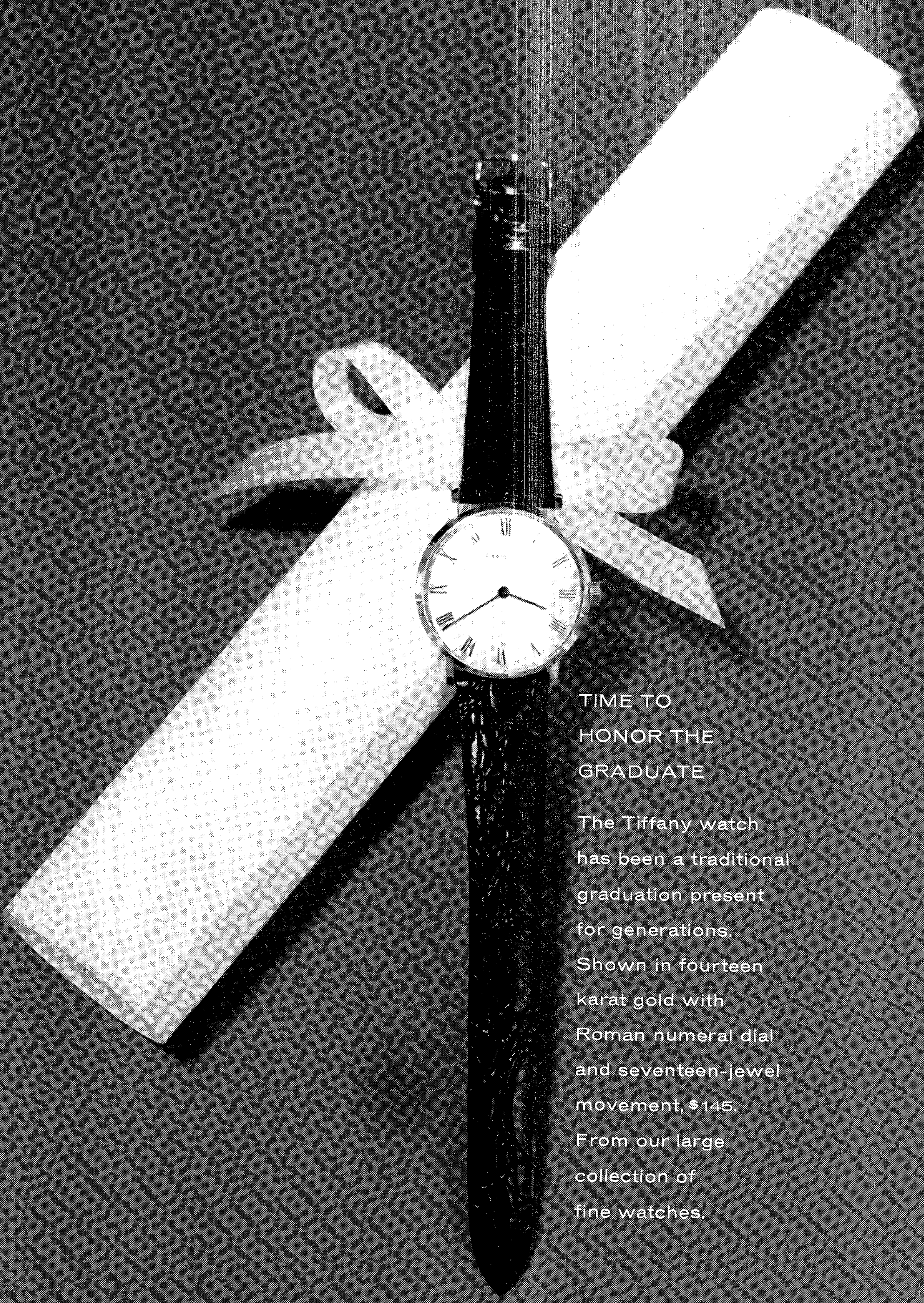

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

well make as soon as possible. Alec McCowen heads an able cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Arthur Miller's rather coarse adaptation of Ibsen's **AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE**, well performed by Stephen Elliott and Philip Bosco. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 24.)... ¶ At the Forum, in the same building: **SCENES FROM AMERICAN LIFE**, an entertaining play by A. R. Gurney, Jr. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 18.)

The School for Wives—A creditable, uninspired production of Molière's marvellous comedy. Brian Bedford plays the distracted cornutophobe. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sleuth—Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Story Theatre Presentations—**STORY THEATRE**: Paul Sills' happy animation of some fairly Grimm material. Wednesday, April 7, and Friday, April 16, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.... ¶ Ovid's **THE METAMORPHOSES**, translated by Arnold Weinstein: Previews Wednesday and Thursday, April 14-15, at 7:30, and Saturday, April 17, at 2 and 7:30. Opens Thursday, April 22. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855.)

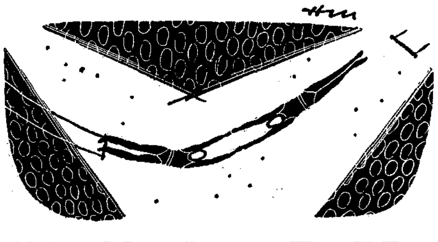
Subject to Fits—A fantasy that takes off from "The Idiot" (and stays aloft intermittently). In form, it is less a play than a ballet with words. Some of the words are Dostoevski's. A new playwright, Robert Montgomery, makes his local début. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine—A documentary drama by Father Daniel Berrigan, based on actual testimony at his trial and that of his brother, Father Philip Berrigan, and seven of their Catholic colleagues for burning draft records in Catonsville, Maryland. The effect of the play is slightly dimmed by its moral complacency, among other things, but it is moving all the same, and the performances couldn't be better. (Good Shepherd-Faith Church, 152 W. 66th St. 595-5510. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, April 8, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4; special matinée Wednesday, April 7, at 2:30.)

Two by Ibsen—**A DOLL'S HOUSE**: A shallow production of a great play, but Claire Bloom is a charming Nora. Through Saturday, April 10.... **HEDDA GABLER**: Miss Bloom's Hedda is fairly good, though not all it might be, and she is given weak support by the rest of the cast. Monday through Saturday, April 12-17. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Waiting for Godot—This lucid revival of Samuel Beckett's pain-filled comedy, which more than any other play has changed the modern theatre, is generally admirable, though seldom affecting. Alan Schneider was the director. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE**: A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS**: What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10.



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Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS**: Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by James Coco, Rita Moreno, Barbara Sharma, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Follies—A disappointing show, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and book by James Goldman. Alexis Smith is very good as an old Follies girl, and several of Mr. Sondheim's songs are delightful. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

No, No, Nanette—Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash hit. Raoul Pène du Bois has provided sets and costumes that literally scintillate, and the splendid cast includes Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Proposition—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Judy Kahan provide a few bright spots of mimicry. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Rothschilds—Luckily for real Rothschilds, this schmalzy account of their ancestors never rings true. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

70, Girls, 70—A musical with a book by Fred Ebb and Norman L. Martin, music by John Kander, lyrics by Mr. Ebb, and a cast that includes Mildred Natwick, Hans Conried, and Lillian Roth. Previews through Wednesday, April 14. Opens officially on Thursday, April 15. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat smug, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Danny Kaye in a dreary reënactment of the story of Noah. God promised Noah that the Flood would never happen again, and it would be wise to exact the same promise from Broadway. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE**: A retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **COMPANY**: Stephen Sondheim's brilliant, acerbic, funny, and sad study of urban loneliness. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS**: —You pique my curiosity, Haines said amiably. Is it some paradox? (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS**: —Pooh! Buck Mulligan said. We have grown out of Wilde and paradoxes. It's quite simple. He proves by algebra that Hamlet's grandson is Shakespeare's grandfather and that he himself is the ghost of his own father. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**: —What? Haines said, beginning to point at Stephen. He himself? (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC**: A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton, Alice Playten, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **HAIR**: This very awkward history of Mr. Elliott was still, after an interval of several years, felt with anger by Elizabeth, who had liked the man for himself, and still more for being her father's heir, and whose strong family pride could see only in *him* a proper match for Sir Walter Elliot's eldest daughter. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **MAN OF LA MANCHA**: There was not a baronet from A to Z whom her feelings could have so willingly acknowledged as an equal. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 533-1200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES**: Yet so miserably had he conducted himself, that though she was at this present time (the summer of 1814) wearing black ribands for his wife, she could not admit him to be worth thinking of again. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS**: A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PURLIE**: An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." With Cleavon Little and Patti Jo. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **1776**: A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. William Daniels is John Adams, Howard Da Silva is Ben Franklin, and Brian Foley is Thomas Jefferson. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

Les Grands Ballets Canadiens—Performing The Who's rock opera "Tommy" (to music recorded by The Who), prefaced by "Hip and Straight" as a curtain-raiser. A two-week engagement that starts Tuesday, April 13, and will run through Sunday, April 25. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8, and Saturdays at 6:45 and 10:15. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—The rites of spring include a man riding a tiger while the tiger rides an elephant. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30; and Monday through Friday, April 12-16, at 1:30 and 6. No performances Wednesday through Friday, April 7-9, and possibly on Tuesday, April 13, and Friday, April 16, because of basketball and hockey playoffs. Closes Monday, May 31. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday through Saturday, April 14-17, at 8:30, and a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 17, at 2:30. For tickets, call 988-8904, from 1:30 to 5:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Ten Wheel Drive, a disciplined, brassy outfit whose name suggests both its size and its force, will be here with its versatile young singer, Genya Ravan, through Monday, April 12. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A recent addition to the jazz-and-soul-food scene. This one offers music and meals in a softly lighted, often crowded setting. Pianist Norman Simmons, with a bassist, plays Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Thursday through Sunday, April 8-11, pianist and composer Bobby Timmons will appear with a bass player, and Thursday through Sunday, April 15-18, pianist Cedar Walton will lead a trio. Music from nine-thirty to three every night but Monday.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from ten to two. A trio composed of guitarist Charlie Brown, pianist Tom McFall, and bassist Bill Takas will perform through Saturday, April 10. On Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy is here, along with a bassist. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The sort of *festspielhaus* that brings out the best in musicians, who at the moment happen to be Jimmy Dixon on piano and Lloyd Buchanan on bass. They're in action from eight to one every night except Sunday. But Sundays are not wasted: From seven to twelve, Sammy Price, on the same piano, revives jazz of prehistory. A fully staffed kitchen, too.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—On dreary old Tenth, but near a crosstown bus, this spot offers music from the instrument it is named for, along with an attenuated version of soul food. Through Sunday, April 11, Kenny Burrell will be doing his solidly creative thing, working with a bass player. Beginning Wednesday, April 14, two A No. 1 performers—guitarist Jim Hall and bassist Ron Carter—will play a return engagement. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Tenor player Zoot Sims leads a smooth, generally inventive quartet that has Ross Tompkins on piano, Victor Sproles on bass, and Mousey Alexander on drums. Fridays through Sundays, blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in. Light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Eddie Thompson knows where jazz piano began and how it grew, and this knowledge is implicit in his competent and often very dynamic keyboard work. He plays alone Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Fridays through Sundays, Dr. Lyn Christie is added on bass. On Tuesdays, another skilled pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. The bar is dark and the popcorn fresh.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The old reliable, a haven for honest Dixieland. The musicians are Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Roy Eldridge, and Oliver Jackson. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—Power to the cats who run it, for they know what jazz is. The street is lonesome, and the interior design is rudimentary, but the music is often at a high level. Fridays and Saturdays, a six-man group known as the 20th Century Majestic Jazz Band is on the stand. Sundays and Mondays, the George Scott quartet performs, frequently with guest artists. Sound from nine until closing. Soul food is available. N.B.: Jazz prerequisites should be completed before enrolling in this course.

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Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (477-9532)—A new center of warmth and amity. Pianist Cecil Young, a stylistic virtuoso, does a lot of things on his instrument and then tops them off with double-talk and scat singing. He is assisted by Hal Dodson on bass and Bobby Hamilton on drums. Music from nine Wednesdays through Sundays. Collard greens, black-eyed peas, and so forth.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—This gilded re-creation of *temps perdu* offers a banjo band, beer, and occasional old movies. Also plastic boaters and stuffed polar bears. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ersatz museum piece, where banjos vibrate bravely and everybody is supposed to feel full of ginger. Garters are available, as are straw hats and peanuts. The three-man band plays from nine to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—The subtly persuasive vibraharpist Milt Jackson, of the M.J.Q., will lead a quartet here until Tuesday, April 13, when Yusef Lateef, adept on flute and several reeds, brings in his quartet. The atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, and so are the environs, but if the music beckons, you might as well enjoy it. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Drummer Mel Lewis leads a quartet whose other members are Thad Jones, Richard Davis, and Ronald Hanna every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Jazz, pop, and dancing. Through Saturday, April 10, flutist Herbie Mann, who has been moving toward a jazz-pop fusion, will perform with a group called Air. Floating Opera will be on the same bill. Sunday and Monday, April 11-12, and again on Saturday, April 17, Symphony Sid will present Latin jazz. Tuesday through Friday, April 13-16, the place will be dark.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The talented young trumpeter and flugelhorn player Freddie Hubbard is leading his quartet in some of the advanced stuff he favors. On Tuesday, April 13, tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson, who can range from the lyrical and supple to the biting and astringent, will arrive with his sextet. On Monday, April 12, a big band led by Al Cohn and Willis Conover will shake this cellar's rafters.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being produced here every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven by Balaban & Cats. On Sunday, April 11, clarinettist Bob Wilber will sit in with the regulars. The rest of the week, a banjo band entertains in this squarish room, where jollity is promoted by all sorts of predictable devices.

MAURICE FREED

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The period commemorated was not a very successful one, but this place has done well. The décor can pass for elegant. People dance to 45s on a little floor from ten to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A quiet, polished restaurant that opens a part of its floor for dancing to records, on Saturdays only, from eleven until three or four. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. The menu is ample, except on Sundays, when only couscous is served. Dancing to records. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Quasi-Cairo, with a Continental chef lurking somewhere behind the sphinxes. Dancing to a good assortment of records, which three times a night are interrupted by Clint Holmes, who sings pop songs and does pelvic exercises. The dinner menu is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Motor City motifs on the walls, and movement all over the place. Hang-loose clothing, youthful patrons, heavy music. Records alternate with Frontier through Sunday, April 11. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—A discothèque that changes little over the years except for a few cosmetic touches. It remains one of the most comfortable places around, with very danceable records and a sleek appearance. Action from nine-thirty to three-thirty nightly. Reservations—for what they're worth—are a good idea on weekends.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Cellar is Bavarian, and so are the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers; the surroundings are beer-hall; the character is *volksspiel*, loud and clear, from seven until one. Dance music for all hands. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—A good berth for a young man (Antonio Santaella) who will go far, wherever his facile flamencan feet will take him. His covey of five ballerinas follow him as best they can. Roberto Ledesma, a solo flier, is a South American tenor, and so everybody knows exactly what sort of Tristan passion will be dispensed. . . . ¶ Down the hall is an alcove assigned—between the hours of eight and four every night—to the guitar of Ramon Iglesias, wherefore the alcove subtly becomes an Alhambra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Marty Allen, speaker of the evening, is in his best don't-stop-me-if-you've-heard-this mood. His oratory ceases on Wednesday, April 14. The following evening brings on Don Rickles, whose peculiar sense of humor is founded upon never a kind word for anyone. With him come the P.J.'s, a brace of girl pop singers who have been making out all around. . . .

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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¶ From the main-floor bar, the planes to Vegas still take off at frequent intervals, bringing back the kind of lounge acts that thrive on very late hours.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**LA FORÊT:** The kings and queens are in their countinghouse eating bread and honey—the bread Parisian, the honey Phil Wayne's great and ingenious little band—Debussy with a beat. Other sets of musicians help it keep going until two; after that, the music is all tape-measured. The one disappointment is that this woodland is closed down Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ Dancing every night in the mannerly **CAFÉ,** as well as (Tuesdays through Saturdays) Viennese *nachtmusik* by Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, who have the proper Imperial touch.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM,** the guest of honor at dinner and supper is John Davidson, who sounds like a great admirer of good lyrics and looks like a handsome young scion of a first family. (Pity he's not a scion of the times!) On Wednesday, April 14, at ten-fifteen, he will be succeeded by Jane Morgan, who looks peaches-and-cream and who likes lyrics with that brand of garnishment. Burt Farber's exuberant orchestra and Mark Monte's crew, the old family retainers, will be staying on. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The **EDWARDIAN ROOM** undulates gently to Sandu Marcu's fiddle, seven to ten-thirty. Sunday is his day of rest, but on Easter, April 11, he will function from around noon until nine. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** fiddle from four-thirty to six-thirty every afternoon and from nine to one every evening but Sunday. Gunnar Hansen, peer of this realm, does the Wednesday-through-Saturday night shift.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—It's all right to let the New Christy Minstrels be folksy, because they sing their roundelays so very well. This they do during dinner and supper. Their curfew arrives on Saturday, April 10; on Monday, April 12, Bobbi Martin, not the least of our sparrows, starts chirping in their stead. Dance music, by human beings and/or rather loud direct wire from Western Union, begins at eight; the others do dinner and supper sets. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (PL 7-9090): To celebrate British Fortnight, a dance band (American) and the kitchen staffs of London's Hyde Park Hotel and Grosvenor House will simultaneously go into action here on Thursday, April 15. Eight to one, every night, for the ensuing two weeks.

St. Regis-Sheraton. Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Life begins with a pre-theatre buffet, plus piano, from five-thirty until seven-thirty in the **ST. REGIS ROOM;** then dinner and supper in both **LA BOITE** (likewise garnished with piano) and the **MAISONETTE** (a dance band); last of all, a late-evening reprise of the **ST. REGIS ROOM** (Jason & Maryhazel—stalwart young composer and guitarman, plus lass with a delicate air, plus persuasive meeting of voices). The St. Regis Room is closed on Sundays, the other rooms on Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Bobby Short, Orpheus of the Overworld, arrives around ten with his playmates, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, to perform his lays of modern Rome, Paris, London, the Riviera, and New York. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The loneliness of the long-distance runner is implicit in the thought processes of Shelley Berman, but the speed with which he courses (and discourses) puts him milestones ahead of any other current night-life wit. Around nine-thirty and midnight, and additionally at one on Fridays and Saturdays. He is preceded by the oddly effective soprano Ernestine Jackson and the oddly compatible Judd Woldin trio. No Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): One thing to do with the small topical revue that lives in would be to acquire a number of new lyrics for the incumbent score, which is very good of its kind. The other thing to do would be not to arrive before the entr'acte. At eight-thirty and eleven through the week, at nine-thirty and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays, never on Sundays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—takes the stand. The speechmaking begins at ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays, at eleven the rest of the time. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Until all hours, but no Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they arrive at eight) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is all very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours, though not on Sundays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate, but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous threesome goes zing! on the podium, even though there is no choreography. Nobody thinks of going home early. Sundays are a minus quantity. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Hark, what are the wild sound waves saying? Well, it's "Hello, Young Lovers" and such from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her troupe, and it's anything between the Seine and the Bosporus from her fiddlers three. Dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St., (690-1300): Strong measures are taken by the young men, equipped with guitar, clapping hands, and voice, who live in the plaza of a country town known to a fair number of off-the-beat Americans. The chef has never been out of the town in his life. Sound from seven-thirty until two, but not on Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): A modern decorator has passed an ancient miracle, and here we are in the court of a Moroccan nobleman. Over there, after ten, sits Jacques Kayal at his piano, to sing in the native French; over here is the maitre d., ready to provide couscous, Rudolph Valentino will be in at any moment. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and of the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** below-stairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at bar-side music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by voice and guitar, from seven until one. No nights off. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, romantic pianist, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old watering place, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Robert Poitevin, whose piano once sent Piaf's songs on their wistful way, is in evidence from six to one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven and twelve Mondays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a town house can possibly be, and as formal, too. George Feyer, a celebrated Ringmaster (from the Viennese Ring, naturally), does hierarchical piano (and occasionally non-hierarchical words) from eight-thirty until one-thirty. No sound on Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Five-thirty to eleven-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays; dining until ten. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. Six to one, for him, every evening but Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, led by Rudy Barron, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **PIG 'N' WHISTLE DINNER THEATRE,** 36 W. 48th St. (247-3070): Up one flight in an old family manse, a handful of characters in search of an audience set forth, on a tiny stage, their carefully curtailed synopsis of "Cabaret," that well-remembered Broadway musical, and set it forth with drive, dint, and delight. At seven-thirty and nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, plus an eleven-thirty extra Fridays and Saturdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Anne Arnold—Outsize animals, made of canvas stretched on wooden frames; through April 28. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alice Baber—Streaming circles and ovals in high-keyed colors; through April 20. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Larry Bell—Several glass walls by a West Coast artist known for his transparent cubes; starting Saturday, April 10. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ronald Bladen—One Minimalist structure of wood painted black and white that almost fills

ress by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the gallery; starting Saturday, April 10. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Herman Braun—Paintings that speculate on characters depicted by Velázquez, Manet, Cézanne, and Picasso; starting Tuesday, April 13. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Charles Coiner—Landscapes of Canada, Bucks County, and Scotland by an academician; starting Tuesday, April 13. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Hugo Consuegra—Abstract oil paintings, often making use of linear strokes, by a young Cuban artist; through April 24. (Cisneros, 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Jim Dine—Paintings, collages, watercolors, and drawings by one of the first Pop artists; through May 2. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Hisao Domoto—Paintings based on the disc motif; through April 24. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucio Fontana (1899-1968)—Works by an Italian modernist who specialized in gashed canvases; through May 1. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sam Francis—New paintings by an early Abstract Expressionist; starting Saturday, April 10. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mary Frank—Drawings in ink, charcoal, pastel, and mixed mediums by a leading younger sculptor; through April 24. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Lorrie Goulet—Sculptures of women in different kinds of stone, also drawings; through April 24. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jacqueline Gourevitch—Oil paintings of cloud images; through April 22. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kazuko Guernsey—Large stain paintings in acrylic by a Michigan artist; through Wednesday, April 14. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Anne Harvey—School of Paris oil paintings, pastels, and drawings of nudes, still-lifes, and interiors by an American expatriate; through Saturday, April 10. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

John Heliker—Semi-abstract landscapes, seascapes, still-lifes, and figures in interiors; starting Monday, April 12. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Barbara Hepworth—Sculptures in bronze and varieties of marble by one of Britain's foremost abstract artists; through April 24. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Hudson—Highly polished polychrome sculptures by a California artist; through May 1. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ray Johnson—More collages, many on the theme of dollar bills dedicated to famous women; through May 5. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

Herbert Katzman—Figures in interiors, nudes, and portraits; starting Saturday, April 10. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Oskar Kokoschka—Early drawings and watercolors by this Expressionist; through May 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Konzal—Abstract sculptures in bronze and other metals that resemble industrial equipment; through April 24. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Richard Mayhew—Recent quiet, low-keyed landscapes by an artist frequently seen in Afro-American exhibitions; through Saturday, April 10. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Rodrigo Moynihan—Color-field paintings with a landscape effect; through April 29. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kenzo Okada—Abstract paintings of nature in subdued tones; through Saturday, April 10. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Opper—Paintings composed of vertical bands of color; through April 22. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso and Richard Lindner—Ceramics by the former and a series of fourteen lithographs by the latter; through Saturday, April 10. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

Serge Poliakoff (1906-69)—Abstract paintings in a variety of surfaces by this widely known Russian; through Saturday, April 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

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Mel Ramos—Luscious nudes juxtaposed with animals or birds by a Pop artist; starting Tuesday, April 13. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Paul Resika—Mexican landscapes; through May 1. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Morteza Sazegar—Paintings composed of innumerable tiny free-hand colored squares radiating from the center to produce waves of color; through April 29. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tim Scott—One mammoth construction of steel bars and tubes and acrylic sheets by a British artist, along with two smaller works; through April 27. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sidney Simon—Figurative sculptures, most of them in bronze, some incorporating mirrors; through Saturday, April 10. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Tony Smith—Nine sculptures of modular sections, also small bronzes; through April 24. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

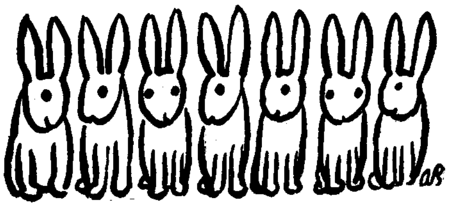
Reuben Tam—Paintings, mostly landscapes, and drawings; through Saturday, April 17. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

Louis Vivin (1861-1936)—Twenty-five paintings of Paris by this leading French "naïf;" through May 1. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Larry Zox—Color-field paintings; through April 29. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

American Watercolor Society—The hundred-and-fourth annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; starting Thursday, April 8. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **aca**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Seventy-five paintings on the theme of New York by such artists as Avery, Cadmus, Chase, Feininger, Hartley, Hassam, Luks, Prendergast, and Walkowitz; through Saturday, April 17. . . . **acts of art**, 15 Charles St.: Works by forty black artists who have rejected invitations to the current Whitney exhibition or have withdrawn from it; through May 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 8.). . . **american institute of graphic arts**, 1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St.: Posters on the theme of "Survival" by more than fifty prominent graphic designers; through April 27. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **babcock**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Pastels by Hassam, Hartley, Pittman, and Julius Goldstein; through April 29. (Closed Mondays.). . . **la boetie**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Artists associated with the Bauhaus—Feininger, Kandinsky, Schlemmer, Klee, Moholy-Nagy, and lesser figures; through Saturday, April 10. . . . **cordier & ekstrom**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Sculptures and paintings by gallery artists; through April 24. (Closed Mondays.). . . **danenberg**, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: American paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and sculptures of the twentieth century; through April 24. . . . **feigen**, 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works by eight painters; through May 5. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **gallery of israeli art**, 4 E. 54th St.: Naïve art by thirteen Israelis; through May 9. (Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **marlborough**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by about sixty-five major artists of the twentieth century, among them Picasso, Lipchitz, Modigliani, Arp, and Kokoschka; starting Saturday, April 10. (Closed Mondays.). . . **prince street gallery**, 106 Prince St.: Paintings and sculptures by seventeen artists who have shown at this gallery during the past year; through Sunday, April 11. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.). . . **rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, and Degas (to name several); through May 28. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **saidenberg**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Sculptures from Greece and the Near East, Asia, Africa, Oceania, and pre-Columbian America; through May 22. (Closed Mondays.). . . **willard**, 29 E. 72nd St.: Works by Americans, including Dickinson, Graves, Ryder, Tobey, and Ossorio; through Saturday, April 17. (Closed Mondays.)



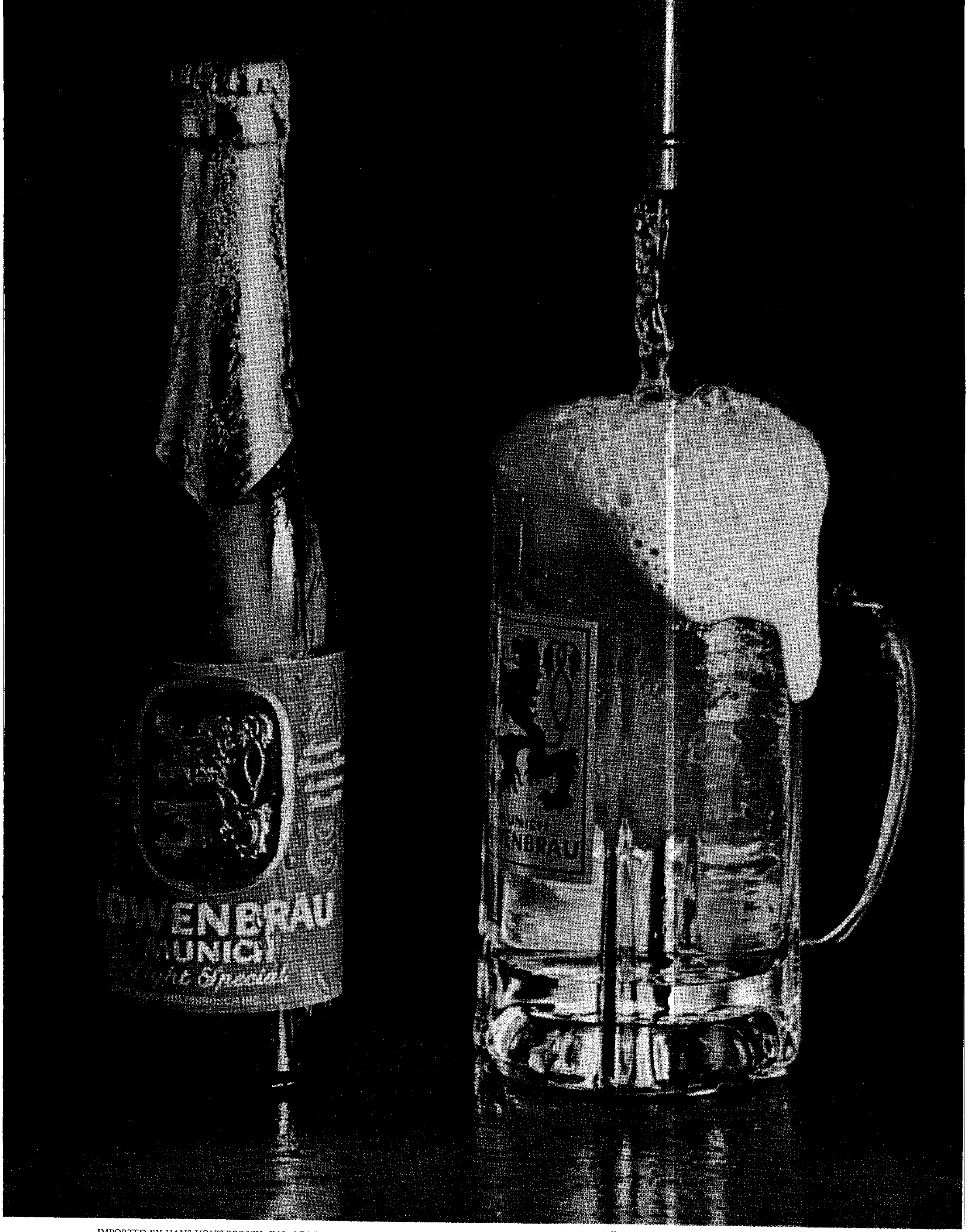
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—More than three hundred works covering the Cubist epoch (1906-21) by fifty-four artists of Europe and the United States; starting Friday, April 9. . . . ¶ A major exhibit presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration. Entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries," it consists of nearly five hundred outstanding works from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection. Through June 1. . . . ¶ Three hundred pieces—carvings, glass, jewelry, and weapons—dating from the second millennium B.C. to the seventh century A.D. and indicating cultural connections between Egypt, the ancient Near East, and Greece and Rome; through April 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Approximately two hundred and twenty-five photographs by Walker Evans, one of America's best-known documentary photographers of this century; through Sunday, April 11. . . . ¶ Work from the past thirty years by Romare Bearden, a leading black artist, whose emphasis in the past decade has been on collage and photomontage; through June 7. . . . ¶ A retrospective of metal sculptures by Richard Hunt, black Chicago artist; through June 7. . . . ¶ Models, photographs, and drawings for an imaginary ceremonial structure by Will Insley; through May 3. . . . ¶ Paintings, watercolors, and drawings by Rodchenko (1891-1956), an important Russian avant-garde artist of the period around the First World War, supplemented by book designs, a poster, and photographs of lost or destroyed works; through Sunday, April 11. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures done prior to World War II by Duchamp, Matisse, and Picasso, whose gift, "Guitar," is included; through April 26. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The sixth Guggenheim International Exhibition, comprising paintings, sculptures, and conceptual, environmental, and process art by around twenty artists of the United States, South America, Canada, Europe, and Japan; through Sunday, April 11. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Works by over fifty black artists from different parts of the United States, among them Jacob Lawrence, Romare Bearden, Tom Lloyd, Thomas Sills; through May 16. . . . ¶ Thirty-nine paintings (by as many artists) done between 1950 and 1970 and organized around the idea that they are primarily structured by means of color. Among the artists are Albers, Hofmann, Newman, Noland, Poons, Reinhardt, Rothko, Stella, and Still. Through April 18. . . . ¶ Twenty-five paintings and drawings by Romaine Brooks (1874-1970), an expatriate American known for her portraits; starting Friday, April 9. . . . ¶ A first one-man exhibit of paintings and drawings by Malcolm Bailey, a young New York artist seen in exhibitions of black art; through April 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ On Tuesday, April 13, at 8:30, there will be a Composers' Showcase program, with Eleazar de Carvalho conducting a chamber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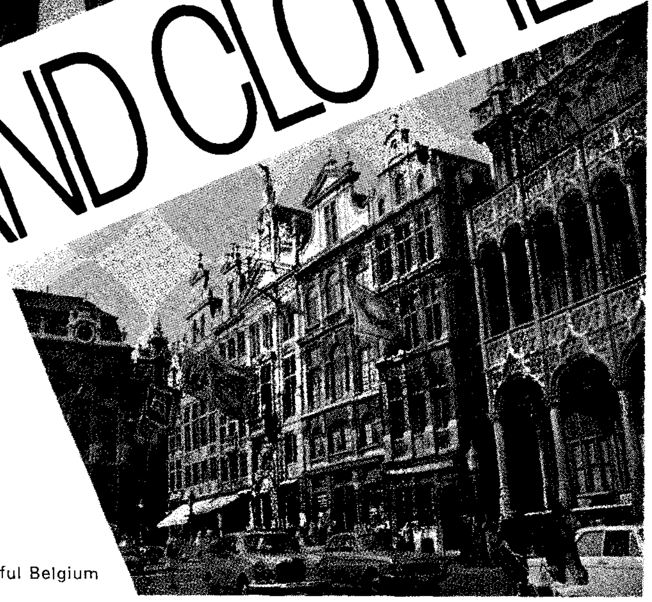

Grand 'Place in beautiful Belgium

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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11	12	13	14	15	16	17

orchestra, and with Louisa Budd, soprano; Gerald Tarack and Jeanne Benjamin, violin; and Robert Miller, piano. Tickets will be issued on a first-come, first-served basis starting Wednesday, April 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fourteen major paintings and drawings by Vincent van Gogh, borrowed from the artist's nephew and the van Gogh Foundation in Holland; through Sunday, April 11. (Admission is $1.) . . . ¶ Lithographs, etchings, Japanese prints, newspaper engravings, and photographs collected and studied by van Gogh; through Sunday, April 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Monday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculptures, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Memorial exhibit: Gatch, Hofmann, Hopper, Schnakenberg, and Sheeler. In the gallery: contemporary paintings and sculptures, candidates for awards. Through Saturday, April 10. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan exhibition of tapestries in silk and metal thread dating back to the seventh century; through May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Ecclesiastical vestments dating from the twelfth century to the early sixteenth, along with sculptures, enamels, ivories, and paintings related to them; through July 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Films, slides, tapes, and kinetoscopes presenting approximately a hundred and twenty artists at work in their studios or out of doors; through Thursday, April 15. . . . ¶ Forty-five paintings by Dutch, Flemish, British, and Italian artists of the fifteenth century through the eighteenth; through April 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of four hundred photographs by W. Eugene Smith; through May 9. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Symbolic sculptural interpretations in different mediums of dramas and dramatic personae by Angela Conner; through July 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A cache of autographs, books, drawings, and manuscripts acquired during the last few years. Highlighted is the second part of the Hours of Catherine of Cleves with thirty-five transparencies. Through May 1. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Sculptures of Oceania from the Museum's permanent collection. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An assembly of nineteenth-century toys designed by George W. Brown, accompanied by reproductions of the watercolors from his sketchbook. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred and twenty works in a variety of modes by forty-four artists, most of them young, representing "the Swiss avant-garde;" through May 9. . . . ¶ A retrospective consisting of a hundred and fifty sculptures, prints, and drawings by Gerhard Marcks, German Expressionist, who taught at the Bauhaus; through May 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"City of Promise: Aspects of Jewish Life in New York, 1654-1970," an amalgam that includes photographs (a hundred of them portraits), ritual silver, and paintings. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Recent acquisitions that fatten the Library's Berg Collection—original manuscripts and letters of major English, Irish, and American writers. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Thirty large paintings by two contemporaries—Robert Carter and Michael Singletary; through Sunday, April 11. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

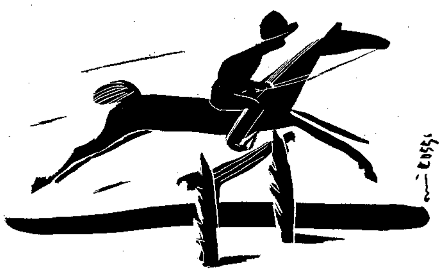
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 7, at 8: "Werther," with Rosalind Elias, Joy Clements, Franco Corelli, Dominic Cossa, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 8, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jeannette Pilou, Justino Díaz, Nicolai Gedda, Ezio Flagello, Theodor Uppman, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Friday, April 9, at 1: "Parsifal," with Irene Dalis, Sándor Kónya, Cesare Siepi, William Dooley, Morley Meredith, and John Macurdy. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 2: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Colette Boky, Régine Crespin, Lucine Amara, Frederica von Stade, Nicolai Gedda, Gabriel Bacquier, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Pilar Lorengar, Mildred Miller, George Shirley, Frank Guarrera, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Monday, April 12, at 8: "Werther," with Régine Crespin, Joy Clements, Franco Corelli, Dominic Cossa, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 13, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Klara Barlow, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Judith Blegen, Cesare Siepi, Stuart Burrows, Ezio Flagello, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 14, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Pilar Lorengar, Mildred Miller, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 15, at 8: "La Bohème," with Jeannette Pilou, Judith DePaul, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, Giorgio Tozzi, and Gene Boucher. . . . ¶ Friday, April 16, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Judith Blegen, Cesare Siepi, Stuart Burrows, Fernando Corena, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Pilar Lorengar, Mildred Miller, George Shirley, Frank Guarrera, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Colette Boky, Régine Crespin, Lucine Amara, Frederica von Stade, Nicolai Gedda, Gabriel Bacquier, and Andrea Velis.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, April 7, at 8:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Kay Creed, Sergio Di Amorim, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 8, at 8:15: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Friday, April 9, at 8:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Carmen Gonzalez, Nicholas DiVirgilio, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 2:15: "The Turn of the Screw," with Maralin Niska, Ellen Faull, Kenneth Riegel, and Robert Puleo. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 8:15: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Patricia Wise, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 11, at 1:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Carmen Gonzalez, Nicholas DiVirgilio, and Seymour Schwartzman. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 11, at 7:15: "Don Rodrigo," with Eileen Schauler, Patricia Wise, John Stamford, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 13, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Patricia Brooks, Beverly Evans, Richard Fredricks, and Michele Molese. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 14, at 8:15: "Don Rodrigo," with Marianna Ciraulo, Deborah Kieffer, Salvador Novoa, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 15, at 8:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Carmen Gonzalez, Sergio Di Amorim, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Friday, April 16, at 8:15: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Joyce Barker, Patricia Wise, Michele Molese, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 2:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Jerry Jennings, Spiro Malas, and David Rae Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Deborah Kieffer, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Dominic Cossa. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 25.)



ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting on Thursday, April 8, at 8:30; Friday, April 9, at 2; Saturday, April 10, at 8:30; and Monday, April 12, at 7:30 (all with Evelyn Lear, soprano; Birgit Finnila, contralto; John Stewart, tenor; Sherrill Milnes, baritone; and the Westminster Choir). . . . ¶ Pierre Boulez conducting on Thursday, April 15, at 8:30; Friday, April 16, at 2; Saturday, April 17, at 8:30; and Monday, April 19, at 7:30 (all with Heather Harper, soprano).

Washington University Choir and Madrigal Singers—Orland W. Johnson directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 7, at 7:30.)

New England Conservatory Chorus and Brass Quintet—Lorna Cooke deVaron directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, April 7, at 8.)

Pro Arte Double Chorale and Orchestra—John Nelson directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with the Columbus Boychoir; Evelyn Mandac, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 9, at 7:30.)

Stuttgart Bach Chorus and Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Helmuth Rilling directing—Sunday, April 11, at 8:30: "The St. Matthew Passion." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 14, at 8:30: B-Minor Mass. . . . ¶ Friday, April 16, at 8:30: "The St. John Passion."

RECITALS

Waverly Consort—A program of vocal and instrumental music from the thirteenth-century Spanish Court, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, April 7, at 8:40.)

Kun Woo Paik—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 8, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them Harriet Bolz and Allan Blank, performed by William Blount, clarinet; William Komaiko, piano; and others. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Monday, April 12, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Koji Toyoda—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 12, at 8:30.)

Amadeus String Quartet—The first in a series of three all-Schubert programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, April 15, at 8:30.)

Peter Serkin—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 16, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Charles Treger, violin; Pierre Fournier, cello; and John Browning, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 16, at 8:30, and Saturday, April 17, at 9.)

American Brass Quintet—With a chorus direct-

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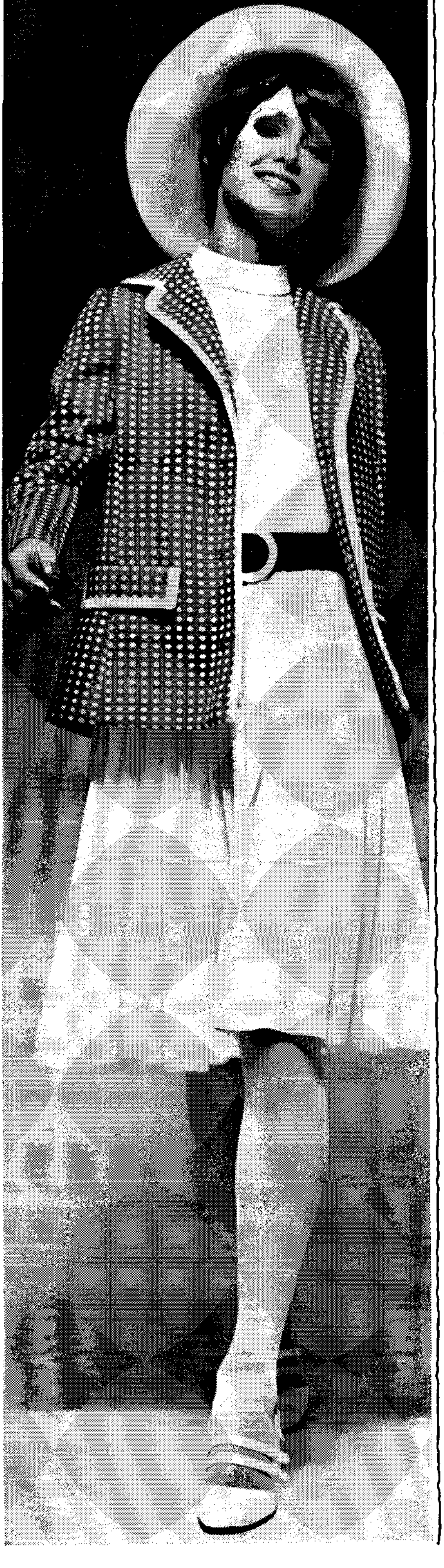


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ed by Abraham Kaplan and William Fischer, *in a benefit recital.* (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, April 17, at 8:30.)

George Malcolm—Harpsichord, in an all-Bach program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 17, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Wynton Kelly and Ona Truth—With the Jazz Adventures Trio. (Jazz Center, 57 W. 57th St. Wednesday, April 7, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.)

Chicago—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 7-8, at 8, and Friday and Saturday, April 9-10, at 8 and at midnight.

Elton John, Seatrain, and Wishbone Ash—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Thursday, April 8, at 8, and Friday and Saturday, April 9-10, at 8 and 11:30.

Clark Terry and Phil Wilson—With the Jazz Adventures Trio. (Jazz Center. Friday, April 9, *at noon.*)

Delaney & Bonnie & Friends, Country Joe McDonald, and Tim Hardin—With Karen Beth. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 10, at 7:30 and 10.)

Ella Fitzgerald and Count Basie and His Orchestra—With the Tommy Flanagan trio. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 11, at 4 and 8.)

Mountain, Mylon, and Tyrannosaurus Rex—Fillmore East. Monday through Thursday, April 12-15, at 8.

Maxine Sullivan—With the Jazz Adventures Trio. (Jazz Center. Wednesday, April 14, at noon.)

John Lee Hooker and Canned Heat—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 15, at 7:30.

College All-Star Band and Marian McPartland—Jazz Center. Friday, April 16, at noon.

John Mayall, Boz Scaggs, and Randalls Island—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, at 8 and 11:30.

Duke Ellington and His Orchestra—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 16, at 8:30.

Buddy Tate's Band—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 16, at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Montreal, Wednesday and Thursday, April 7-8, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Saturday, April 10, at 2:15, and Sunday, April 11, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, April 16, at 2:05, and Saturday, April 17, at 2:15. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Detroit (first American League games here), Tuesday through Thursday, April 13-15, at 2.

Professional Basketball—National Basketball Association championship playoffs, Eastern Division: Knicks vs. Baltimore. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, April 9, at 2:30, and, if necessary, Friday, April 16, at 7:30.)

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Harlem River. Saturday, April 17.)

Fencing—Martini & Rossi Tournament—Friday, April 16, at 9 and 7:30: Men's individual foil. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 9 and 7:30: Women's individual foil and men's individual épée. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 18, at 9 and 5: Men's individual sabre. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 18, at 7: Men's three-weapon team. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup East Division quarter-final playoffs: Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday and Thursday, April 7-8, and, if necessary, Tuesday, April 13, *all* at 7:35.)

Hunt Racing—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 10, and Saturday, April 17.). . . ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 10.). . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 17.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 22. The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 10, and the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 17. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays, except Good Friday, at 1:15; through Saturday, April 17. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap. Saturday, April 17. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:45, from Saturday, April 17, through Monday, May 31.

Trapshooting—Amateur Championships of America at Clay Targets, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Friday, April 16, at 10; Saturday, April 17, at 9:30; and Sunday, April 18, at 10.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 22. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, April 15, through Saturday, Nov. 13.

FOR CHILDREN

Operetta—The Blue Hill Troupe presenting a benefit performance, primarily for children, of *Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado."* (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 17, at 2:30. For tickets, call 988-8904, from 1:30 to 5:30.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Winnie the Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays and also Monday through Wednesday, April 12-14, at 1 and 3:30, plus Thursday and Friday, April 15-16, at 1.). . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, April 10, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "A Very Special Clown," Sunday, April 11, and Saturday, April 17, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.). . . KING'S PLAYERS: "Rainbow Junction." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, April 15, and Saturday, April 17, at 2.). . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.). . . MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS: "This Was America." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr., at 120th St. Saturday, April 17, at 1 and 3. For tickets, call 749-7000, Mondays through Fridays between 1 and 4.). . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Looice." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturday, April 17, at 2:30.). . . NEW YORK CHILDREN'S THEATRE CENTER: "The Adventures of Buddy and Jim." (Town Hall. 489-0120. Monday and Tuesday, April 12-13, at noon and 2:30; Wednesday, April 14, at noon; Thursday and Friday, April 15-16, at noon and 2:30; and Saturday, April 17, at noon.) . . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "Robin Hood," Monday, April 12. . . . ¶ "Rumpelstiltskin," Tuesday, April 13. . . . ¶ "The Wizard of Oz," Wednesday, April 14. . . . ¶ "Tom Sawyer," Thursday, April 15. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Performances at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Steering by the Stars." (Special holiday schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, April 7-8, at 2 and 3:30; Good Friday at 1, 2, and 3:30; Saturday, April 10, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Easter at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Monday through Friday, April 12-16, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; and Saturday, April 17, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—Fifty paintings by children of Leningrad; through Sunday, May 9. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Children's Zoos—In CENTRAL PARK: A pond shared by ducks and geese, Noah's Ark (with a colony of skunks inside), and a turreted castle are a few of the attractions in this tiny village, and the other inhabitants include monkeys, deer, rabbits, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.). . . ¶ At the BRONX ZOO: Reopens Saturday, April 10, with a variety of small animals, among them four lambs and a calf. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

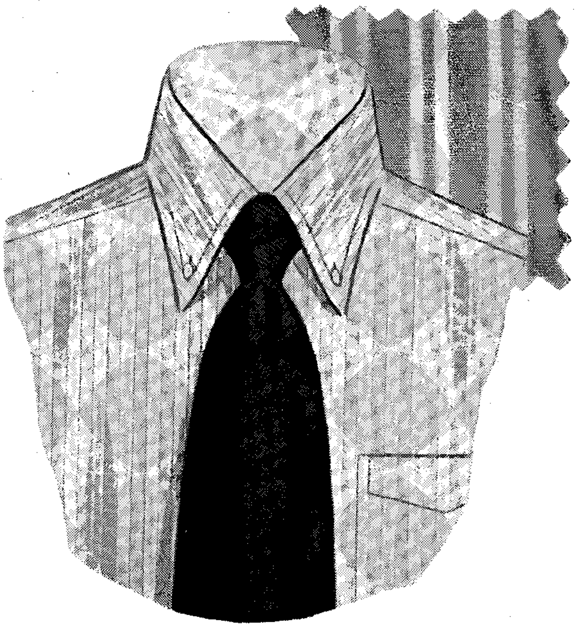
ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only for those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

International Automobile Show—The newest in foreign and domestic cars, plus antiques and classics. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Saturday, April 7-10, from 11 to 11, and Sunday, April 11, from 1 to 8.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, April 7, at 8, and Thursday, April 8, at approximately 3: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures of the eighteenth century to the twentieth, including works by Bierstadt, Eakins, Remington, and Burchfield; the property of Huntington Hartford and others.... ¶ Thursday, April 8, at 2: American folk paintings by J.O.J. Frost, George Edwin Lothrop, and others; from the collection of the late Betty and Albert L. Carpenter.... ¶ Thursday, April 15, at 2: English, Continental, and American silver; from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 10.

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 7 at 2 and 5:30: "Brewster's Millions" (1945), directed by Allan Dwan, with Dennis O'Keefe and June Havoc.... ¶ April 8 at 2 and 5:30: "The Woman They Almost Lynched" (1953), directed by Allan Dwan, with John Lund and Brian Donlevy.... ¶ April 8 at 8: "The Key" (1959), in Japanese, directed by Kon Ichikawa.... ¶ April 9 at 2: "Driftwood" (1947), directed by Allan Dwan, with Dean Jagger.... ¶ April 9 at 5:30: "Northwest Outpost" (1947), directed by Allan Dwan, with Nelson Eddy.... ¶ April 10 at 11:30: "Intolerance" (1916), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Mae Marsh and Constance Talmadge.... ¶ April 10 at 5:30: "Riders of the Purple Sage" (1925), directed by Lynn Reynolds, with Tom Mix.... ¶ April 11 at 2 and 5:30: "Just Pals" (1920), directed by John Ford, with Buck Jones and Helen Ferguson.... ¶ April 12 at 12:30: "Liliom" (1934), in French, directed by Fritz Lang, with Charles Boyer; no English titles.... ¶ April 12 at 6 and April 13 at 2: "Outward Bound" (1930), directed by Robert Milton, with Leslie Howard and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.... ¶ April 13 at 5:30: "Watermelon Man" (1970), directed by Melvin Van Peebles, with Godfrey Cambridge and Estelle Parsons.... ¶ April 14 at 2 and 5:30: "A Tale of Two Cities" (1917), directed by Frank Lloyd, with William Farnum.... ¶ April 15 at 2 and 5:30: "Surrender" (1931), directed by William K. Howard, with Warner Baxter.... ¶ April 15 at 8: "A Woman's Testament" (1960), in Japanese, directed by Yasuzo Masumura, Kon Ichikawa, and Kimizaburo Yoshimura. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **new york cultural center**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through April 11: "Something Different" (1963), a Czech film, directed by Vera Chytilova.... ¶ Starting April 14: "Diamonds of the Night" (1964), a Czech film, directed by Jan Němec. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... ¶ "The film as art" is the announced *raison d'être* of the **anthology film archives**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly.... ¶ At the **whitney museum**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Friday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Trash."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 8: "Midnight Cowboy" and "In the Heat of the Night."
From April 9: "The Wild Child" and "The Passion of Anna."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through April 13: "The Owl and the Pussycat" and "The Looking Glass War."
From April 14: "Midnight Cowboy" and "Stolen Kisses."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 8: "The Wild Child" and "The Passion of Anna."
From April 9: "Cold Turkey."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Where's Poppa?" and "The Landlord."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"And Soon the Darkness."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Confession."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Little Big Man."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Mad Dogs and Englishmen."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Bed and Board."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Taking Off."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"A Severed Head."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Making It."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Beguiled."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through April 8: "The Projectionist."
From April 9: "Celebration at Big Sur."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Andromeda Strain."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Gimme Shelter."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Little Murders."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Claire's Knee."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Love Story."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Melody."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through April 15 (tentative): "Women in Love."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"B. S. I Love You."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"My Fair Lady."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 8: "Vanishing Point."
From April 9: "The Mephisto Waltz."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 13: "Relations."
From April 14: To be announced.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Flight of the Doves."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through April 8: "Cold Turkey."
From April 9: "Valdez Is Coming."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
April 7: "Bonnie and Clyde" and "Bullitt."
April 8-14: "King of Hearts" and "Something for Everyone."
From April 15: "Johnny Minotaur."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"My Fair Lady."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Wanda."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Ramparts of Clay."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Husbands."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Buster Keaton festival.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"The Last Valley."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Waterloo."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6760)
April 7: "Snow Country" and "Kojiro."
April 8-11: "The Seven Samurai."
April 12-14: "The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan" and "Sanjuro."
From April 15: "Samurai Banners."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Lawrence of Arabia."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Shinbone Alley."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"A New Leaf."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Husbands."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Melody."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Conformist."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through April 13: "The Body."
From April 14: "Margo."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"My Night at Maud's."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Friends."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Little Big Man."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through April 8: "Get Carter."
From April 9: "Cold Turkey."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through April 13: "The Wild Child" and "The Passion of Anna."
From April 14: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"2001: A Space Odyssey."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
April 7: "Of Human Bondage" and "Gold Diggers of 1935."
April 8-14: "Right On!" and "Burn!"
From April 15: "The Seven Samurai" and "Night and Fog."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 13: "Thunderball" and "You Only Live Twice."
From April 14: "Midnight Cowboy" and "In the Heat of the Night."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through April 8: "The Night of the Hunter" and "Little Caesar."
April 9-11: "Witness for the Prosecution" and "The Devil's Disciple."
April 12-13: "The Manchurian Candidate" and "12 Angry Men."
April 14-15: "The Young and the Damned" and "This Strange Passion."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"My Fair Lady."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The Andromeda Strain—Biological invasion from outer space. The rapidly expanding green muck is not unlike the various slimy menaces in the unpretentious sci-fi thrillers of the fifties, but Robert Wise, who made this expensive version of the Michael Crichton novel, has chosen a fanatically realistic documentary style and has failed to solve the dramatic problems in the original story. The suspense is strong, but it isn't a very pleasurable kind of suspense; the movie lacks humor. (Cinema I.)

And Soon the Darkness—A suspense-thriller, with Pamela Franklin, directed by Robert Fuest. (Murray Hill.)

Bed and Board—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "endearing." In French. (Fine Arts.)

The Beguiled—Clint Eastwood in a Civil War story as a wounded Union soldier recuperating in a school for Southern belles run by Geraldine Page. A peculiar sort of late-Gothic picture, and pretty misogynistic, but the performances are O.K. With Elizabeth Hartman and Mae Mercer. Directed by Don Siegel. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

The Body—A celebration of human biology—birth, sex, old age. Uplifting narration by Vanessa Redgrave. Roy Battersby directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through April 13.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the Depression outlaws who show off their big guns and their defiance of the law. The Arthur Penn movie plays upon our attitudes toward the American past by making the holdups look as dated as too-real comedy. Violent, funny, and one of the best American movies of the sixties. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 7.)

B. S. I Love You—Rather jaunty form of a modern comic morality about Madison Avenue hangups. Mixture of the blithe and the depressingly knowing; whether one should go depends on how strongly one reacts against flashes of smart-aleckry. With Peter Kastner and JoAnna Cameron, directed by Steven Hillard Stern. (Juliet 2.)

Bullitt (1968)—There is a good chase over the hilly streets of San Francisco in this routine and pointless police melodrama, which is, however, given some tension by the competent director Peter Yates and some interest by Steve McQueen, with his low-key charisma. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 7.)

Burn!—Gillo Pontecorvo's emotionally charged epic about a slave revolt on a fictitious Caribbean island. Marlon Brando is the cynical representative of the British oppressors who instigates the revolt and then crushes it. Controversial, flawed, passionate. An attempt to plant an insurrectionary fuse within a swashbuckler. (New Yorker; April 8-14.)

Celebration at Big Sur—Joan Baez, Joni Mitchell, and many others at the 1969 Big Sur Folk Festival at the Esalen Institute. (Ciné Malibu; starting April 9.)

Claire's Knee—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman-novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Cold Turkey—There is some satire on the media in this farce about a town that tries to give up smoking for a month. With Dick Van Dyke, Pippa Scott, Tom Poston, Bob and Ray, and Bob Newhart. Directed by Norman Lear. (86th St. East; through April 8. . . . ¶ Gramercy and Cinema Studio; starting April 9.)

The Confession—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists

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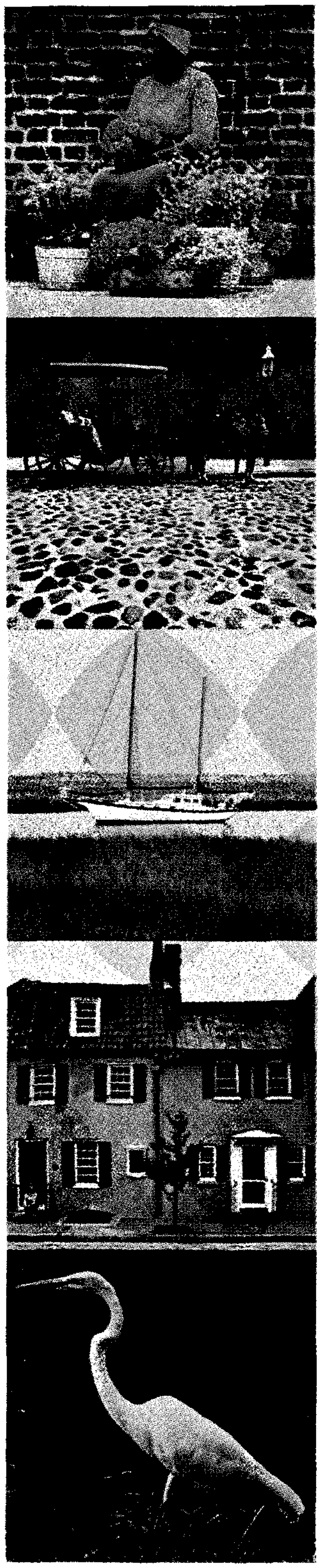

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (34th St. East.)

The Conformist—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger-woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

The Devil's Disciple (1959)—The Shaw play, not too well directed by Guy Hamilton, but Laurence Olivier is an irresistible General Burgoyne. As an English critic remarked, he administers "such a drubbing to his American co-stars that Burgoyne's military defeats are triumphantly avenged." With Kirk Douglas, Eva Le Gallienne, and Burt Lancaster (who has one great scene). (Thalia; April 9-11.)

Flight of the Doves—About two children pursued by a rotten stepfather across Irish country. Fine as long as you're in the company of small kids. With Ron Moody and Jack Wild, directed by Ralph Nelson. (Loew's Ciné.)

Friends—Daft idyll of a youth-worshipping time. It's about a middle-teen-aged couple on the loose in France who have a baby without a doctor or midwife. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Paris.)

Get Carter—There's nobody to root for but the smartly dressed sexual athlete and professional killer (Michael Caine) in this English gangland picture, which is so calculatedly cool and amoral that it seems to belong to a new genre of academic viciousness. After waiting for the story fragments to be assembled, there is some excitation, and then the viewer is offered the satisfaction of violence. What makes the movie unusual is the metallic elegance and single-minded proficiency with which it adheres to its sadism-for-the-connoisseur formula. Mike Hodges directed. (Cinema Studio; through April 8.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Cinema II.)

Gold Diggers of 1935 (1935)—Dick Powell is hired by Alice Brady to escort her daughter, Gloria Stuart, while Gloria's fiancé, Hugh Herbert, completes his book on snuffboxes. Guess what happens. The score is good, even though the picture is terrible—in a pleasant sort of way. Busby Berkeley, who usually only choreographed, did the direction, too, and he wasn't too skillful. (New Yorker; April 7.)

Husbands—Three actors (John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara) playing three suburban husbands in a semi-improvised movie directed by Cassavetes. The actors have occasional intense and affecting moments, going through emotions that they set off in each other, but Cassavetes is the sort of man who is dedicated to stripping people of their pretenses and laying bare their souls. Inevitably, the results are agonizingly banal. (Greenwich and Festival.)

In the Heat of the Night (1967)—A comedy-thriller with Sidney Poitier as a quick-witted police officer from the North and Rod Steiger as a blundering Southern chief of police. Fast and enjoyable, with lively, atmospheric cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Directed by Norman Jewison. (Cinema Village; through April 8. . . . ¶ Symphony; starting April 14.)

Johnny Minotaur—Directed by Charles Henri Ford. (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting April 15.)

Buster Keaton Festival—A rare collection of silent features and shorts. April 7: "Our Hospitality" and two shorts. April 8: "Sherlock, Jr." and three shorts. April 9: "The Navigator" and two shorts. April 10: "Go West" and two shorts. April 11: "Seven Chances" and two shorts. April 12: "Battling Butler" and two shorts. April 13: "The General" and two shorts. April 14: "College" and two shorts. April 15: "Steamboat, Jr." and two shorts. (Elgin.)

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King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 8-14.)

Kojiro (1966)—Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Kikunosuke Onoe. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; April 7.)

The Landlord—There are some engaging moments in Hal Ashby's film, which shows a rich white New Yorker (Beau Bridges) in combat with a boozing mother (Lee Grant). To rile her, because she hates Jews and blacks, he buys a New York tenement. With Pearl Bailey. (Kips Bay.)

The Last Valley—Michael Caine as an intelligent man of action in a large-scale historical adventure story set in Germany during the Thirty Years War. He leads his band of brutal mercenaries into a hidden valley; it's as if the men from Kurosawa's "The Seven Samurai" had discovered Shangri-La. The director, James Clavell, is a good storyteller, and the film has a core of feeling. With Omar Sharif. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Though it fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, it is perhaps the most literate and tasteful and exciting of the modern expensive spectacles. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn. David Lean directed. Written by Robert Bolt. (Rivoli.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Sutton and Paramount.)

Little Caesar (1930)—Edward G. Robinson's Rico is the prototype of the movie gangster, but Mervyn LeRoy's direction is sluggish, and the actors seem to be transfixed by the microphone. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell. (Thalia; through April 8.)

Little Murders—Jules Feiffer's wisp of a satirical comedy about living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould plays another of the new catatonic heroes. (Beekman.)

The Looking Glass War (1970)—From John le Carré's novel about a fugitive Pole offered sanctuary in England in return for undertaking a spying job in East Berlin for the British. The plot is opaque because the Englishmen have been made too cryptic. The film doesn't quite grasp the novel's convincingly nihilistic nature; it makes the young in the film seem victimized, not naïve. With Christopher Jones, Ralph Richardson, and Pia Degermark, directed by Frank R. Pierson. (Charles; through April 13.)

Love Story—Maudlin. (Tower East.)

Mad Dogs and Englishmen—Directed by Pierre Adidge. Noisy but jolly film about the American tour of Joe Cocker, the English rock star, accompanied by hordes of family, friends, and a dog. Lots of split-screen stuff and some amiable *cinéma vérité* of the dog eating plane food. (Trans-Lux East.)

Making It—John Erman's film about a lad making heavy weather of being an Odysseus on a seventeen-year-old's sexual quest. The film comes from a novel called "What Can You Do?;" what you can do is not go. (Coronet.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—A witty, far-out thriller about political extremists, with some chilling moments. George Axelrod adapted the Richard Condon novel, and John Frankenheimer came to life as a director. With Angela Lansbury, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Janet Leigh, James Gregory, and John McGiver. (Thalia; April 12-13.)

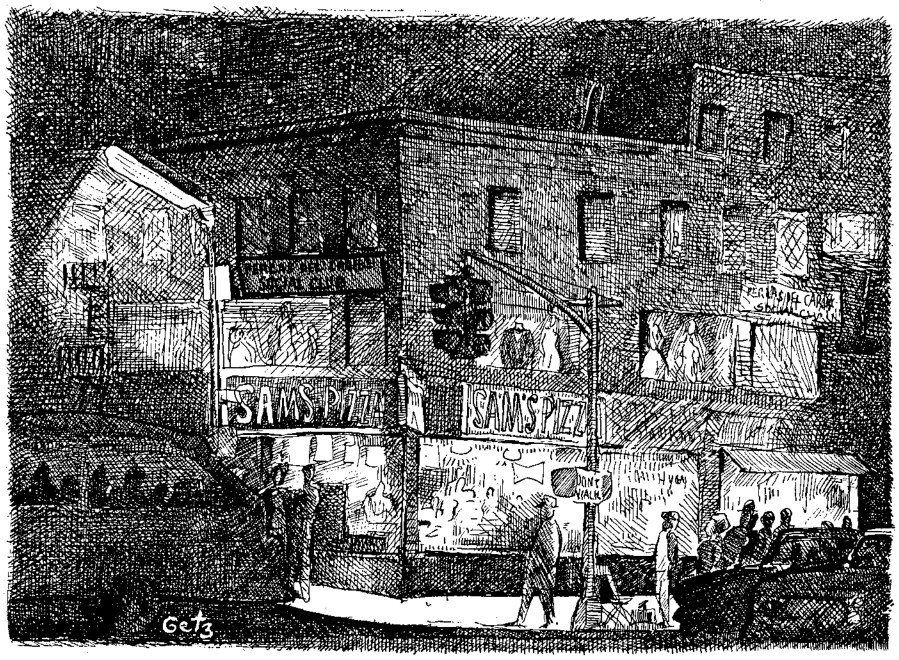
Margo—An Israeli film, directed by Menahem Golan. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting April 14.)

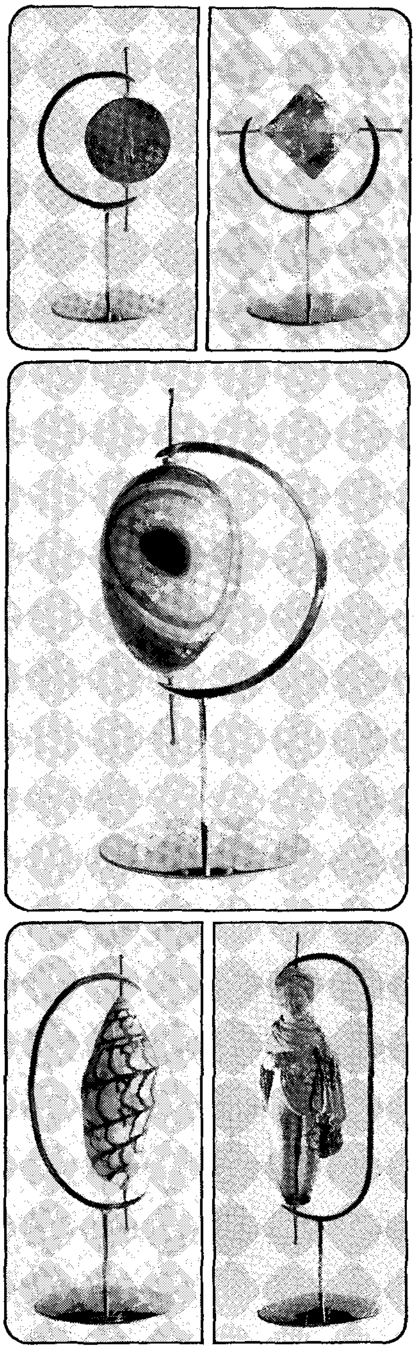
Melody—Waris Hussein directs Jack Wild (the Artful Dodger in "Oliver") and Mark Lester (who *was* Oliver) in an icky but perfectly agreeable English story to take children to. (72nd St. Playhouse and Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

The Mephisto Waltz—With Alan Alda and Jacqueline Bissett, directed by Paul Wendkos. (U. A. East; starting April 9.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Cinema Village; through April 8. . . . ¶ Charles and Symphony; starting April 14.)

My Fair Lady (1964)—The Lerner and Loewe musical staggers along in this large production, directed by George Cukor and designed by Cecil Beaton. Audrey Hepburn is an affecting Eliza, though she is totally unconvincing as a guttersnipe, and is made to sing with that dreadfully impersonal Marni Nixon voice that has issued from so many other





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

screen stars. Perhaps Rex Harrison played Higgins once too often. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Waverly, and Midtown.)

My Night at Maud's—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better eye than anyone in sight for the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Lincoln Art.)

A New Leaf—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau?*) who must marry a fortune in six weeks, and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Music Hall.)

Night and Fog (1955)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (New Yorker; starting April 15.)

The Night of the Hunter (1955)—This adaptation of Davis Grubb's novel was James Agee's last film work and the only movie Charles Laughton ever directed (because it was a total financial disaster). Though overly "artistic," it's a fascinating horror fable about a murderous, sex-obsessed, hymn-singing madman (Robert Mitchum) and the children who try to escape from him. With Shelley Winters, Lillian Gish, James Gleason, and Evelyn Varden. (Thalia; through April 8.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Bette Davis had a great slouch in the role of Mildred, the scheming, deceitful Cockney waitress who sinks her hooks into the sensitive hero, Leslie Howard. (Howard was the man born-to-be-betrayed until Dirk Bogarde came along.) Davis makes her role work through sheer will; she doesn't let it happen, she makes it happen—and, boy, you'd better watch! Her peroxide-blond Mildred may be too showily *mean* to be convincing, but Davis's energy was, for the first time, fully released on the screen, and the role made her a star. John Cromwell directed this careful, rather stilted version of the Somerset Maugham novel. The other women in the hero's life are played by the lovely young Frances Dee and the unusual, wry Kay Johnson. With Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale. (New Yorker; April 7.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A raucous romance, with Barbra Streisand and George Segal as sparring partners. They both win. Streisand can ring more changes on a line than anybody since W. C. Fields, and Segal has the steadying grace that Tracy used to supply for Hepburn. The picture is just a doodle, but it's probably the most enjoyable comedy since "M*A*S*H." Herbert Ross directed. (Charles; through April 13.)

The Passion of Anna—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. There is an amazing use of closeup two-shots and of something near soliloquy. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Gramercy; through April 8. . . . ¶ Regency; through April 13. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; starting April 9.)

The Projectionist—Chuck McCann as a projectionist, and Rodney Dangerfield as a theatre owner. Harry Hurwitz wrote and directed this movie-infatuated movie, which includes bits of old serials and features—some of them entertaining. With Ina Balin. (Ciné Malibu; through April 8.)

Ramparts of Clay—Jean-Louis Bertuccelli directed this quietly impressive study of a strike in a Tunisian village on the edge of the Sahara and the way it radicalizes a young illiterate girl. Adapted from Jean Duvignaud's book "Change at Shebika." Shot in Algeria. In Berber. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Relations—A Danish film, based on a novel by Johannes Allen and directed by Hans Abramson. (Orpheum; through April 13.)

Right On!—Dangerous-natured, funny, agile film about three black poets—poets of revolution and infectious, lazy sarcasm. They incant on a roof in Harlem, accompanied by drums; the sunshine burns and wanes, the film is stirring and chilling. (New Yorker; April 8-14.)

Ryan's Daughter—Gush made respectable by millions of dollars tastefully wasted. Sarah Miles marries Robert Mitchum but experiences rapture with Christopher Jones. David Lean directed, on a cosmic scale, from Robert Bolt's script. (Ziegfeld.)

Samurai Banners—Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting April 15.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; April 12-14.)

The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan—With Tatsuya Nakadai and Suisen Ichikawa, directed by Masahiro Shinoda. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; April 12-14.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. The full three-and-a-half-hour version. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; April 8-11. . . . ¶ New Yorker; starting April 15.)

A Severed Head—Dick Clement directs an affected English sex-comedy from the nineteen-sixties novel by Iris Murdoch. The film's deep-breathing preciousness about sex—an Oxford anthropologist haughtily in love with her half brother sits at a posh dinner table and cuts into things with a samurai sword, implying a load of dopey metaphor and not much humor—is nearly matched by its preciousness about claret. Good actors, including Richard Attenborough, Ian Holm, and Claire Bloom, intelligently battle to turn the comedy into farce. (Baronet.)

Shinbone Alley—An animated feature based on Don Marquis's stories of archy and mehitabel, with the voices of Carol Channing, Eddie Bracken, and John Carradine. Directed by John Wilson. (Guild.)

Snow Country (1957)—Based on the novel by Yasunari Kawabata, directed by Shiro Toyoda. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; April 7.)

Something for Everyone—Angela Lansbury practices high-comedy techniques in a sort of broken Hans Andersen fairy tale mixed up with "Midnight Cowboy" and a lot of *Lederhosen*. Michael York plays a bisexual footman. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 8-14.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Charles; starting April 14.)

Taking Off—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding both sides in the generation war old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Plaza.)

This Strange Passion ("El;" 1955)—A careless, cheaply made variation on the theme of jealousy, but written and directed by Luis Buñuel, and full of bizarre jokes about the Spanish male's obsession with female chastity. Arturo de Cordova is the mad Othello who takes needle and thread to his wife. In Spanish. (Thalia; April 14-15.)

Thunderball (1965)—Sean Connery as James Bond. The setting is Caribbean; the enemy is Adolfo Celi, the mastermind of SPECTRE, who stoops to using sharks. Terence Young directed. Not bad, but not quite top-grade Bond. A little too much underwater war-ballet. (Symphony; through April 13.)

Trash—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. The high points in this torpid Warhol production, directed by Paul Morrissey, are when people are bizarrely alive rather than just vacuous. (Art.)

12 Angry Men (1957)—A group of jurors have to decide the fate of an eighteen-year-old accused of patricide. Sidney Lumet directed the performances beautifully. Henry Fonda is the single juror who gradually wins over the majority to his just view. In the present context, the film expresses an agonizingly optimistic idea of the possible winning powers of the outnumbered and out-of-step. Cast includes Lee J. Cobb and Jack Warden. (Thalia; April 12-13.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. (Embassy 72nd St.)

Valdez Is Coming—Bullishly sentimental Western, with Burt Lancaster as a Mexican-American part-time constable speaking up by instinct for all the right things. Directed by Edwin Sherin. (86th St. East; starting April 9.)

Vanishing Point—Solid car chase, celebrating both kinds of speed. Not up to much. It seems a rather mechanical extension of points proved profitable in "Easy Rider." With Barry Newman, directed by Richard Sarafian. (U. A. East; through April 8.)

Wanda—Barbara Loden wrote, directed, and stars in this story of the minimal love affair of a passive, bedraggled girl from a mining town and a nervous wreck of a small-time crook (Michael Higgins). The director shows great strength—she never falls back on coy tricks or clichés—and the performances are admirable, but the movie is such an extremely drab and limited piece of realism that it makes Zola seem like musical comedy. (8th St. Playhouse.)

Waterloo—Sergei Bondarchuk, who directed the Russian "War and Peace," makes an Italian-Russian version of the following battle in Napoleon's history. Napoleon (Rod Steiger) comes back from Elba to resume the fight almost with the motives of the Marschallin in "Der Rosenkavalier"—as though he were urged and saddened by intimations of middle age. Christopher Plummer is Wellington, in an Anglophobe and rather unconvincing version that serves mostly to make the point that the Prussian von Blücher really won the war. O.K. as spectacle, except that the topography of the battle isn't much fun to follow. (*Criterion.*)

Where's Poppa?—Carl Reiner's comedy has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, though some of the skits are clumsily freaky. George Segal is wonderfully amiable and foolish, but his senile adversary—his mother (Ruth Gordon, doing her usual)—isn't an altogether satisfactory comic target. Fortunately, there's a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (Kips Bay.)

The Wild Child—François Truffaut's film, set in the late seventeen-nineties, about a doctor, played by Truffaut himself, who grows passionately interested in teaching human skills to a boy who has spent eight or nine years learning to live like an animal in the forest. The picture is precise, moving, elegantly speculative. In French. (Gramercy; through April 8. . . . ¶ Regency; through April 13. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; starting April 9.)

Witness for the Prosecution (1958)—Billy Wilder's moderately entertaining version of the Agatha Christie courtroom thriller, with Charles Laughton wiggling his wattles, and Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor. (Thalia; April 9-11.)

Women in Love—D. H. Lawrence said this novel was his best, and he was probably right. You won't get a clear idea of what it's about from the movie, because Ken Russell attempts to make an extravagant, sensuous experience out of it and doesn't bother much about the characters or themes. Read the book first; then go to the film for the virtuoso tableaux and for Glenda Jackson's bold, tense performance. (Juliet 1; through April 15, tentative.)

The Young and the Damned ("Los Olvidados;" 1952)—The poor prey on each other in Luis Buñuel's ruthless examination of poverty and delinquency in Mexico. With some great Surreal sequences. In Spanish. (Thalia; April 14-15.)

You Only Live Twice (1967)—The last (and in some ways the best) of the Sean Connery-James Bond pictures. Here, his power-mad adversary is Donald Pleasence, who has classy quarters in a volcano, and his harem is Japanese. Lewis Gilbert directed. Connery seems more relaxed in this one—maybe because he'd served his time and was about to be liberated. But it was fun while it lasted—probably the best serial since talkies came in—and it went out with a bang. (Symphony; through April 13.)

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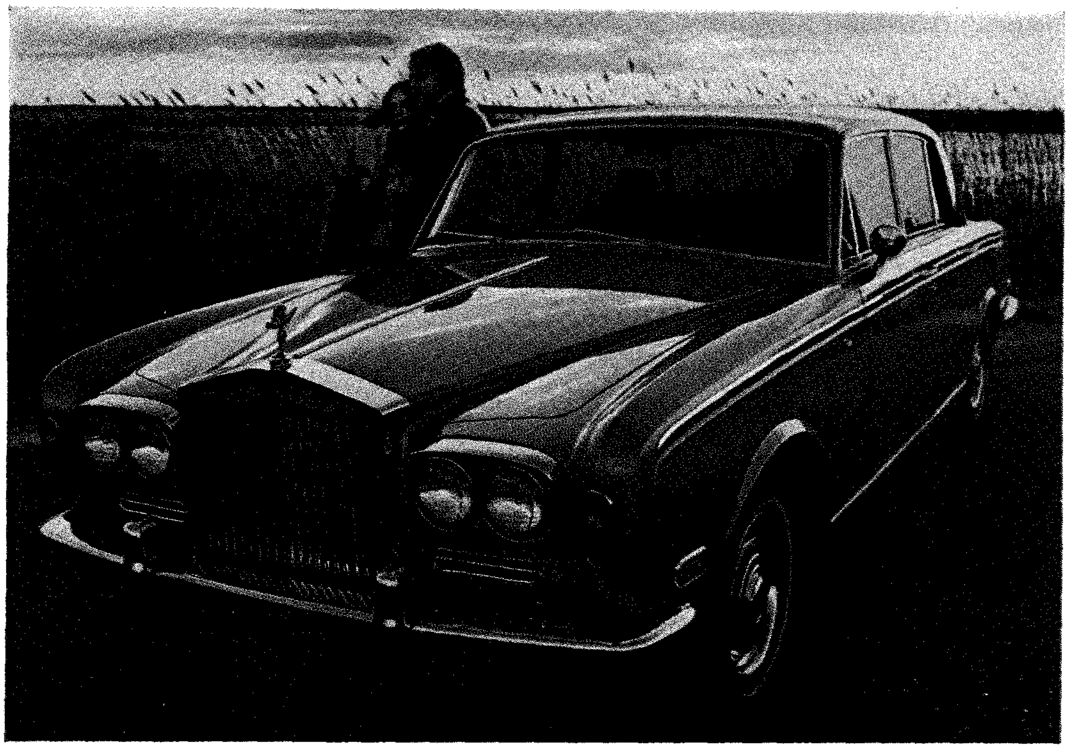

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The personal Rolls-Royce is the Silver Shadow. It has been built expressly for the personal pleasure of the owner-driver. Some people think of it as a supreme self-indulgence. In many ways it is. But it is also an eminently sensible car.

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Clippings from the crankshaft

The engine, for example. It's an aluminum V-8, a thoroughly modern design. But Rolls-Royce still assembles each one by hand. It takes eight hours, but it's the only way our craftsmen can satisfy their own demands for silence and endurance.

They have crankshafts forged with an extra tab of metal, which they clip off and test chemically for purity and mechanically for strength. They do this with *every* crankshaft.

They weigh and balance all engine parts before assembly. They run each engine on a testbed for three hours. Once an engine is installed in a chassis, it undergoes a hundred and fifty miles of road testing.

The result is an engine you need never coddle. It can cruise at a hundred miles an hour all day long.

You may have little use for such speed, but the reserve power that makes it possible is good to have on hand when you're accelerating onto a superhighway.

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Rolls-Royce is as painstaking about stopping cars as about making them go. There are self-adjusting disc brakes all around. And there are three independent hydraulic brake systems. Even in the unlikely event that two of them fail, the third will bring the car to a halt.

They are power-*assisted* brakes. Two systems hold at the ready a hydraulic pressure of over 2,000 pounds per square inch. The third is a direct unassisted hydraulic circuit. All three work in unison. You get the safety of power brakes without their tyrannical abruptness. It's most reassuring.

Many owners have remarked that they can drive farther with less fatigue in a Rolls-Royce than in any other car. The Silver Shadow has coil springs on all four wheels, firmly under the control of a unique hydraulic levelling system. This system keeps the car level under any load; you can actually see it work when you put a heavy trunk into the luggage compartment. With the car in perfect trim at all times, it always behaves predictably, and the headlights are always aimed correctly. You must try it to believe how comfortable it can be.

Walnut, leather and thixotropic paint

The beauty that surrounds you in a Silver Shadow has been designed to stay beautiful. The instrument panel and window moldings are veneered in walnut burr, sprayed with five coats of lacquer to make it virtually impervious.

The leather for the seats is selected by a veteran specialist. His rejects go to make expensive handbags.

The floors are covered with Wilton carpets. They are held in place by snap fasteners so you can remove them for occasional dry cleaning.

Extravagant precautions are taken to keep corrosion at bay. A Silver Shadow may have as many as fourteen coats of paint, depending on color. It takes six weeks to paint each car. When the priming, sealing, buffing and polishing are finished, a white car looks like porcelain, a black one like polished marble.

Samples of every paint color are constantly on test, in Manchester for resistance to industrial fallout, on the Sussex coast for resistance to salt air, in Texas for resistance to fading in sunlight, and in Malaya for resistance to monsoon conditions.

The doors are made of rustproof aluminum, braced internally like airplane wings. The classic radiator shell is made of stainless steel. So are the hubcaps, and indeed so are the tailpipes.

The whole undercarriage is inundated with a special thixotropic paint. It never hardens, never cracks, and never lets road spray touch the metal.

The more you know about the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow, the more sensible and less extravagant it seems. A copy of the new Rolls-Royce catalogue or Owner's Manual will give you all the marvellous minutiae. Some may surprise you, even if you're an old hand at fine cars. For instance, the button on the instrument panel that lets you test the warning lights to make sure they're still working. Or the veneer index that makes it possible to replace damaged woodwork from the very same log that supplied the original wood.

The Rolls-Royce catalogue costs two dollars. The Owner's Manual costs $12.50. They are useful preliminaries to visiting your Rolls-Royce dealer.

We hope that when you drive your own personal Rolls-Royce, you will think of nothing but the pleasure it gives. But in that critical moment when you sign your check, it's good to know that you may well be taking possession of a future classic.

For a copy of the Rolls-Royce catalogue or Owner's Manual, send your check to Mr. Lynn Perkins, Public Relations and Advertising Manager, Rolls-Royce Inc., Dept. 414, Box 2707, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017. A dealer listing appears elsewhere in this publication. Suggested price P.O.E., exclusive of local taxes, if any. Slightly higher in Alaska and Hawaii.
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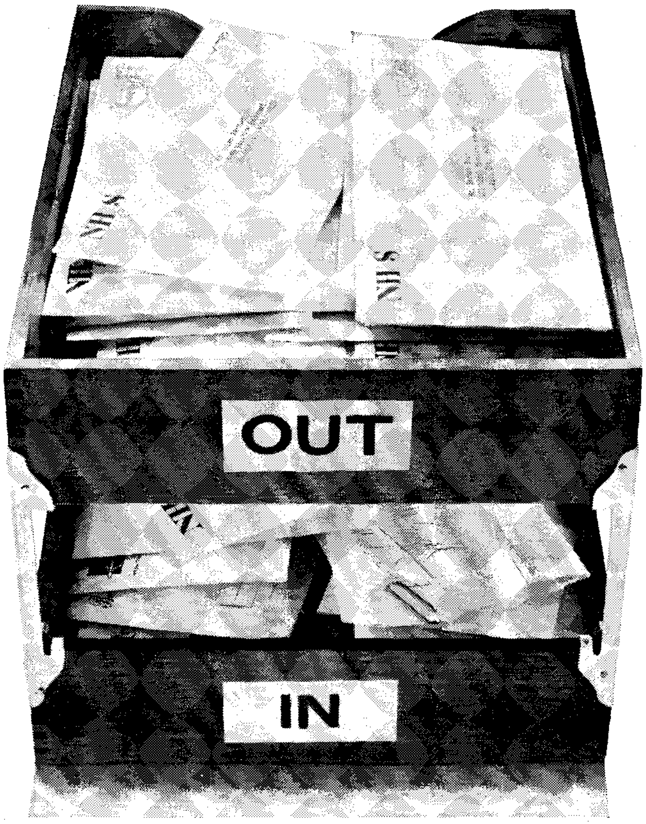

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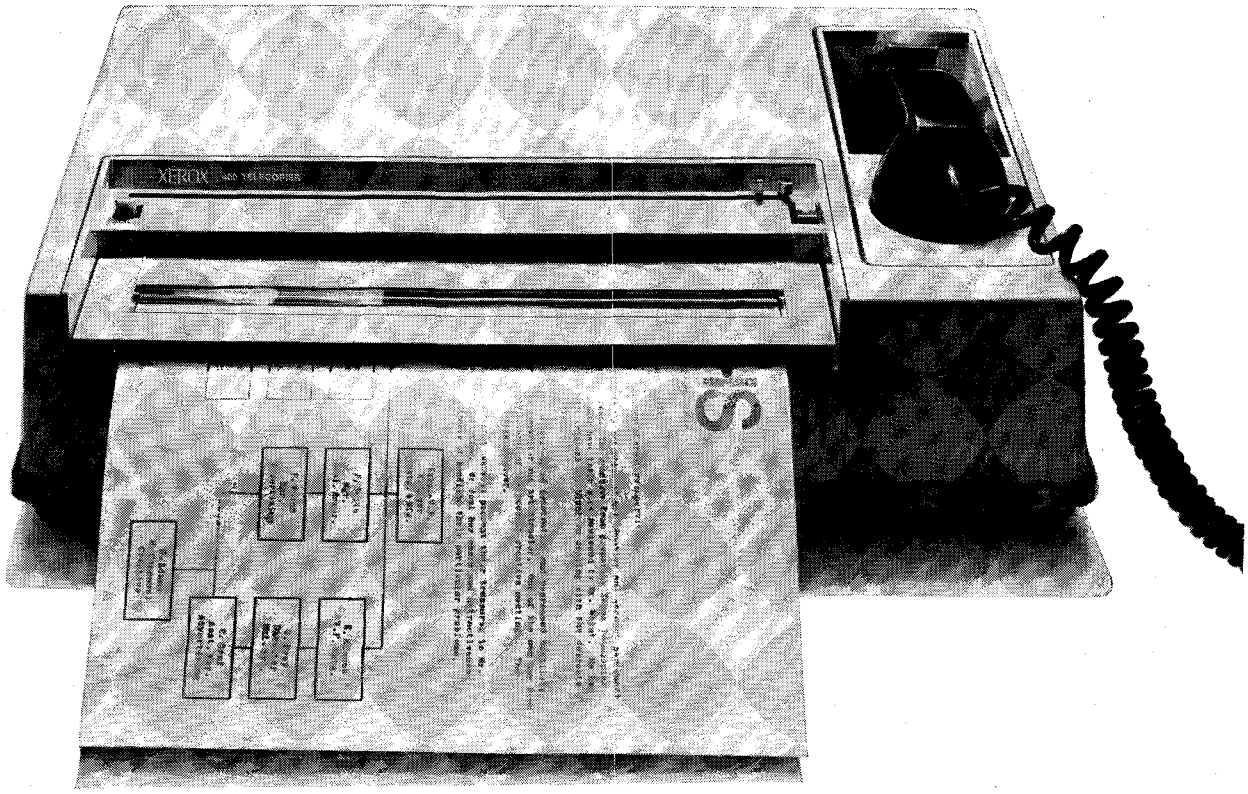

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO LIVES IN A PAPPAGALLO

A maiden there was name of Swallow
Whose lovelife was dreadfully fallow;
But soon she was wed
After having been led
To our sixth-floor-shop for Pappagallo.

Of course she lives in Pappagallos, but, revival being what it is today, her spirits bounce back equally high at everything in our shop for Pappagallo—scarves, hats, jewelry, belts, and coffee with our Pappagallo girls, sixth floor, Fifth Avenue, and, also at White Plains, Short Hills, Ridgewood/Paramus and St. Davids.

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THE NEW YORKER

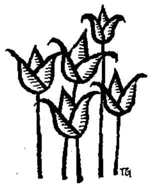
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE nation has reached a decisive moment. Regardless of what strategists may say about options and game plans in Indo-China, and regardless, even, of whatever ends are being pursued in this war, the nation's response to the massacre of hundreds of villagers at My Lai may determine whether the nation lives or dies. With the conviction of Lieutenant Calley, the moral anguish that some Americans have been experiencing for years has touched nearly all of us: to judge by the latest Gallup Poll and an invaluable New York *Times* survey, the questions that have long occupied the minds of a few people have become for multitudes the stuff of daily conversation and concern. These powerful new currents of feeling have divided old allies and made unlikely new ones. The reactions range across the full gamut of opinion, from Representative John R. Rarick (who sees Lieutenant Calley as "a great American") and Governor George Wallace (who visited Calley in order to pay his respects) to those who have for the first time turned against the war in revulsion, and it is not yet possible to judge what shape this new mood will finally take or how it will affect our government's policy. It appears that the conviction of Lieutenant Calley has forced every American, whatever his position on the war, to face what war itself is, what the nature of the war in Indo-China in particular is, and what his own responsibility is. Everyone has had to ask himself, in effect, whether the crimes committed at My Lai were isolated atrocities in a just war or whether they represented the essential nature of what we were and are doing in and to Indo-China. Each of us has had to ask himself just how deeply implicated he himself is, by his actions or his inaction, in murder. If Calley is guilty, who is *not* guilty?

Yet a democratic nation, even if it finds itself mired in crime, can redeem itself. Even if its crimes are unforgivable, it has—because it *is* a democracy—a chance to retrieve its honor. It can acknowledge what it has done, admit responsibility, and set itself on a different course. Democracy exists so that people may make choices such as this. This is what it means to be free. However, if a nation denies the truth and refuses responsibility, then brutality enters its bloodstream and threatens the survival of democracy. We in America are still a free people, and we can choose what this nation will become. But first we must choose to remain free.

The issue of freedom is not like other issues. In a sense, it is larger than any other issue, because without it there are no issues, there are only orders. Freedom must be defended as soon as the earliest signs of a threat to it appear, because while other losses can be recovered, the loss of freedom is usually irrevocable. And recently we have found around us much, much more than early signs of a threat. On every hand, the late signs have been out. It is not only in Indo-China that boundaries have been overrun and familiar restraints ignored. Throughout our political life at home we have been finding disintegration and acts of usurpation. And, for the first time, elements that could one day form the basis of an American form of totalitarianism have come into clear view.

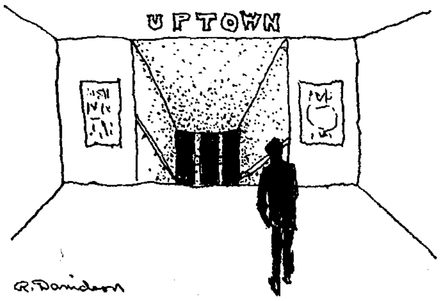


The first unmistakable indications that our trouble was deeply rooted at the dead center of our political life came in the summer of 1968, at the Democratic Convention, in Chicago. For a few days, we were given an intimate glimpse of a new, frightening America. On the streets of Mayor Daley's city, police were wantonly attacking demonstrators, newsmen, and bystanders. At the Convention itself, delegates were being subjected to open manipulation by a majority that had control of the public-address system, and delegates and newsmen were roughed up by "security" agents, who were suddenly ubiquitous. One newsman was knocked to the floor, and one delegate was thrown in jail. At a downtown hotel, the police raided the headquarters of one of the candidates and clubbed several of his workers. In effect, this was how, in 1968, we as a people were responding to the war. Some of us were dissenting, and some of us were seizing control of the microphones and clubbing the dissenters. A temporary, local police state had emerged.

The aftermath of the Convention was as important and as revealing as the Convention itself. When power is abused in a body politic, two courses of action are open. The body politic can admit the abuse and take measures to correct it, or it can deny the abuse and institutionalize it. America institutionalized the abuses of the Chicago Convention. The victims of the brutality were convicted, the police perpetrators went free, and the press was condemned by prominent members of both parties for having covered the Convention "unfairly." A new way of dealing with official abuses of power had been found: Suppress the truth and punish the victims. All this was in plain view on television. But a number of things were happening in 1968 that were not visible to the public at all. The public didn't yet know that Lieutenant Calley and other men in his company had extinguished the hamlet of My Lai, and there were a lot of other things about the war in Indo-China that it didn't know. Nor did it know that in the F.B.I., in all branches of the military, in the C.I.A., and in many other arms of the government, thousands of secret agents were being sent out to spy on people who were not suspected of any crimes but were simply deemed politically suspect by the government, or just by J. Edgar Hoover or some other ideologue who happened to be in a position of control in the spying apparatus.

A dangerous pattern had been established in our national life. Vast bureaucratic machines in the government, in the military, and in industry—sometimes under orders and sometimes on their own initiative—were becoming involved in many brutal or senseless, or sometimes merely foolish, activities, which they disguised with propaganda that tended eventually to fool the propagandizers as much as it fooled the public. In the case of the government, the elected officials who nominally control and oversee these bureaucracies on behalf of the public—men who might never have dreamed of advocating massacres, massive-reprisal bombings, invasions, the killing of demonstrators, or secret surveillance of civilians—had shown themselves willing to defend these things *once they had happened* and had been renamed "pacification," "protective reaction," "protecting American lives," "overreacting," or "guarding national security." And not only were the officials ready to defend these things but they were ready to vote their support for them again and again, and to continue them and expand them. Outrages committed in the public's name began to be presented as *faits accomplis*. We have consistently underestimated the importance—the nearly decisive weight—of the accomplished fact in recent events. The accomplished fact deadens the spirit of public action, which is at the heart of political freedom, and it teaches people not to think or feel. Of Vietnam, people began to say glumly, "We're there," as though this were the beginning and the end of the argument. The choice presented to the people was not whether or not their sons would fight in Indo-China but whether or not they were willing to give their assent to what their sons had already been made to do in Indo-China. Once the question was put this way, the people, on the whole, seemed to accept the war; at any rate, the men who were elected to public office accepted it. With regard to the war, the country faced—and still faces—the same choice it faced after the Chicago Convention: whether to correct the abuse or to institutionalize it. The year 1968 is remembered as a year of opposition, but it should be remembered as a year of collapse. It wasn't enough for the anti-war movement simply to stir things up and attract notice; it had to prevail—to end the war. But it failed. Public belief in the war was shaken, but calm—an acceptance of the war—was restored. And the war continued to expand. Now, with Lieutenant Calley's conviction, the public's acceptance has once again been shaken, and the outcome is again in the balance.

Nobody can be sure whether the war in Indo-China is a cause or a symptom of the spiritual crisis in our nation; it is doubtless both. But it seems clear that already a nearly intolerable strain has been placed on our system of government. The delicate relationships defined by the Constitution between the three branches of government, between the government and the press, and between the government and the people are out of kilter. The threat to the rights of the people has been building up for several years. Freedom of speech has been imperilled by a bullying campaign against the press on the part of the Administration—a campaign that has had a severely damaging effect on the news. A heavy fog has moved in over the news. What investigative reporting we have been getting out of Vietnam—such as the story of corruption in the PX system, the story on "refugees" from the Cambodian invasion, and the story of the My Lai massacre itself—has reached us through the investigations of a few congressmen or through the efforts of self-employed reporters. As soon as any men of the press have taken a look at things themselves and given their own accounts of what was going on—as they tried to do during the Laos invasion, despite stringent Administration-imposed handicaps—the Administration has stepped up its pressure. Now the discrepancy between events and the Administration's version of them is too great to continue. According to the polls, the public no longer trusts the Administration's statements on the war. This means that we have reached a point beyond which the Administration will no longer be able to win support for its war policies unless it changes its policies or actively manages the news. Recently, the Vice-President demanded the right to edit a taped interview he had given which was about to appear on television. He was refused, but if he ever gets his way in a matter like this, the free press will be in the most serious peril. The right of assembly has also been endangered. The constitutionality of a provision of the 1968 Civil Rights Act which makes it a crime to cross state lines with "intent" to participate in or incite a riot has been challenged but has not yet been ruled on, and meanwhile that provision has been encroaching on the right of assembly. This right was further endangered by the shootings at Kent State and by the county grand jury's decision not to indict the National Guardsmen but—once again—to indict the victims, or at least those who were still alive. The "no-knock" and "preventive-detention" provisions of the District of Columbia Crime Control Act have violated, respectively, the public's right to be secure against unreasonable searches and seizures and the traditional presumption of innocence.

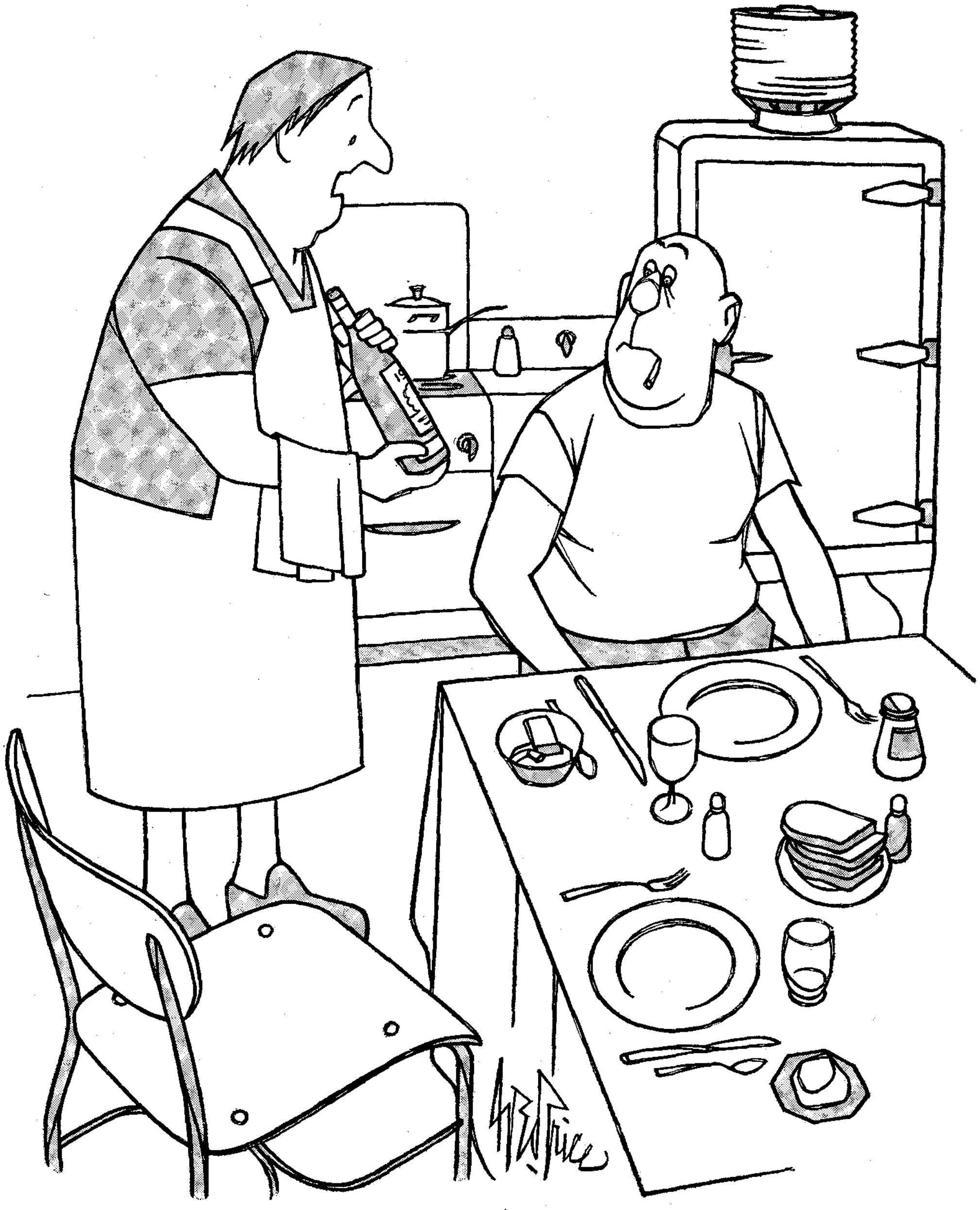


The very shape of the government has been badly warped by assaults on the principle of the separation of powers. The lines defining that separation have grown indistinct. The President has taken over Congress's prerogative of declaring war and, in general, its powers in the field of foreign policy. He has stated that he "alone" has responsibility for the recent invasions of countries in Indo-China. Having invaded two more countries, he has refused to "rule out" an invasion of a third—North Vietnam. If he did order this invasion, we could find ourselves at war with China, though Congress would not have given a word of assent. Congress, for its part, while abdicating its foreign-policy duties, has meddled in affairs that are properly within the jurisdiction of the courts, by passing laws, such as the crime bills, that override rulings made by the Supreme Court. On paper, the three branches of government have powers that can be described as roughly equal. In times when the branches respect the limits of their authority set forth in the Constitution, their powers are roughly equal in reality, too. But when this respect dissolves, as it has done lately, a hierarchy of powers never mentioned in the Constitution begins to take shape, and the executive branch is found to be the most powerful, the Congress to be the second most powerful, and the Supreme Court to be the least powerful. Thus, it is not surprising that at the moment, as the system shows signs of breaking down, the executive branch has flouted Congress, and Congress has flouted the Court. This is merely one of the signs that the rule of law, unless we are watchful, may be replaced by the rule of force. Nor is it surprising that organizations for which there is no provision at all in the Constitution have begun to crop up—institutions like the domestic-surveillance branches of the military. The shadow of Big Brother looms higher behind our backs. The other day, at a Senate hearing on secret surveillance by the government, an Assistant Attorney General told Senator Sam Ervin that the federal government had the right to put Senator Ervin himself under surveillance, although it might be "a waste of the taxpayers' money." This was not the remark of a man who understands our system of government. In the context of a hearing on the propriety of secret surveillance, it was a threat.

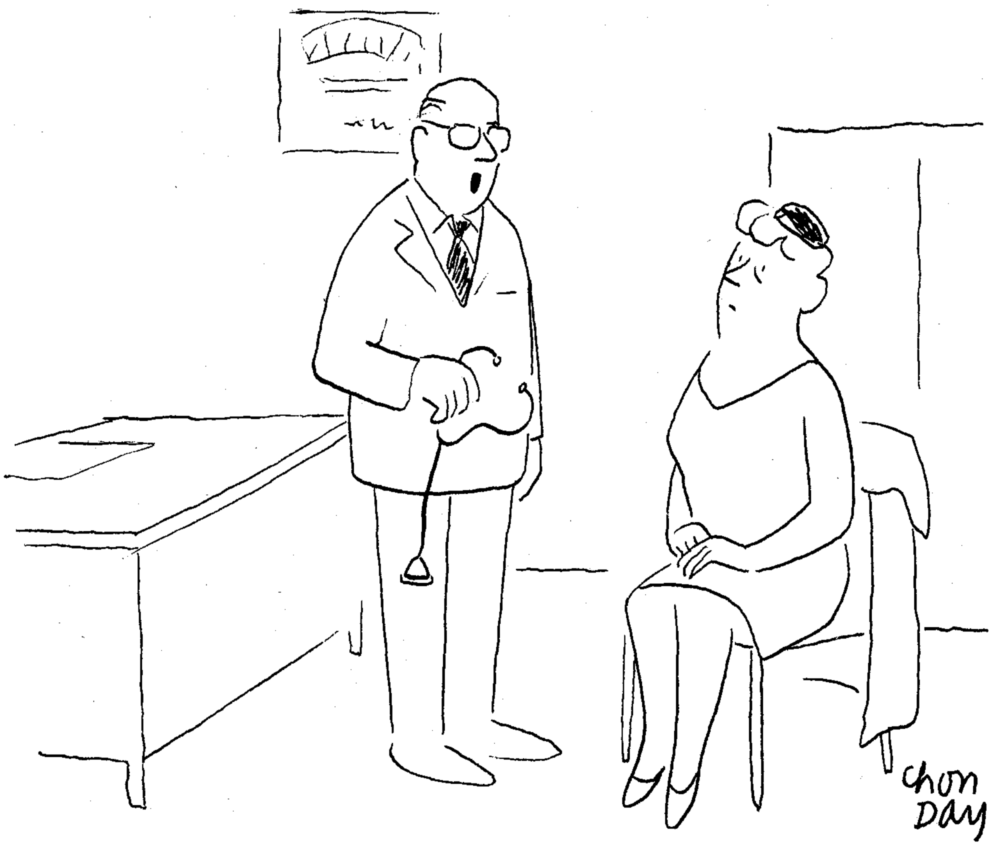
However, it would be a mistake to believe that our trouble has been due primarily to usurpers who were trampling over indignant, loudly protesting, but helpless defenders of liberty. Our trouble has been due equally to the acquiescence, and even the coöperation, of those from whom one might have expected resistance. Each move of usurpation has been accompanied by a submissive giving way somewhere else, as in a ballroom dance. Congress had handed over its war-making powers to the President with hardly a murmur of protest long before Mr. Nixon began to formulate his doctrine of executive supremacy in decisions of war and peace. The passage of repressive crime legislation was not forced on Congress; it was Congress's own idea. The press had failed in Vietnam long before this Administration launched its open attacks on the press: the wholesale killing of civilians has been going on in Vietnam at least since 1965, but although American reporters there were for the most part free to report what they wanted to, it took years for the fact even to begin to be widely known. (Now, with the Calley court-martial, this news has invaded everyone's life, and the accumulated horror is shaking the nation.)

New exigencies began to take precedence over freedom. In each case, the principle of freedom—the very cornerstone of our system of government—was reduced to a question of simple efficiency. Consideration for the rights of criminal suspects was said to be slowing down the rate of convictions. Congress's duty of passing judgment on questions of war and peace was said to be encumbering the speed and flexibility of executive and military decision-making. The freedom of assembly was said to be weakening the war effort. The freedom of the press was leading to revelations that were getting in the way of the government's propaganda about the war. And this logic was accepted not only by Presidents and generals but by congressmen, newsmen, and ordinary citizens as well. People began to act as though they were in tacit agreement that freedom had had its day in America, that it was an anachronism left over from "simpler times." Even some members of the anti-war movement began to lose their grasp of the distinction between freedom and tyranny, but in a different way. They began shouting, "Totalitarianism is here!" But to call what we had—or what we have today—in America totalitarianism is to have a dreamer's notion of what the evils of real totalitarianism are, as anyone who is at all acquainted with the history of Nazi Germany or Stalinist Russia well knows. Now, having used up their strongest words, these people have no words left to name the darkness looming ahead of us that we must struggle to escape. In this atmosphere, the final loss of freedom might be experienced as some kind of minor adjustment. There is a lot of talk about the abstract notion of "the free world," but real freedom cannot exist apart from specific rights and specific structures of government. When they are lost, freedom is lost.

Our system of government is an instrument of great intricacy and ingenuity—even of some beauty—but in itself it does not promise the good life; it promises only that the people will get what they deserve. We have always cherished our system because we have believed that it offers the best chance to preserve and to develop human qualities. But there is evidence that the ten years of war have brutalized us, and have soured our vision of the things we want to preserve and develop. When the news of the massacre at My Lai reached the headlines, many people said that, in the light of what we had



"This O.K. with knackwurst?"



"Well, all our data confirm your own original diagnosis, Mrs. Templeton. You're just plain tuckered out."

• •

just learned, the war would surely have to end. Instead, we appeared to grow accustomed to the massacre—and to the war. (And last week, inconceivable as it may seem, voices in some of the highest places in the land were still being raised in defense of what happened at My Lai.) Over the years, as the war dragged on, we lost all sense of proportion. Finally, a bloody war took second billing in our press to an issue like revenue-sharing, or to a prizefight. Three years ago, a call to end the bombing of North Vietnam had the country in an uproar for months. A few weeks ago, the resumption of this bombing hardly made the front page.

As long as the war continues, each one of us faces the choice that the nation faces: whether to repudiate the war and call for its ending or to accept it and make it—and its massacres—part of us. Something worse than the beginnings of a collapse of our system emerged in the last three or four years. The standards with which to measure the collapse themselves collapsed. The vision we needed in order to spot the infection was itself infected. The minds we needed in order to perceive the derangement were themselves becoming deranged. It appeared that we had lost the sounding boards of mind and conscience against which a free nation tests its policies and actions. It is one thing to be at war, but it is another thing to be at war without knowing that you are at war. The men who were leading us were losing track of the difference between war and peace. The men who were voting for crime bills were losing track of what justice is. The men who were threatening our freedom were losing track of what freedom is. Now the conviction of Lieutenant Calley seems to have shocked the country in some new way and awakened it out of a long sleep. We seem to have been given another chance—possibly our last chance—to regain our soul.

New Hall

WE'VE paid a work-in-progress visit to the Museum of Natural History's newest exhibition hall, the Hall of Peoples of the Pacific, which has been a gleam in its institutional parent's eye for ten years, has been on the design boards for three years and in the throes of installation for seven months, and is scheduled to open in mid-May. The peoples whose cultures it reflects are those of Micronesia, Melanesia, Polynesia, Indonesia, Australia, and the Philippines. "We've had to purchase only a few things for it," we were told by Miss Elizabeth Nickerson, a serious, charming young woman who serves as the coördinator of the Hall for Dr. Margaret Mead—an old Pacific hand and the Museum's ranking celebrity, under whose direction the Hall is taking shape. Passing a large map on which the areas covered by the exhibition are depicted in green, down to tiny atolls represented by dots the size of the head of a pin, we entered the Indonesian Alcove, which contained cases of Balinese and Javanese puppets mounted on Lucite sticks that are held steady by being fused into Lucite bases. In the Melanesian Alcove, the largest of several such recesses, workers were installing, again on Lucite supports, masks, headdresses, and musical instruments from the Sepik River Valley, in New Guinea. The effect was largely spooky, and, according to our guide, would be spookier once the lighting—which she described as "diffused 'leaf-light,' giving the illusion of light coming through jungle"—was hooked up. "We have over thirty people working on the exhibit," she said. "Carpenters, masons, sheet-metal workers, electricians, cleaners, movers, and half a dozen young researchers, who are writing captions for the labels. They're students at Columbia and other places who work for Dr. Mead on a grant from the Institute of Inter-Cultural Studies. This arrangement makes for a certain variety in the captions." Some of these, printed on Lucite blocks, were already in place, and we jotted down a couple:

> Tapa, or bark cloth, appears throughout Polynesia. . . . It is made from the inner bark, or bast, of the paper mulberry and similar plants. Removed from the branch with a shell scraper or bamboo knife, the bast is then soaked and pounded on a stone or wooden anvil with one or more wooden mallets. As a result, it expands to form a strip of cloth varying in texture from coarse to fine. . . . Tapa processing was a major activity of women, who often worked together, making loud music with the resonant wood.
>
> Magic and sorcery are used for killing and curing. The [Australian] Aborigines regard sickness and death as being willed by some person or spirit. . . . When a person dies, an inquest is held to determine who the killer may be, and a revenge party, organized by the victim's kin and led by a sorcerer, sets out to work magic secretly against the supposed killer. . . . In southeastern Australia, sorcery involved magical removal of the victim's kidney fat, while in Arnhem Land the sorcerer removes the blood and soul-stuff of the victim.

We went on to Moro brass cannons from the Philippines, tikis (wooden or stone religious or ancestral figures) from the Marquesas, small models of Samoan shoreland villages and an Admiralty Islands water village (thatched houses built on stilts in a lagoon), and a display of Pan-Pacific legal tender—sea-snail shells, pig tails, dogs' teeth, and strings of green beetle legs. "The water village has gone," Miss Nickerson said. "Much of the culture we're showing is past. We're trying to give a record. So many Westerners brought in teeth of foreign dogs that the market was glutted and dogs' teeth became virtually worthless as currency." She continued, "This is the Polynesian Alcove, and you can hardly see anything, because it hasn't been installed yet," but we did see two colorful exhibits: feather capes—one small and yellow, and the other large and reddish-orange, with yellow-and-black designs—woven from the tiny, soft feathers of the extinct Hawaiian mamo birds and the nearly extinct Hawaiian o-o birds. "Very valuable," Miss N. said. "They took ten to twenty years to make. The natives used to pluck a few feathers and let the birds go, but outsiders came in and slaughtered them."

Dominating the Hall at its east end was a huge stone Easter Island head—made from a cast taken in the nineteen-twenties by Dr. Harry L. Shapiro, who is now the Museum's chairman of anthropology emeritus. "The Chilean government offered us a real one, but it weighed five tons and would have gone through the floor," Miss N. said. We followed her past Maori dried or smoked heads; New Ireland masks; elaborately carved adzes and paddles from Mangaia Island, one of the Cook Islands; batiks from Java; and Pan-Pacific coconut-palm products, which included sennit fish nets, armor made from coconut fibre, drinking cups and carved spoons made from coconut shells, and thatching and baskets plaited from the leaves. We wound up at a case of Mindoro Island Hananoo-tribe modern bamboo animal traps and cooking utensils, and musical instruments incised with love songs written in Sanskrit. (You read them, if you read them at all, from bottom to top.) "Dr. Harold C. Conklin, of Yale, collected these for us," Miss Nickerson said. "The Hananoo are so isolated in the mountains that they still use the Sanskrit alphabet." These objects, like most of the non-fabric ones in the Hall, were perched on Lucite, which at a distance was almost invisible; the general effect, enhanced by a ceiling of pale-blue metal plates, was one of exhilarating suspension in the air.

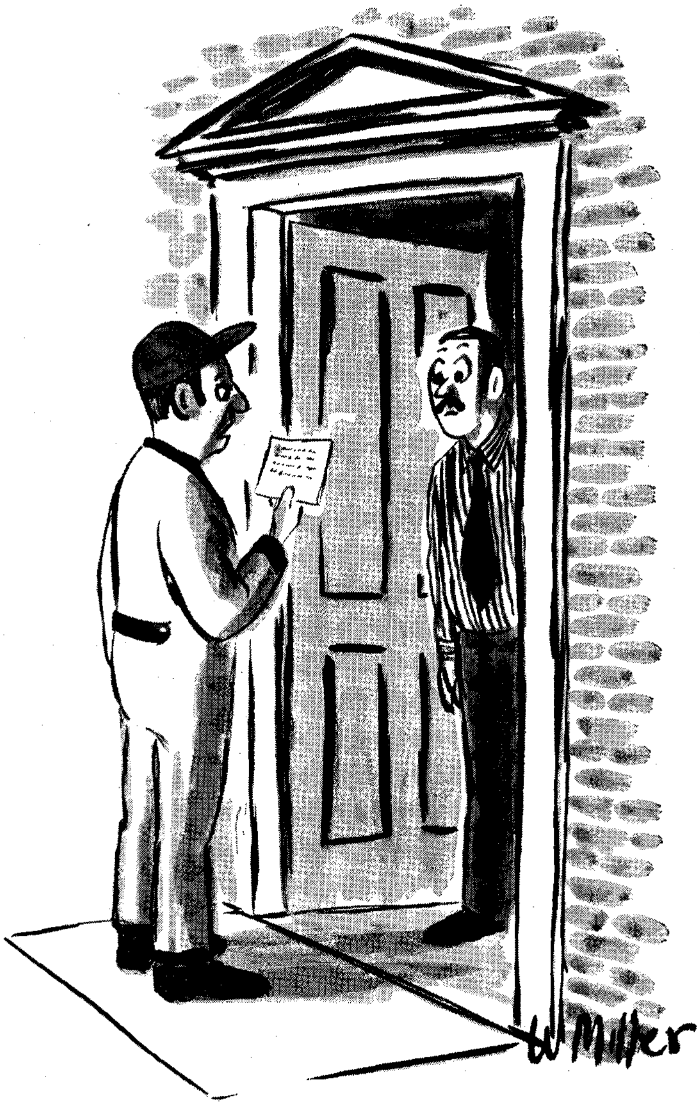
Once the show opens, Dr. Mead is lighting out for the Pacific, where she first began to poke around forty-six years ago.

Lily Tomlin at the Circus

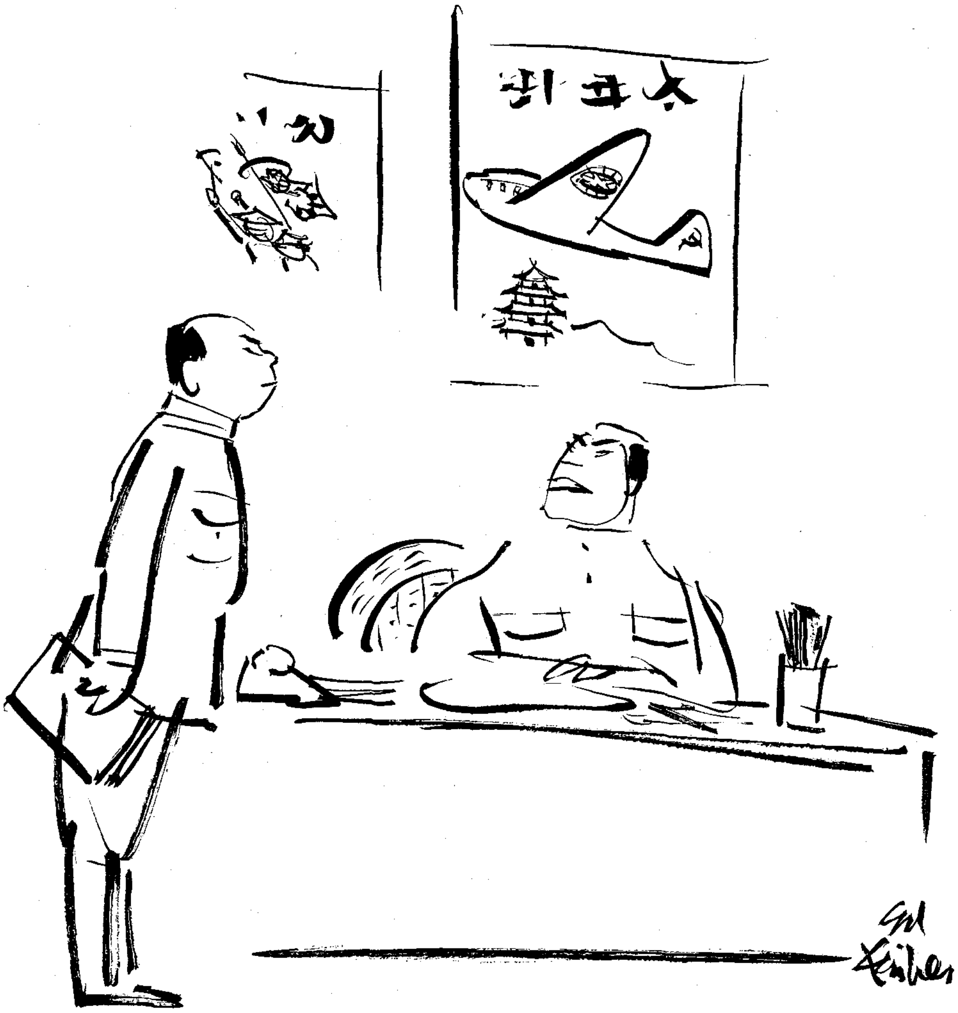
Lily Tomlin, one of the funniest women in the world, was in town last week performing at The Bitter End. We saw her there. She did wonderful, funny things and (sequentially, of course) assumed many identities. As Ernestine, the telephone operator she plays on the television program "Laugh-In," she placed a call to J. Edgar Hoover ("I want to tell you, Mr. Hoover, how much I admire your vacuum cleaner"); as Lupé, an aged beauty expert, she gave helpful advice on the banishing of wrinkles; as a tough girl of the nineteen-fifties, she conveyed all the heartbreak of a high-school dance of that era. She was also a raucously laughing woman at a funeral, and a little girl.

A few days after we saw Lily Tomlin perform, we went with her to the opening night of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus at Madison Square Garden. First, we had dinner at Reuben's. "I've been here three times this week," said Lily Tomlin. "I hope they don't think I'm trying to get a sandwich named after me." Lily Tomlin, who is in her twenties and pretty, with a face that is always threatening to break out of its American Girl repose, was wearing an aquamarine pants suit. She talked about the geography of her childhood in Detroit. "We lived on Hazelwood, between Byron and Woodrow Wilson. We lived in the D'Elce Apartments. The person who built the D'Elce had a wife named Elsie, and he named the building after her, but don't ask me why he spelled it that way. At one time, it was a white, middle-class apartment house. We lived there until I was fifteen."

Lily Tomlin drew the geography of her childhood on the tablecloth. "The D'Elce was here, and Crosman Elementary School was here, and Hutchins Junior High School was *here*. We played on Cod Field, *here*. I was a hot jump-roper. Within six or seven blocks of the D'Elce were Boston and Chicago Boulevards. There were incredible, three-hundred-thousand-dollar houses on those streets. In the north was Sherwood Forest, where the rich Jews lived, and farther north were the rich Gentiles, who were running away from the Jews, right? When I was four or five, the first blacks moved to Hazelwood. Now it's all black where I grew up, and the whole neighborhood burned down in the



"The builders of your auto
Have sent me here to tell you,
We must recall with great regret,
Because we've made a boo-boo."



"Not that I think there's any immediate likelihood we'll use the information, but find out what it would cost to take an ad in the travel section of the New York 'Times.'"

riots in 1967. The D'Elce didn't, though. My father was a job setter. He died last October. A job setter is like a toolmaker. He set up the machine to put out a part. He would bring home a part and say, 'Here, Babe, this is what Papa does.' He was proud of what he did, and I always kept those parts. He was a drinking man and a gambling man. He was the type of man when the Jehovah's Witnesses lady came to the door he'd say, 'Come on in. I'm about to have a Miller High Life—how about you?' It was the street life, you know? He would go to the races and he'd have two or three thousand dollars in his pocket, but that'd be *all* he had—*anywhere*. I never went to the theatre in my whole life there. I did go to the movies. My mother and I saw that first Clifton Webb movie, 'Mr. Belvedere.' My favorite movie was 'Wicked Woman,' with Beverly Michaels. I saw that when I was an usherette in the Avalon Theatre, in 1956. When I was in the tenth grade, we formed a club called the Scarlet Angels. We went to one of those religious stores and got little angels to put on our dresses. We wore ballet shoes. Very tough.

"There's Allen Funt," said Lily Tomlin, pointing to a nearby table. "Allen Funt, of 'Candid Camera.' I wanted to get a job with 'Candid Camera' once. They didn't give it to me. I could meet him now, but does anything ever really make up for the hurt?" She lowered her voice and her eyes.

"I went into my bohemian phase quite early," she said. "From semi-hood to bohemian. I never hit Ivy League in the middle there. When I was in college, I found out that people responded to characters I invented. My first character was the Tasteful Lady, which was loosely based on the Fords. This was around the time they were having all those tasteful quarter-of-a-million-dollar comings-out for their daughters." Lily Tomlin became the Tasteful Lady for a moment. "'Ever since my Sweet Briar days, I felt it my obligation to extend myself to those less fortunate. Of course, the extension has always been a tasteful one.'

"I always knew something would happen to me in 1966 and then again in late 1969. As it happened, I got to play the Café au Go Go in New York in late 1965. I came in with marvellous clothes—silver kid platform shoes like the ones Ernestine has, and a midnight-blue velvet, cut-on-the-bias, halter-neck, Harlow-look dress with leg-of-mutton sleeves and with about fifty buttons up the back. Then, in *late* December, 1969, I went on 'Laugh-In' for the first time.

"I do my characters with love. Not that I *admire* them, or anything, but they are different types of humanity, and I love them for their humanity. Like Lupé, the beauty expert. I hope you feel that she is vulnerable, because she is."

We left Reuben's. Out on the street, Lily Tomlin sighed. "I always feel I ought to have a compact and freshen up after dinner in a Gotham spot," she said.

When we arrived at the circus, a man was juggling balls in an unusual way. "Where is he shooting those *out* of?" Lily asked. "Out of his *mouth*? He must have an apparatus. And look at this large woman up on that ladder. Isn't that woman a little *large* for this line of work? I'm not sure that I've ever been to a circus before. It looks so *expensive*. It must cost a lot of money to make a circus. How do they afford it? I just saw Joe Garagiola! Oh, look at that lady doing splits! When I was a cheerleader, I could do splits. I did a split every time our team got a basket. There's a *dwarf!* I wonder what it would be like to be a dwarf."

Then a cageful of Royal Bengal Tigers came out, supervised by Gunther Gebel-Williams—the Most Exciting Figure in Show Business Today. "He is the definite star," said Lily Tomlin.

After the circus, we went back to Clown Alley to visit the clowns. A lot of the clowns had gone to see Lily at The Bitter End, and we were repaying the visit. We talked with a young clown named Rex. "When I saw Lily, the thing that really got to me was the funeral bit—the laughing woman at the funeral," he said. "At first, I thought she was trying to draw a laugh with a laugh, but she was really into something else, and it got to me. She can be really flipped out. Lily, tell me something. When you were doing the little girl, it seemed you got lost, really lost in it. Did you get lost?"

"Well, I got involved in it, but I didn't get *lost*," said Lily. "I didn't flip out or anything."

"Lily, you're flipped out anyway," said Rex.

THE HEARING

THE probation officer, Mr. Quinn, opened the door, and when he had glanced in he stood back and held the door open with his arm. He nodded yes for them to enter. Alex walked in first, ahead of his father. He paused just inside until his father was beside him. As if they had entered a church, Mr. Quinn came around and ushered them silently, with head motions, to two ordinary armless wooden chairs in the center of the room. Alex began to feel a point of pressure in his kidneys. He had to urinate, from fear, and he was afraid to say so.

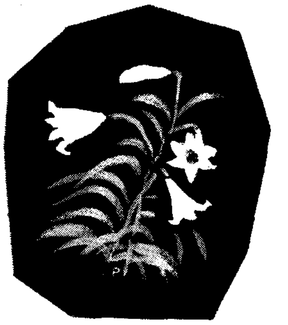
The judge, the Honorable Charles Flynn, had been reading at his desk, and he raised his eyes as if looking over glasses. He gave a slight nod. The greeting was so uncertain and the protocol of Juvenile Court so unknown, both Alex and his father ignored it. The judge kept his eyes on them as they sat down. When they were settled and Mr. Quinn had stepped aside, the judge said, "Excuse me just one minute, please," and returned to reading the papers he held in his hands. Mr. Quinn pulled up a chair, fearlessly scraping the legs over the floor, and sat down. Alex, feeling he had taken a seat on a stage, moved his knees close together, and looked ahead.

He had expected the judge to sit at an elevated bench and to wear black robes, as in the movies, but the judge wore a dark suit. There was a flag on a floor stand behind him, and ferns and broad-leafed plants on tables, and with his desk in the foreground, as large as a small bed, the impression was more of a presidential office than of a courtroom. The flag, glossy nylon and fringed with brass-colored strings, seemed to Alex an assurance that, courtroom or not, the authority was here to impose punishment.

Alex faced two possibilities: probation, or confinement at the Boys' Vocational School—B.V.S.—in Lansing. He had been reasonably sure at times that he would not be removed from high school and sent to B.V.S., but there had been other times when he was not so sure. Ted Penzer, a neighbor, had been in B.V.S. over a year and a half now. But Ted Penzer had always been in trouble. Alex had seen his name scratched into a picnic table in the upstairs bullpen of the County Juvenile Home with seven different dates, raggedly aligned, listed below. Alex, who had been sent to Juvenile Home for several weeks, had not carved his name into the table, for such a mark seemed like a signature in acceptance of himself, as permanent as a tattoo.

Alex did not want to go to B.V.S., any more than he wanted to suffocate or drown or be buried alive. But on a Sunday night, some weeks before, his father, after drinking all weekend, had told him he should prepare himself for the worst. If they sent him to B.V.S., his father said, the single worst enemy he could have was himself. He could not afford to be bitter. He'd have to accept his fate and do the best he could, because he'd get out in no time, and he still had most of his life before him. Alex was frightened by his father's fear. For the first time, he saw the enormity of what he might have already done to his life, and he also saw, in reverse, his life telescoped into something small and recognizable. He felt abandoned that night, even in his father's presence. "We made one mistake," his father said. "And we'd be making another if we let them get the best of us. They're too big for us. And besides, they're right. We're wrong. If we got any sense in our noggin, we won't be stupid by acting tough."

Just days later, his father frightened him again. They had an argument over Alex's coming in after midnight—upon his release from Juvenile Home, he had been advised by Mr. Quinn to keep regular hours; it was crucial, with his hearing coming up—and for the first time his father rebuked him for what he had done. He called him a *car thief;* he said he would *never learn.* The next day in school, and for several days thereafter, although Alex had come to enjoy the novelty of keeping up with his homework, of knowing what was going on in class, he moved about worried and sick at heart, thinking too often of the hearing and of the possibility of being sent to B.V.S. He felt boundlessly sorry for himself. Was he just another Ted Penzer? Was that how he was seen at school? A friend, a football player, told Alex that the dean of boys, who was also the athletic director, had told him to stay away from Alex, for Alex was a *bad apple.* The friend laughed and Alex smiled. But it was not funny. Alex began to keep to himself, spending his free study hour and lunch hour alone, working in an empty room, or in the library, walking occasionally along the nearby residential streets, feeling desperately lonely.



ALEX and his father were some ten feet from the judge's desk, their chairs were spaced apart, and both sat with their hands unmoving in their laps. In this Michigan city, where eighty per cent of the employed worked in an automobile plant, his father, however dressed, was obviously a factory worker. Alex, his white socks showing, was obviously the defendant. They sat like two schoolboys, avoiding looking at each other. In the silence, as the judge continued, so slowly, to read whatever it was he was reading, Alex began to stare at his hands in his lap, trying to read their topography of veins and lines and hairs. His father had warned him that nothing would be funny or easy, and it was not. His father had also promised to be with him, to stick with him, but now, though only a couple of feet away, Alex felt out of range. He glanced toward his father, as if they were schoolboys in the principal's office and darkness could be made light by a smile between them. His father sat looking to the front. He continued looking to the front, but Alex knew his father had seen him glancing at him.

It had been the same all morning. They had dressed in the mood of going to a funeral, far ahead of time and in silence. Once, when Alex had said to him, using one of his father's expressions, "What do you think?," his father answered only, "Not thinking much this morning," as if he were. Except for his asking Alex, at last, if he was ready, he said nothing until they were at the courthouse and waiting in the corridor outside Mr. Quinn's office on the second floor. But he did not speak to Alex; he chatted, so unlike himself, sober as he was, with strangers sitting on a bench. There were four of them, one a sprawling black woman with a thin, frog-eyed boy beside her, and another, a white woman, wearing a factory badge from AC Spark Plug on her purse strap, smoking a lipstick-marked cigarette, with a lipstick-marked girl, who was also thin, beside her. It was like the Juvenile Home again. To the mothers, his father said, "I guess the kids will learn something today, won't they?" and almost in unison, or so it

sounded, the two women replied, "I'll say" and "They surely will."

"I guess we'll all learn a few things," his father said, and within a minute or so the three adults were talking of the cold weather and, bravely, of life itself, of the notion that everyone made a few mistakes along the way. The black woman told of a story she had read in *Reader's Digest*, of a mother somewhere (she thought it was the state of Washington) driving a truck to the state prison to say goodbye to her son and to carry his body home herself when he was hanged, or electrocuted (she wasn't sure which), and the poor mother, waiting in her truck, she knew when her boy was going, she could feel it like it was herself. Alex's father said, "That's why they got us here today—to feel a little of it ourselves," and they all looked down or away in silence.

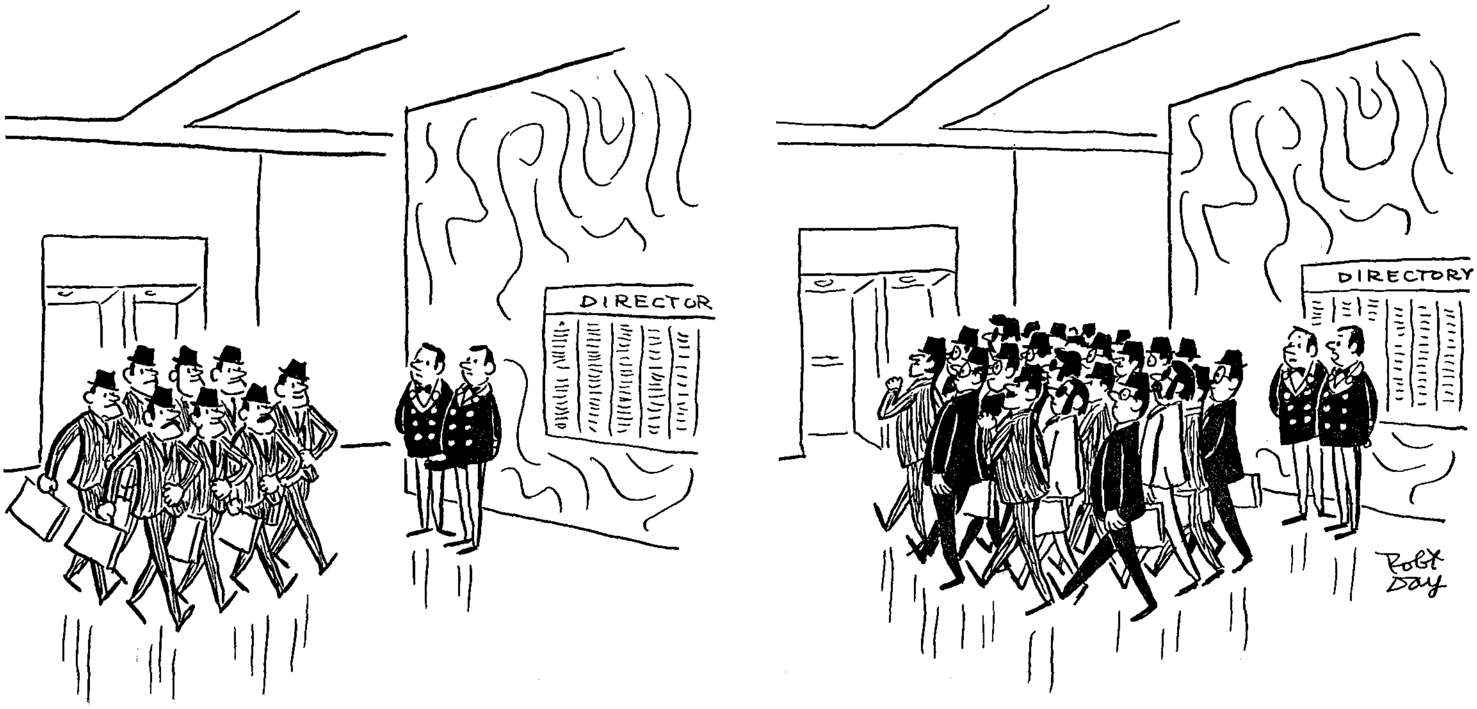
Alex felt a mixture of shame and pride for his father, pride for his bearing, his dress—factory worker or not, he wore an expensive checked overcoat and a blood-colored silk scarf over an expensive sharkskin suit—and shame for his father's easy words, for the exposure he felt as his father's son. Presently, after Mr. Quinn came walking out, Alex flushed with anger, because, as if still talking to the two women, his father responded to Mr. Quinn's introducing himself by saying, "We're all set if you are," offering to shake hands, holding his hand out as Mr. Quinn shifted a manila folder to free his right hand, and then shaking hands as if he had met someone in a bar.

It was a comfort to see Mr. Quinn, to have him present. Alex had not seen him since Mr. Quinn came to the Juvenile Home in the early fall and they talked for a good hour in a small closed room. At that confusing time, after the detectives, who tried with little subtlety to trick him into admitting crimes not his own, and the man in charge of the Juvenile Home, Mr. Oliver, who slapped his face, in a flurry, for trying to pass his cigarettes from his street clothes to his denim uniform shirt, and the women in the laundry and kitchen, who, in their white uniforms and hairnets, resembled washing machines and refrigerators and, except for giving orders, did not talk, not ever, to the inmates—after them, Mr. Quinn was all right, for not only had he served a season of his own childhood there but he had gone on, as he said, to graduate school, to B.V.S. in Lansing.

Alex rose from the bench and walked behind Mr. Quinn and his father down the corridor, but at the elevator and at the door to the hearing room they separated to let him enter first.

READING from some papers in a folder, Judge Flynn reviewed the charges against Alex. As Alex listened, he did not recall a sense of the crimes but a sense of the time itself, of its confusion. Day after day, he had left everything undone. He ignored his homework. He sat in classes drawing while others wrote, stared out the window while they read, read when they talked, and said "I don't know" to one teacher after another, until they stopped asking. He cut classes; he cut whole days. He cut consecutive days; he forged excuses and signed his father's name; he did not pay his fees, although his father had given him the money; he used the bus fare and lunch money his father left on the kitchen table and bought gas (never oil) for cars that he stole, and at mealtime, in the evening, he sometimes heated a can of Campbell's tomato soup or vegetable beef, or made a sandwich of rubbery cheese, on dry bread, and ate it as he moved in a trot down the exposed rear stairway from their second-floor apartment.

He abandoned the stolen cars without gas, oil, or water, with license plates switched once or twice (on dark side streets, a careful and nervous and exciting job), with glove boxes rifled, almost always with motors overworked and stinking, with shock absorbers slammed until they no longer absorbed, brake pedals pushing closer every day to the floor, and gearshifts ground as loose in their sockets as loose teeth. He abandoned the cars at curbs, in supermarket parking lots (entering the store, then walking away), on main streets and side streets, in daylight and dark. Walking again to look for another car, one with the ignition key in it, he would sometimes think he should stop, he should give it all up; sometimes he would feel this way for an hour or so or an evening or a night. Frightened to trembling, he would promise himself many times to go back to school, to do nothing but work and work and work,



"I guess the merger went through."

• •

to go nowhere and to see no one, to work until he had earned his way safely back into the life he had forsaken. Then he would forget his conversations with himself and his promises until some moment when he was driving another car, when he imagined he was being followed again, when the fear came again like a wind rising.

Sleep was often little more than a self-imposed and unendurable wait in darkness for a new day. He went home at midnight, or at one or at two, only because the city had blackened, especially on week nights, to nothing more than street lights, to darkened movie marquees, an occasional police car, parked with orange parking lights or cruising, the policemen often staring at him, and once on a downtown street calling to him to turn on his headlights, staring as he pulled the knob, ignoring his three-fingered waving salute. But he was always home before his father, for his father worked at night, and even if his shift was over at midnight he never came home until three or four in the morning. Alex was sometimes lying awake, or half awake, and heard his father unlock the kitchen door and move through the apartment. Now and then, his father played his sentimental country-music records of separation and divorce and desertion and broken and cheating hearts. Alex sometimes lay biting his lip and growing confused as he felt how near he was to letting himself be a child, going out to his father to unload all, to give it all back to his father.

Night after night, he slept as if he had drunk too much coffee, when he had drunk none. He waited for daytime, when he was usually able to lose himself in motion. He began to drive out from the city to small county high schools, to drive around and around a school during its lunch hour, returning to the same school for days, picking out a girl and looking at her and partially following her, and going back the next day to watch for her to appear, but almost never speaking or approaching. Then, frightened but not admitting it by the 4-H, football-type boys in threes and fours who always began to stare at him and say things to each other, he went on to another school—to Fenton and Linden and Beecher and Utley. He drove among the students and walked among them, his Chevrolet Bel Air or his Buick Riviera intentionally parked under their eyes, on their dairy-bar corners, and he saw himself as he imagined he was seen by them—as a figure from a movie, as a stranger in town, a new boy with a new car, some new cock of the walk with a plume of city hair.

JUDGE FLYNN did not say he had stolen; he said he had *unlawfully driven away* fourteen automobiles. He mentioned the switched license plates, and the siphoned gas—an *undetermined amount*—the spare tire Alex had traded, wheel included, for three dollars in gas, the Chevrolet sedan Alex had damaged in the amount of *three hundred nineteen dollars nineteen cents*, and, finally, the woman's coat from one car that he had given to *Miss Eugenia Rogers, aged fifteen, of G five twenty-seven forty-three Bradley Road, Bradley Township, whose mother, Mrs. Jean Osborn, notified police. . . .*

Alex sat all the time looking at his hands in his lap, with his back straight, so as not to present a posture of what had always been called defiance. There were hundreds of lines on his hands, as fine as the far-off branchwork of winter trees beyond the windows—too many lines, he thought, for his age.

Judge Flynn continued. He was talking now as well as reading, explaining that the spare tire had been recovered and returned, as had the coat, and that the owner of the damaged Chevrolet, in a signed statement to the county prosecutor, had agreed, or decided, not to bring suit for damages, because they were covered by his insurance policy, and because he felt a partial responsibility in having left his ignition turned on.

Finally, laying down a sheet of paper, the judge looked directly at Alex. The judge spoke almost in a monotone. "Is this account complete?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Alex said.

"You haven't withheld anything?"

"No, sir."

"What do you have to say for yourself?" Having said this, the judge began to turn over some more of the sheets of paper on his desk. But he was listening. When Alex was slow in responding, he said, "Go on."

Alex had no planned alibi, but he had often imagined himself giving a credible, if unrehearsed, explanation. Now, however, as if out of breath, he gave an old excuse. "I'm not sure," he said. "Just to show off, I guess."

The judge looked up, looked at him for a moment, and looked down again. When he spoke next, it was without looking up. "Mr. Quinn," he said, "has your office a recommendation to make?"

Mr. Quinn rose to speak, and his first remarks made Alex look down at his hands in an attempt not to listen. Mr. Quinn said nothing about the cars. He spoke of what he called a simple pattern of divorced parents, of drinking, and of a lack of guidance and example at home. Alex saw now what he had not seen before, and understood what his father had tried several times to make him understand—that it was not the crimes they were chiefly interested in, it was the way the two of them lived.

His father had known this at the beginning, when he first visited the Juvenile Home, on the morning after Alex's first night there. Alex had spent the night locked in a room, which, although its window was covered with heavy-gauge bolted wire, was not exactly a cell, and he was awake much of the night from the excitement of being in jail, looking out the window over moonlit fields and distant lines of trees and houses with lights burning. It was a cold night, with a frost. The room was steam-heated—too hot at first, then not heated at all and growing cold—and he passed the night, on and off the cot, without removing his clothes. He was awake to see the rising of the cold dawn, stained chrome and purple, from his second-story wire-covered window—to see the houses come into view, far off. But with dawn, with the hammering of the radiators, a sinking sickness came to him of being locked up while the world rose, while people living in houses on streets could get out of bed if they pleased, or remain, could sit unthreatened on the bus and read the paper on their way to work. For a time, the warmth of work and life in a factory seemed to him all the richness one wanted to ask for under the sun, and life in school with books and romance and freedom and dreams seemed the province of a few.

He was led down a metal stairway and told that his old man was here.

ECCE HOMO

Long long with wonder I thought you human,
almost beyond humanity but not.
Once, years ago, only in a high bare hall
of the great Catalan museum over Barcelona,
I thought you might be more—

a Pantocrator glares down, from San Clemente de Tahull,
making me feel you probably were divine,
but not human, through that majestic image.
Now I've come on something where you seem both—
a photograph of it only—

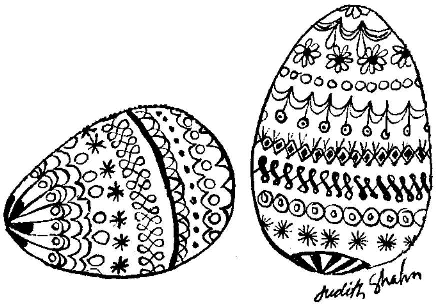
Burgundian, of painted & gilt wood,
life-size almost (not that we know your Semitic stature),
attenuated, your dead head bent forward sideways,
your long feet hanging, your thin long arms out
in unconquerable beseeching—

—JOHN BERRYMAN

• •

He wore the faded uniform of too tight, beltless, high-water bluejeans and an old Navy denim work shirt, and, tired and hangdog, he expected disappointment and even disgust from his father. But when Mr. Oliver left them alone for a minute, carrying off the paper sack in which his father had brought him his toothbrush and a tube of toothpaste and a new comb, his father said, "Well, I love you, Son, and I'm with you all the way." Then his father took Alex's shoulders in his hands and said, "Listen, now, 'cause I can't say this but once. You be very, very careful, will you, Son, what you say to people, 'cause they're not going to like it that we don't have a mother, and they might try to take my boy away from me."

His father was warning him to be careful of what he said of their life at home, but Alex did not quite understand. A moment later, he tried to tell his father he was sorry, and his father told him no, not to say that, not even to think it, because it was more his fault than Alex's, that he was the one who should apologize. But Alex still did not fully understand. When Mr. Quinn came a few days later and told him it was quite an accomplishment that he and his father made it alone in the world, and asked him to tell how they did things—who cooked the meals, cleaned the house, took care of the laundry, and so on—told him to lay it on, that he was all ears, and not to sweat a thing because he was on their side, Alex told him how they lived, describing a school day first, and then a weekend.



He sat confused now, still looking at his hands. Mr. Quinn was saying that he was bright and adaptable, that he had learned over the years to see to most of his own needs, that he took care of his own laundry, and that he kept his own room and changed his sheets about every two weeks and fixed many of his own meals, and as Mr. Quinn was telling these things Alex realized it was not himself they were mainly interested in, it was his father.

WHEN the judge spoke, it was again without looking up. He said, "Mr. Coleman, what is your occupation?"

"I work over here for the auto company, in Plant 6A," his father said. His father's voice was diminished, slightly off-key, and Alex knew that no one cared about the number of his plant.

"What type of work do you do, sir?"

"A die-setter," his father said.

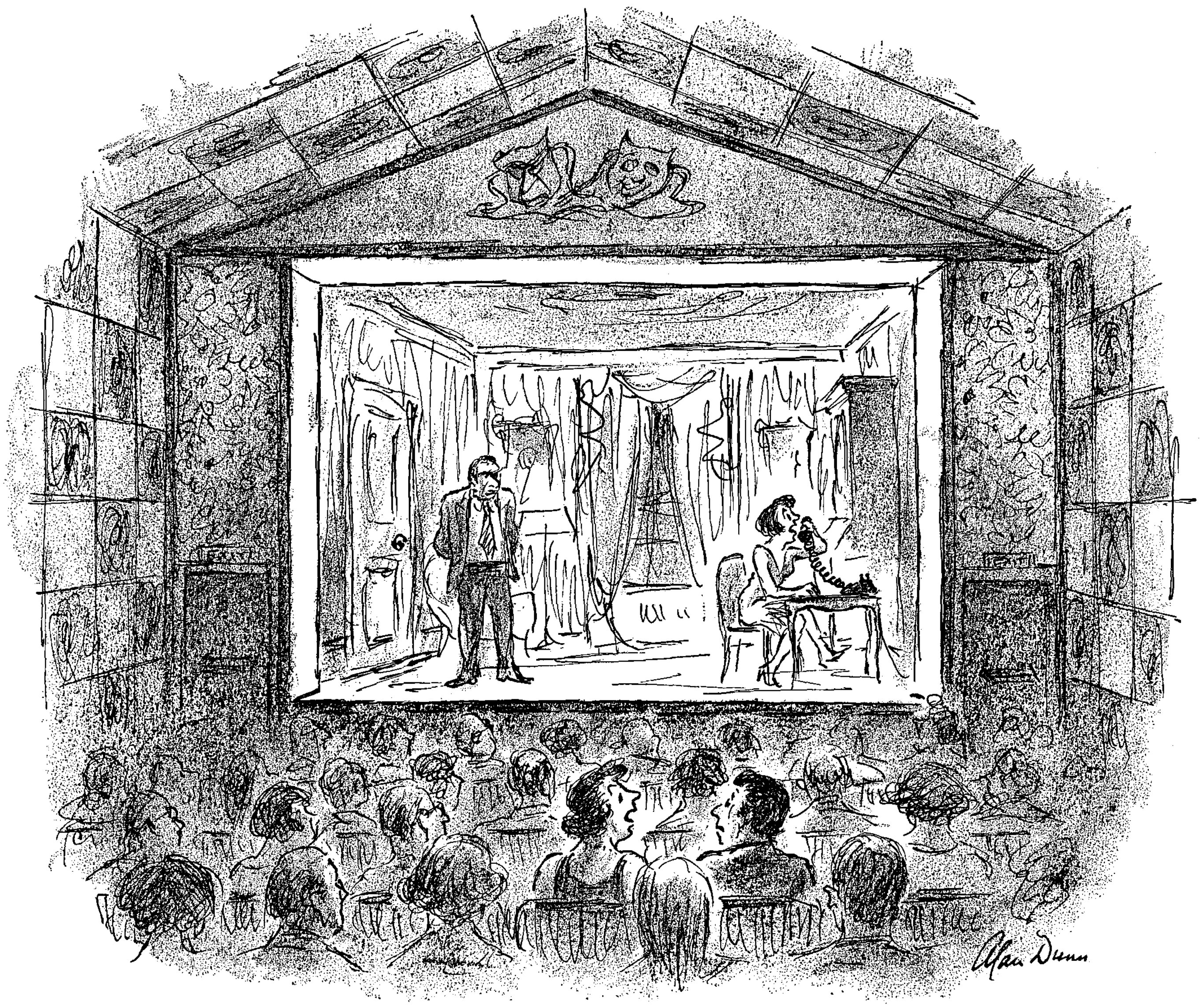
"How long have you been employed at the plant?"

"Close to nineteen years."

"And before that?"

"Well, before that I was in the service, and before that I worked for the railroad, back in Kansas. But that's when I was a youngster—a young fella."

Alex looked down at his hands



"If this is stark realism, why does the phone always work?"

• •

again, startled. It was not the language, which he had never heard his father use before, and yet it was that, too. But beyond that it was the telescoping now of his father's life. Was this all?

The judge said, "Mr. Coleman, can you explain why your son has gotten into this trouble?"

His father was slow answering. "I'm not entirely sure. Things have always been hard for us—"

The judge interrupted. "Well, how do you feel about this?" he said, looking up. "Your son says he was showing off. Now you say you're not entirely sure. That's not saying very much, is it? I'd like to know how you feel about this?"

"It's a tough question," his father said. "I think they were awful foolish things to do. And I hold myself as much to blame as him. We have a family car, and as soon as he'd gotten his driver's license he would have been allowed to use it. But here he's just turned sixteen this last month. He hasn't done anyone near as much harm as he's done himself."

"Well, sir," the judge said. "There was damage in excess of three hundred dollars. There was untold inconvenience suffered. The law was broken. Just to mention a few things. Which do in fact cause harm, do they not?"

"Yes, yes, they do," his father said, his voice remaining off-key. "What I meant to say was that he also harmed himself. I mean, he hasn't gained anything from this."

"No, he hasn't, has he?" the judge said. He stared at Alex's father for a moment. Then he said, "What of this drinking situation, Mr. Coleman?"

His father said nothing.

"You better see to it," the judge said.

After a moment, looking down again, the judge began to write. Alex glanced at his father, but his father sat looking to the front. The judge continued to write, occasionally lifting a loose sheet to lay it over on its face. Alex sat with his legs together. He wasn't sure if they had been in the courtroom fifteen minutes or an hour. He looked at Mr. Quinn, too, but Mr. Quinn sat looking at nothing, his legs comfortably crossed, waiting. Alex felt at last that he had to speak. He said, "Excuse me, please. I have to go to the bathroom."

The judge looked up but said nothing. Mr. Quinn said, "I'll take him, sir," and rose from his chair.

Alex followed him across the room, without looking at his father, and through the door. In the corridor, Mr. Quinn said, "It's right down here," and led the way. "Nervous?" Mr. Quinn asked.

"Yeah," Alex said.

"I wish I could tell you something,

but I don't know what to say. I wouldn't worry too much, though." Alex said nothing to this, and then Mr. Quinn said, "This is it right here. You go ahead. I'll wait out here for you."

ALEX opened the door, which had "MEN" painted in black on frosted glass, and walked into the nickel-gray, marble-tiled room. The room was clean, but it held a slightly warm odor, like that of hard-boiled eggs. A window to the right, the only window in the room, was open a slice, and the cold air was also strong enough to smell. He felt the quietness in himself of being alone. When he was through, he ran water on his hands at the sink. He dried his hands on rough paper towels. There he was, before himself, in the mirror—a new white shirt, an Arrow, with sewed-in collar tabs not quite concealed, a new tie, a new wool sports coat, and a hundred and thirty-some pounds.

He walked away. What should he do? Should he do anything? Should he hurry back or should he stay as long as possible? Were these his last free minutes? He knew he was dramatizing. Still, he waited, standing in the center of the room, and a memory of school came to him. It must have been the tile of the public toilet. He reëxperienced himself in a classroom, years before, happy by not being unhappy, reading or drawing or painting, on a day like this when there was sunlit arctic air over the playground and the air near the windows was cold. The cafeteria was next door to his classroom, and its double doors were always opened in the morning, and the air was always heavy and steamy from the stainless-steel beds of heating water, carrying an odor of meatloaf or noodles or macaroni and cheese or tuna-fish casserole, baking in the ovens. He had not felt such a love for school in memory before, and he thought it was because everything had changed, because ever since he was released from the Juvenile Home and had gone back school had become both a happy and a lonely place. He carried the notoriety of being marked, and it was an improvement over not being marked at all. It made it easy for him to spend his free hours alone, to work every day, so that the string of consecutive days of having his homework done had gone beyond all expectations. It was the longest stretch he had ever put together—ten full weeks, compared with perhaps three or four days at the beginning of each year in the past. He had stretched it so long he had become fascinated with the possibility of an unbroken string to the end of the semester. He was that close, and if they did not stop him by sending him to B.V.S. there was no stopping him at all. He'd be doing his work right now, if he had the chance, because he felt that way right now; he was ready this very minute. He could draw well this morning, and he knew it, and, as always, the knowledge somehow made him feel sad.

He was close to an A in geometry, where he was attracted to the competition of coming up with the right answers, and he thought if the other classes were graded the same way, if there were clearly single answers and not the talk to carry on with teachers, he might have A's there as well. Still, the only teacher who liked him was the art teacher. He could draw. And again there was no question of the answer. It was there for everyone to see, and no kind of explaining made it "right" or better. He had always been able to draw. In the sixth grade, he had won a citywide poster contest, and his art teacher had said she wanted to use two of his drawings in a display for parents. He was not sure about the display. The two drawings were pastels; one was of the front of the barbershop across the street from the school, and the other was of three bicycles in the bike rack, and he knew his friends would make fun of him. They would call him an *artist*. It's funny, he thought. But he did not mean funny at all; he meant it was something so strange he knew no word for it. He could always make his fingers obey. Sometimes the drawing on the paper came out better than the drawing in his mind. "But I don't know," he now said to himself. And then all at once his stomach began to hurt and to pull into itself. His chest began to swell and his cheeks to wrinkle near his mouth, and before he was able to do anything about it, standing there in the center of the tiled room, he began to bawl.

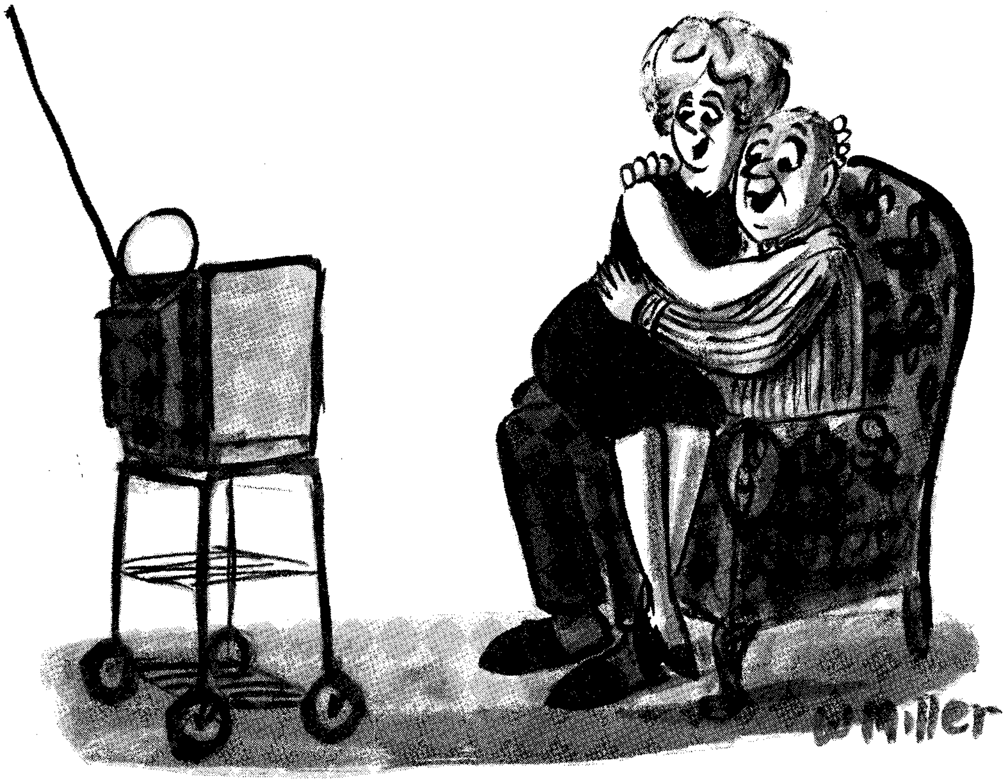
They were childish tears. He tried to make them go away by looking ahead and by keeping his hands in his pockets, so that he would not rub his eyes. He tried to stop them by telling himself to stop, but his lips and nose and cheeks kept inflating and puckering out of control, and his eyes welled full.

Then the door opened. It was Mr. Quinn, and he said, "Hey, you O.K.?"

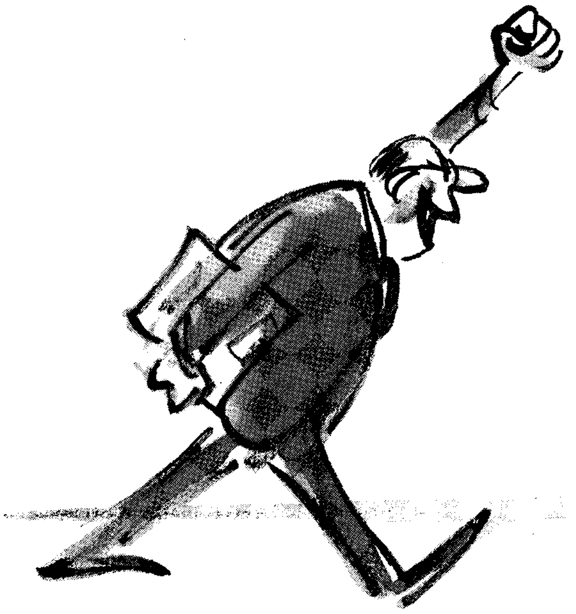
Alex nodded without looking around.

But Mr. Quinn was coming around him, looking at him. "Aw, buddy," he said. "What's the matter?"

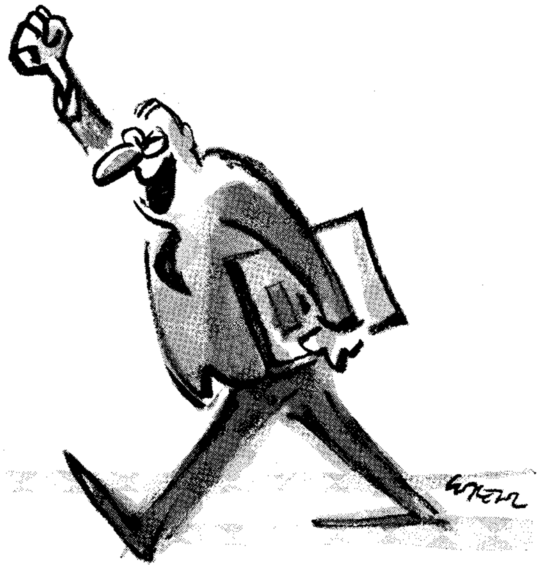
Alex had nearly composed himself, but the kindness drew another wave



"Hi there, WABC news team! You bet we like you, because you like each other, and if you could see us, you would love us, because we adore each other!"



"The public be damned, Henderson!"



"Right on, Larrabee!"

from within him. In a whispering and ascending pitch, he said, "I don't *know*."

"Aw, listen, really," Mr. Quinn said, also whispering. "Listen, I don't think he'll send you away."

"Oh, it's not that," Alex said. "I don't know—what a nut I am—I just started to cry." He bawled again, nearly laughing simultaneously, unable to help himself. He had glanced up at Mr. Quinn, and then he looked down so that Mr. Quinn would not see his face.

"Oh, well, hell, go ahead and cry," Mr. Quinn said. "I know how you feel. Jesuschrist anyway. I'm about to cry myself."

Alex laughed, through his tears, through his sniffling, and looked at Mr. Quinn.

Mr. Quinn was not crying; he was smiling an awkward smile. He shook his head once. "Aw, man," Mr. Quinn said. "Sometimes I don't know what it all means." He was still smiling. "We better get back or he'll send us both to B.V.S.," he said.

Alex laughed again. The tears were gone now.

"You feel O.K.?" Mr. Quinn said.

Alex nodded.

THEY walked back through the corridor, and when Mr. Quinn opened the door this time he nodded, as if secretly, as Alex walked past him into the room, and they sat down. The judge looked up, glanced at them, and returned to his papers. He made a note, and looked up again. "Alex," he said, "would you please rise and step forward?"

Alex rose and stepped to within four or five feet of the desk.

"Alex," the judge said, looking directly at him. "I'm going to place you on probation until you reach your eighteenth birthday. Are you aware of the terms of probation?"

"I believe so, sir."

"Are you aware that I could as easily order you confined to the State Boys' Vocational School for a similar time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you aware that if you fail to maintain the terms of this probation you may be so confined by order of this court at any time during this term of probation?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you fully intend to maintain the terms of this probation?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is there anything you wish to say?"

"No, sir."

"Mr. Coleman, would you please rise?"

His father left his chair and stepped up beside him.

The judge said, "Mr. Coleman, are you aware of your responsibility concerning the terms of this probation?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is there anything you wish to say?"

"No, sir."

The judge looked down again and made some more notations. Then he said, "This court is no longer in session."

Alex and his father stood a moment before they turned to look at each other. They did not smile; there was no feeling of victory, or of release. Then Mr. Quinn was with them, directing them with a single head motion to follow him across the room and into the corridor. It was like leaving a room without saying goodbye.

When they were down the corridor to a point beyond hearing, Mr. Quinn said softly, "That wasn't so bad, was it? He can be tough at times."

Neither answered. They had stopped before the elevator doors, where Mr. Quinn pressed the button. Alex stared at the unpolished doors, as if to concentrate on something else, to look the other way.

They rode down without a word. At the second floor, Mr. Quinn held the door a moment after he got out. He said, "Alex, I'll see you at about three-thirty on Thursdays, right after school. Your curfew is ten on school nights, midnight on Friday and Saturday—and it's nothing to take lightly."

Mr. Quinn was gone and the door closed. Alex and his father continued down in silence. Outside the courthouse, they walked along the sidewalk in the sunlit cold air. Alex followed his father, in single file, for others were coming toward them, entering the building. There was a light wind, enough to swirl the vapor of Alex's breath and to cause his eyes to run at the corners. It was Saturday morning, still no more than ten or ten-thirty, and the scraped-over snow was beginning to glisten under the sun.

Walking along, Alex looked at his father's back, at the sweep and fabric of his overcoat. He realized that his father overdressed, and unexplainably he realized why. He heard once more the diminished voice in which his father had summed up his life. He looked again at his father, as if to be sure. There was the brown-and-cream check of his father's coat, the blood-colored scarf covering the back of his neck. The scarf, high on one side, ruffled his father's hair. They edged between two parked cars, walking along. —THEODORE WEESNER

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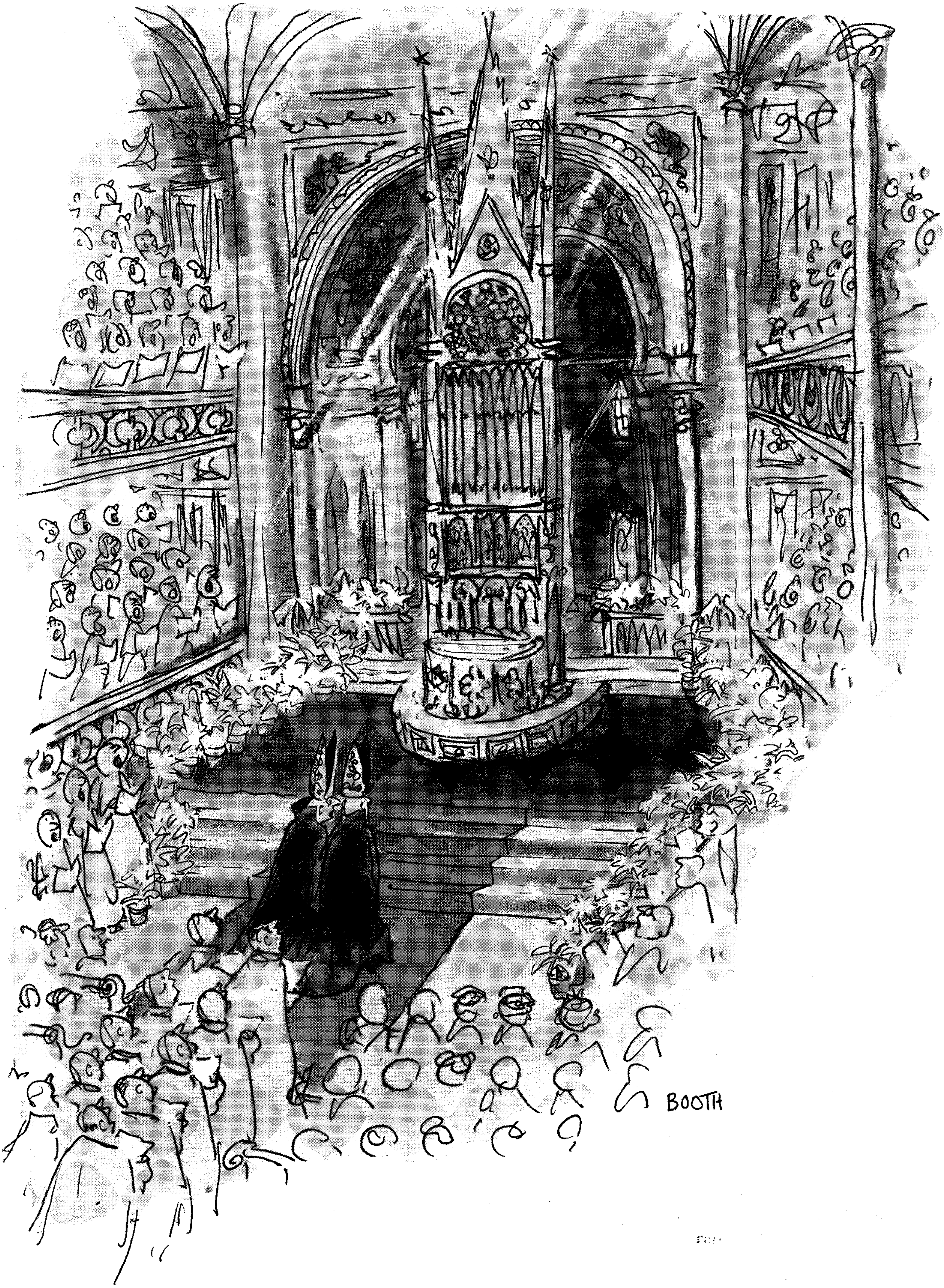
WANTED—New Oxford English Dictionary, complete, in exchange for complete set (4 volumes) of Eros.—*Adv. in the Times.*

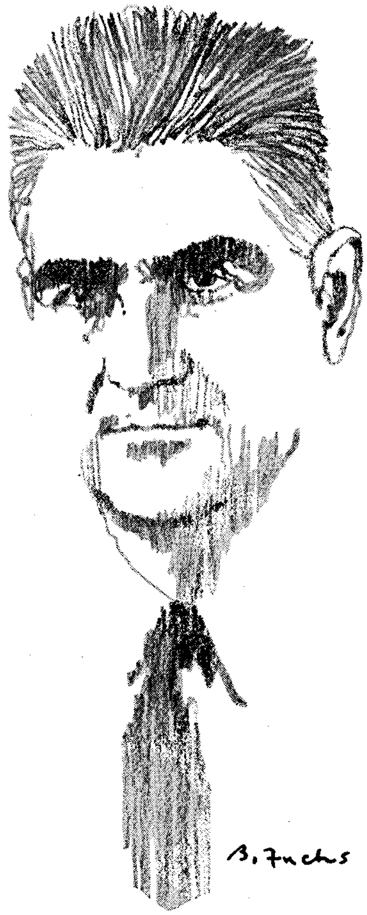
Whas matter, all passion spent?



"One of the choir boys tells me Ralph Nader is hiding in the lilies."

PROFILES

A WHALE OF A DIFFERENCE



John Usher Monro

MANY people in the educational world were surprised, in the spring of 1967, at the announcement that John Usher Monro had resigned as dean of Harvard College, a post he had occupied since 1958, to become director of freshman studies at Miles College, a small, unaccredited, hand-to-mouth black institution on the outskirts of Birmingham, Alabama. Few people at Miles were surprised. For almost four years, Monro had been flying in and out of there as faithfully as a migratory Canada goose, and they figured that it was just a question of time before he settled in to stay. Perhaps least surprised of all was Monro, a white New Englander with impeccable Andover-Harvard credentials. He had been rather more surprised, in fact, when he became dean of Harvard.

In Alabama, where the inequities between the races hardly need to be itemized, fifty per cent of the whites who graduate from high school go on to college, and fifteen per cent of the blacks. In Birmingham and its environs, nearly four thousand blacks finish high school each year, and for more than half a century Miles has been the only four-year college available to most of them. Over that period, almost half the teachers in the Negro public schools in Jefferson County, of which Birmingham is the core, have come out of Miles. Like many of the hundred and nine black colleges in the United States, most of which are in the Deep South, Miles has a religious orientation. Founded in 1905, it was named for an early bishop of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church, which in 1956, deferring to the times but clinging to its initials, became the Christian Methodist Episcopal Church. The college's original site turned out to rest on some of the resources—coal, iron, and limestone—that have made Birmingham a flourishing industrial community (so flourishing, indeed, that it rates among the top twenty American cities in density of particulate air pollution). In 1907, to accommodate the Tennessee Coal & Iron Co., Miles swapped its potentially profitable land for a thirty-acre tract with no subsurface appeal in Fairfield, eight miles west of Birmingham. The campus there now serves eleven hundred students—seventy-five per cent of them commuters, a slight majority of them women, and most of them obliged to hold down either part- or full-time jobs. Some of the students have been out of high school a dozen years when they enroll. Miles happens to have two white students this term, but by and large its enrollment has been exclusively black. Monro wishes there were more whites. "We could use a critical mass of white students here," he says. "That's the same thing we used to say at Harvard about black students."

Quite a few of the prosperous blacks of Birmingham—doctors, lawyers, insurance men—have tended to look down on Miles and to send their children off to fancier places, like Morehouse, Fisk, Tuskegee, and Talladega. All but a few whites in Birmingham have tended to ignore Miles, because it is black, or denounce it, because in the last decade Miles men have been in the forefront of every battle for equality that has shaken the city's once rigid and seemingly unalterable racial structure. Most Northerners know that until recently, by their lights, Birmingham was one of the most benighted Southern cities. Few know that it is a relatively new Southern city. It honors all the totems of the Civil War, but it did not exist until 1871. Today, Birmingham has a population of half a million and is the biggest city in Alabama. It sprawls across a valley fringed by ore-rich hills. Flying in after dark, a visitor sees the glow of open-hearth furnaces. One of the hills, so full of iron ore that it is called Red Mountain, is the Mount Olympus of Birmingham, and on it stands a sixty-ton cast-iron statue of Vulcan, the city's supreme tutelary. The Birmingham version of the god carries a torch in his right hand. The light in it shines green unless someone has died the day before in a traffic accident; then it is red. At the moment, the light is out; the civic fathers are sprucing up the grounds around Vulcan's forge. Birmingham is in many ways an old-fashioned city. It is run by Southern Baptists of a stoutly fundamentalist outlook. Long hair and drugs are uncommon. Vulcan demurely wears a cast-iron apron, but a number of Birmingham citizens still periodically insist that he should have a whole pair of pants welded onto him.

By some Southern lights, Birmingham used to be a jewel of segregation. Its Commissioner of Public Safety, Bull Connor, kept the jewel polished. Rather than comply with various rulings of the Supreme Court, he took such counteractions as closing all Birmingham's public parks. When, in 1963, Miles College wanted to enlarge its pathetically small library, it recruited hundreds of children to make a house-to-house solicitation of nickels and dimes. Just a few hours before the drive was to begin, Connor forbade it, on the ground that its sponsors lacked a police permit, which he declined to issue. What Monro likes to call Connor's "quintessential meanness" received nationwide publicity, and people sent books to Miles from all over the country—more books than Miles could sort for months. Bull Connor thus inadvertently became the library's chief benefactor. Partly paralyzed by a stroke, Connor has moved down to Montgomery, the state capital, where he runs the Public Service Commission, but some of his attitudes linger on. "Now that Bull is gone, you hear all this talk about better opportunities for blacks, but just try to find any blacks holding good jobs," says a prominent member of the black establishment. "I have a young friend, a Morehouse

"I hope you're working on an antidote for my spell."

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graduate, who's a full-fledged broker with a fine investment firm in Philadelphia. He's a Birmingham boy, and he wants to come home. I got in touch with an investment firm here that said it was looking for a bright young black, and my friend sent in a résumé, and his employer sent a good letter of recommendation, and not a single word has been heard from anybody here."

Since Birmingham's 1963 riots, when Bull Connor cut loose on Martin Luther King's followers with his police dogs and fire hoses, and since the desegregation of Birmingham's restaurants the next year, the city has been slowly moving away from South Africa and toward the United States. In 1963, Governor George Wallace would not permit a single black student to enter the state universities; today the University of Alabama in Birmingham (whose president, Dr. Joseph F. Volker, is, like Monro, a transplanted New Englander, having once been a dean at Tufts) has four hundred blacks out of an enrollment of six thousand—just about the same percentage that Harvard has. Arthur Shores, the black lawyer who counselled Autherine Lucy in her application to the University of Alabama in 1956, and whose house was twice bombed, now sits on the Birmingham City Council; he has eight fellow-councilmen, all white. Forty-two per cent of Birmingham's population is black. Under Bull Connor, the city had no black policemen; now it has a dozen. (Atlanta had black police lieutenants before Birmingham had a single black patrolman.) Blacks now move easily in and out of Birmingham's hotels, and Councilman Shores and his wife were among a handful of blacks who attended a banquet of the Birmingham Botanical Society. More significantly, Birmingham even has several integrated child-care centers, with integrated staffs. True, they are supported by federal funds and operate out of black churches, but a decade ago their existence under any circumstances would have been unthinkable. Some court clerks and bailiffs still address black lawyers by their first names, but three black lawyers now belong to the Birmingham Bar Association, though they are discreetly discouraged from attending its annual barbecue at the Birmingham Country Club. No blacks yet live in the high-income suburban residential enclave of Mountain Brook, but one has moved into the equally fashionable Vestavia Hills, and two have had a drink at The Club, a private and socially eminent fastness near Vulcan's statue. The two trailblazers were there because they were in the cast of a show put on by an amateur theatrical group called the Town and Gown. One of the group's moving forces is a white woman from Vestavia Hills, Mrs. David Roberts III, who for several years has been notable for her participation in black causes. She is a cheerful meddler whose husband owns a coal-mining business that was started by his grandfather, an Englishman who got diverted into the American South while en route to Australia. Mrs. Roberts is English-born herself, which may explain why white Birmingham has tolerated her; as a foreigner, even though she has lived in Alabama for twenty-six years, she cannot be expected wholly to comprehend and conform to its ancient customs. Among other things, Mrs. Roberts is a trustee of Miles. She is probably one of Miles' best local white friends. For several years, she was chairman of the annual all-white Birmingham Festival of Arts. In the difficult year of 1963, she organized a fine-arts festival for blacks at the college. She also belongs to a group called the Friends of Miles. It consists of some two hundred and fifty local members, mostly white and female, who contribute at least ten dollars a year apiece to the college.

Over the years, however, most of

Miles' best women friends have been black—devout adherents of the C.M.E. Church, who ceremonially meet every Founders' Day, March 19th, and parade across the campus. To take part in this function, one must contribute at least a hundred dollars a year. Many of these women are maids or laundresses, and some of them have earned the right to be in the Founders' Day procession for forty consecutive years. Most C.M.E. congregations are poor. Half the church's annual budget goes to support Miles and five other Deep South institutions of higher learning; even so, the church has less than half a million dollars a year to dole out among them. Three-fourths of Miles' trustees are members of the C.M.E. Church. The incumbent chairman of the board is Bishop Chester A. Kirkendall, of the church's fifth episcopal district, which takes in Alabama and Florida and until recently also included Nigeria. Miles' president has always been affiliated with the C.M.E. Church. From 1936 to 1961, the post was held by Dr. W. A. Bell, a C.M.E. layman. When he took over, the college had two run-down buildings, two hundred and forty students, and a debt of a hundred and twenty thousand dollars. In those days, a black college president could expect to be addressed as "Boy" by the local constabulary, and Bell kept a house in Atlanta, a hundred and sixty miles to the east, where he would go on weekends to breathe. When he died, ten years ago (Mrs. Roberts was one of two whites at his funeral), Miles had seven hundred and eighty-seven students and no debts. Moreover, Dr. Bell had scraped together an endowment of three hundred thousand dollars. Today, the endowment has reached four hundred thousand (Hampton, Tuskegee, and Fisk have about forty-five million among them; Harvard has a billion all by itself), but Miles still struggles. For some time now, a modest bell tower on the campus has been without a bell, but Miles has never felt affluent enough to splurge on a replacement.

Fund-raising has been a constant and oppressive burden for Dr. Bell's successor, Lucius H. Pitts, who, it was revealed last week, will step down in June, for largely sentimental reasons—to become president of his alma mater, Paine College, a small black institution in Augusta, Georgia. His successor will be another black minister, W. Clyde Williams, who is associate general secretary of the Consultation on Church Union and an elder of the C.M.E. Church. Dr. Pitts looks older than his fifty-six years, and no wonder. One of eight children of a Georgia sharecropper, he was working his way through Paine, washing dishes, when he went totally blind. He had diabetes at the time, without knowing it, and doctors have since speculated that the disease affected his vision. After three months, he regained the use of one eye. He graduated from Paine, was subsequently ordained a C.M.E. minister, and divided his time between teaching and preaching. In his buttonhole he wears a sterling-silver fishhook, symbolizing his diligence as a C.M.E. evangelist, and its barb has been doubly effective: once, in New York, a man who struck up an elevator acquaintance with Dr. Pitts by asking about the fishhook subsequently gave Miles five thousand dollars, which is just about what the college needs every five days to keep going. Dr. Pitts has changed Miles considerably during his tenure, and he has changed Birmingham perhaps even more. Two heart attacks notwithstanding, he has been in the forefront of almost every recent racial contretemps. For instance, when Martin Luther King was assassinated, Dr. Pitts averted a potentially bloody riot by promising a crowd of infuriated young blacks at Miles that there would be an appropriate march of mourning downtown in which they could participate. Then he got the mayor to make that pledge stand up.

Just before Pitts became president, Miles had lost its standing as an "associate" of the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools. That standing was as close as any black college in the South could then come to outright accreditation. Miles had been faulted on several counts—inadequate physical plant, substandard library, and an insufficient number of doctors of philosophy on its faculty. Thirty per cent was the acceptable minimum, and when Pitts arrived in 1961 there were only two Ph.D.s on a faculty of thirty-eight. The new president saw little hope of improving that statistic by means of blacks—black Ph.D.s were in short supply—and he made known his willingness to accept all types. For his social-sciences department, he found a doctor of philosophy from the University of Havana who had left Cuba after

the advent of the Castro regime and had been able to find no better job in this country than a janitorial one in Colorado. The attention that Bull Connor focussed on Miles brought several volunteers, like a husband and wife in Vermont, each with a Ph.D., who told Pitts, "If you pay one of us, both of us will come." Then there was a white Ph.D., already retired from one college, who offered his services for a hundred dollars a month and a place to stay; at the end of his first year at Miles he said he had had such a good time that he wanted to give the money back. Miles' top faculty salary under any circumstances is ten thousand dollars a year. ("Nobody comes here for the money," Monro says. In 1968, he won an award as Family Man of the Year, which carried with it a five-thousand-dollar honorarium; he gave the money to the Miles library.) By the fall of 1969, Dr. Pitts had achieved a thirty-nine per cent Ph.D. ratio on his faculty. Moreover, he had attracted as his director of development another retired white man, James S. Wheaton, who had done public-relations work for the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. in New York for forty-one years. When Wheaton, who had taught for a while as a young man and had become increasingly concerned about black education, was nearing retirement, he had written to Monro to ask if there could possibly be a place for another white man at Miles. There was, and Wheaton and his wife flew to Birmingham to spend an evening with Dr. Pitts and talk things over. It was a characteristic Pitts evening; that is to say, Pitts spent most of it presiding over an emergency meeting to work out black tactics to be used in a police-brutality case. "It was the most interesting, frightening, and exciting experience we'd ever had," Wheaton recalls.

OCCASIONAL BIRDS

Morning, white as a sheet of paper,
I watch you with trepidation, still propped on my pillow,
Begin with a mist emitting occasional birds
Which seem to suggest (outside the world looks blind)
By moving so precisely there's some place
To go to when they leave the mist behind.

Pulling on socks I wonder
What are the chances today of being included
Just for one moment inside that syllabled silence,
Of feeling time, like a mammoth, steaming and black,
Lurch through the swamp not knowing there's a howdah
Of confident birds like jewels on its back.

Time moving, the bright birds still.
But morning fills the mind with too much noise.
Moth-memories come banging to get in.
I cram a casque over an empty skull
And face the mist—a morning like a wall.
An absent man gone walking in a pearl.

Verisimilitude: I take a child
Walking toward the slow-appearing trees.
His chatter sounds appropriate and wise,
Granting small features to a world born flat.
We walk inside the birthday of the world.
I wear his newness like a birthday hat,

Discern small things with him, begin
With smallness, stillness, as the skin of pearl
Thins round us and the sun pricks in.
Our tree becomes a wood. I see him ride,
Quite still, the back of time, I see him go.
I love his absence sitting by my side.

I love the trees revealed, the way
Light rinses fog from colors, opens out.
I love a size that does not care for me.
I have a skull so emptied that I float.
I love the vertigo! I love the cold!
Cold, I bend to button up his coat.

—P. J. Kavanagh

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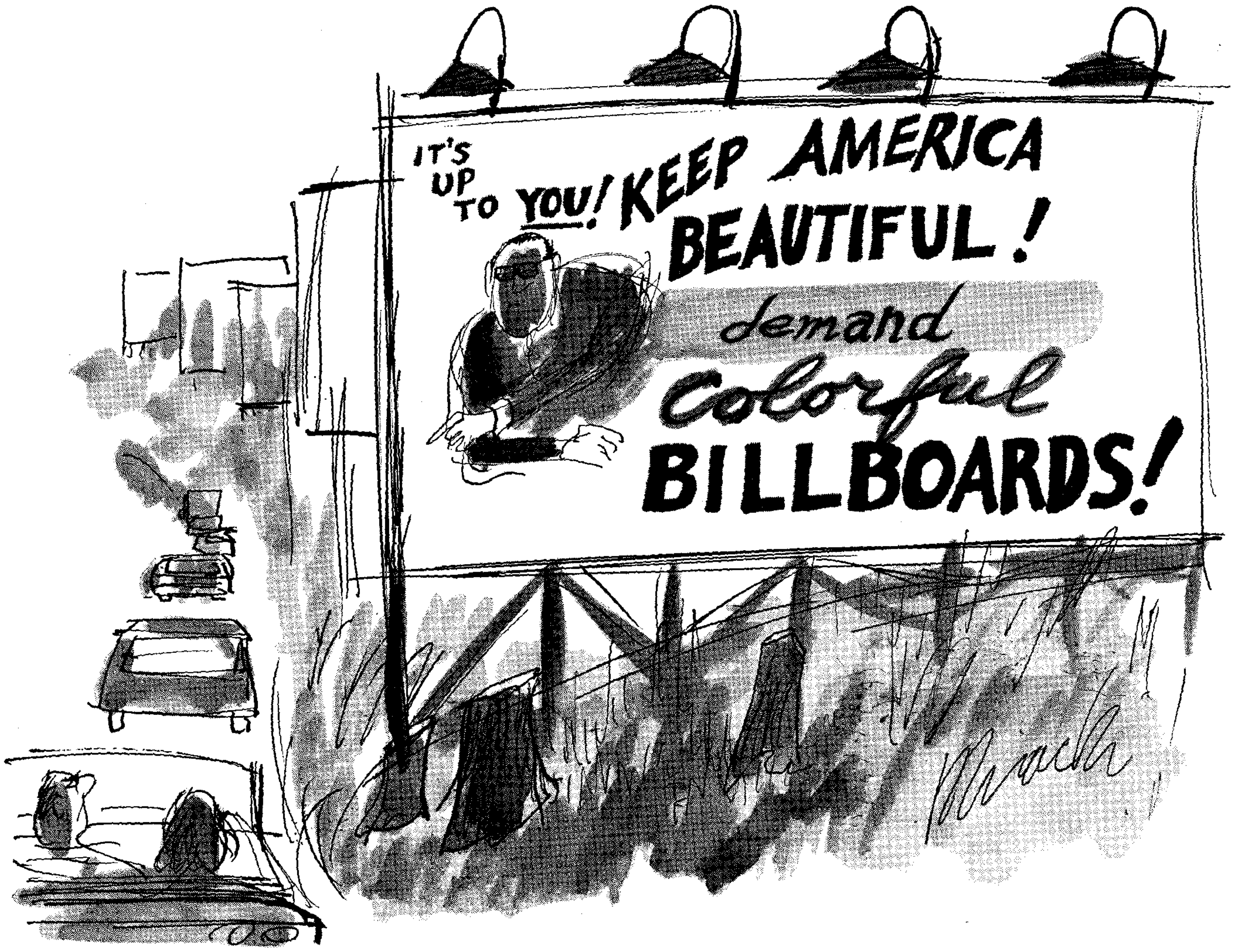
Improving the physical plant sufficiently to make Miles eligible for accreditation also took time. (Bull Connor, of course, had already improved the library.) Pitts managed to raise enough money for a new student center, two new dormitories, and, most important of all, a new science building. The last bears the name of the late Dr. E. W. Taggart, a black Birmingham dentist who, out of the blue, made a fifty-seven-thousand-dollar gift to Miles. The accrediting committee of the Southern Association met in Dallas at the start of December, 1969. Dr. Pitts flew over to plead Miles' case. On December 3rd, he telephoned back to Fairfield and, over an amplifier, announced to a gathering of students and faculty that Miles had made it. "I remember a friend's saying ten years ago that even God himself couldn't save Miles," Monro told the jubilant assembly. "But look at us now!" While Pitts was on the phone, he asked his audience to meet him at the airport on his return from Texas. The Miles community roared out there in a fleet of cars and eight chartered buses with—how triumphant a footnote to accreditation!—a police motorcycle escort. The Miles band, eighty-five strong, in bright purple-and-gold uniforms, deployed itself on the roof of the air terminal and serenaded the president as he got off his plane. Dr. Pitts broke into an impromptu little dance, and there was momentary apprehension about a third heart attack. Two weeks later, Miles held a testimonial dinner in Birmingham, in order to "share in the joy of accreditation," as the program put it. With so short a time to make arrangements, the college officials hoped that a hundred and fifty or so people might turn up. There were seven hundred and seventy-five, including five mayors. It was the biggest integrated party in Birmingham's history. "The most beautiful thing about the accreditation dinner," Monro said afterward, "was that it could be held."

Dr. Pitts is now co-chairman, with a white businessman named Cecil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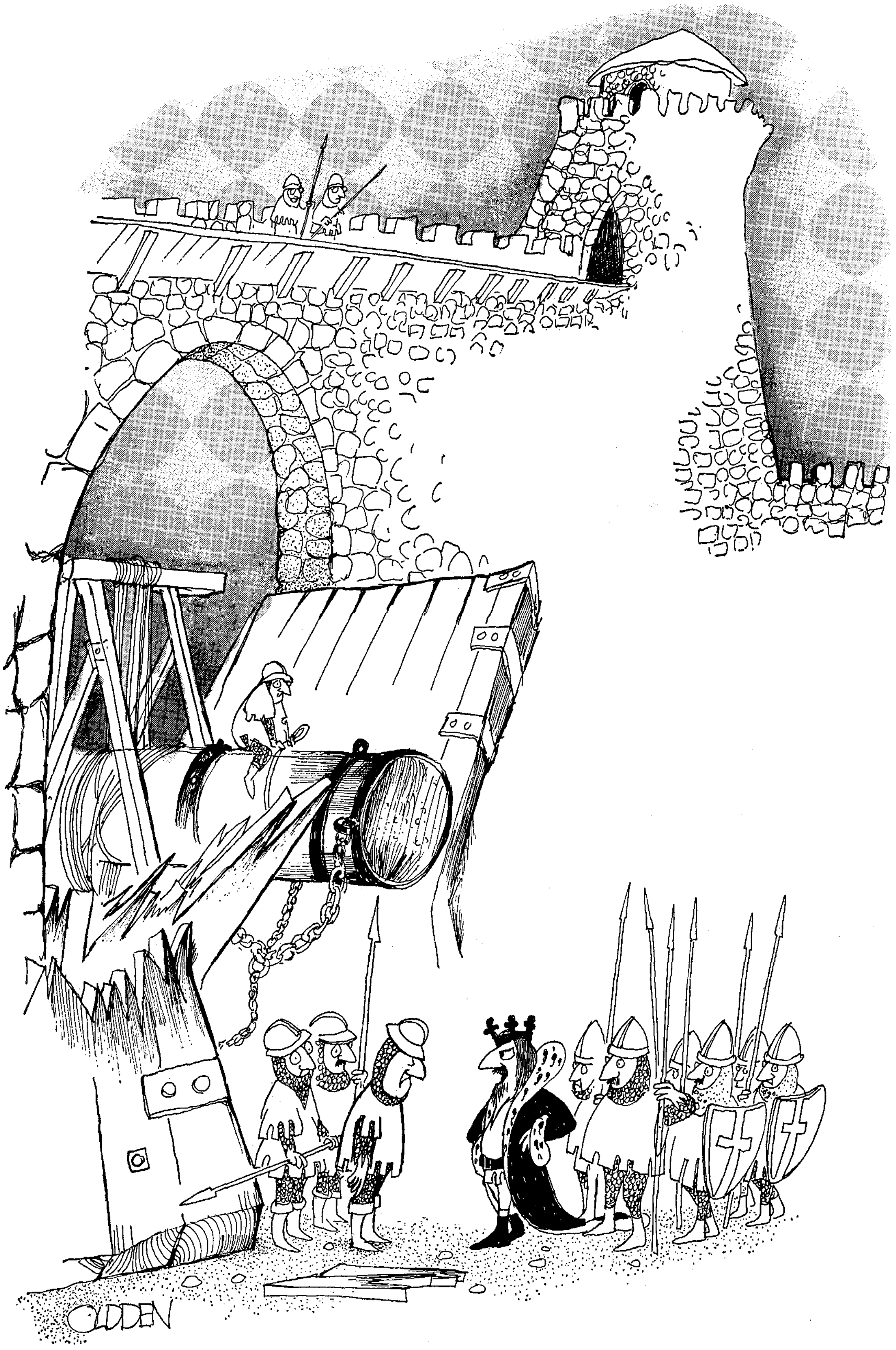
Bauer, of a Community Affairs Committee that is trying to come to grips with local problems like poverty, hunger, and the police. "It's difficult to keep an open mind and not be a racist when you work here," Dr. Pitts says. "When you live as I do, with two teen-agers at home and a thousand others on the campus, and you sense the hopelessness that they feel and express in aggressive rhetoric, it's hard to keep your perspective and not get emotionally fatigued. Because I'm black and president of this college at this time and in this community, I've been involved in more things than the average college president." It has been basic to Dr. Pitts' educational philosophy that his students should be community-oriented. In 1962, when department-store lunch counters in Birmingham were still segregated, Miles undergraduates organized a black boycott against the stores. (It had to be called "selective buying," because boycotts were illegal in the city.) Over the next few years, Miles students conducted voter-registration drives among disenfranchised blacks, and today the City Council of Fairfield—a community that is half white and half black—is proportionally representative. Miles sponsored the first Vista program in its part of the state and the first Head Start program in Alabama. Miles set up literacy courses for adults, a vocational program for the hard-core unemployed, and, most recently, a training center for black elected officials with little or no previous administrative experience.

Monro, for his part, finds all this heartening. One reason for his interest in Miles has been his feeling that the racial agonies of the country can be solved only when blacks attain institutional strength comparable to what whites have always enjoyed, and that places like Miles offer the best chance for this. "So far, most of the institutional strength in the black community has been in the churches, and that hasn't been enough," he said at a college lunch not long ago. "There is a terrible hunger among blacks to get organized in some way. There hasn't been enough institutional muscle in the black community, and the lack of it helps explain the emergence of groups like the Panthers. Some people think there should be fewer black colleges. How can they say such a thing, in view of the fact that seventy per cent of the black Ph.D.s in the United States today got their undergraduate education at black colleges? I think there should be *more* black colleges, so they could become representative institutions in, say, Harlem, or on the South Side of Chicago, just as Miles has become an institutional strong point for its black community."

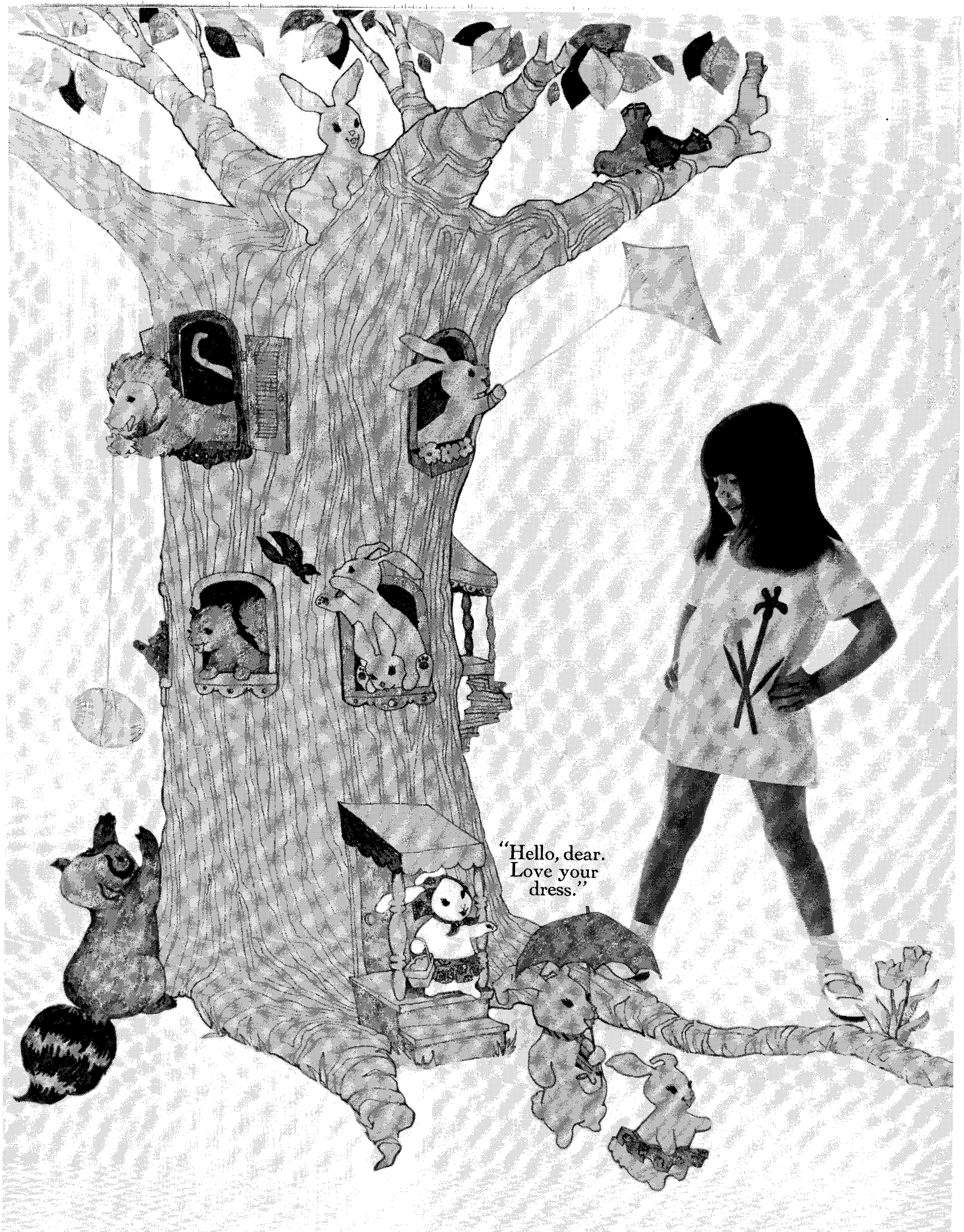
Dr. Pitts was listening. "An institutional safety valve for the whole community," he said.

MONRO'S first overnight stay in Birmingham, on September 4, 1963, would have made some men shun the place forever after. He spent the evening with Dr. Pitts. The two educators had met a year earlier in Miami, at a week-long conference of a black group called the American Teachers' Association, of which Dr. Pitts was then president. The next fall, Pitts invited Monro to spend a few days at Miles. The first night of his visit, as it happened, Pitts had agreed to go to the chapel of a downtown funeral home to help the Reverend Fred L. Shuttlesworth draft a remonstrance that the black leaders of the city wanted to present to the mayor. Monro went along. While they were going over the text in the funeral chapel, a bomb went off a few blocks away, at the home of the lawyer Arthur Shores. As Pitts and Monro headed that way, black residents of the area exchanged potshots with the arriving white police. At one point, Monro found himself surrounded by irate blacks who gave every evidence of being eager to grab the first white man they could get hold of and tear him apart. Eventually, the two men got away, unharmed by either side. "The town began to be very interesting," Monro said later. "In terms of cool and bravery, Pitts was just incredible. You get a man's measure in that kind of situation. I was impressed." A fortnight after his evening at the funeral parlor, when Monro was back in Cambridge, a bomb went off in the Sixteenth Street Baptist Church and killed four girls attending Sunday school.

From then on, Miles was much in Monro's thoughts. It was an unlikely preoccupation for the dean of Harvard College, but then Monro had always been something of a maverick. Born in North Andover, Massachusetts, in 1912, he had gone to Phillips Academy (since 1958 he has been an Andover trustee) and on to Harvard. In 1934, near the end of his senior year, he was one of the organizers of the Harvard *Journal,* a daily paper that flung a sparkling challenge at the traditional *Crimson* and then sputtered out. Monro put so much time and energy into the paper that the dean of the college, A. Chester Hanford, suggested that he take a rest and finish up the following year. After finally getting his degree, Monro was a reporter for the Boston *Transcript* and a writer for Harvard's university-news office. During the war, he spent five years in the Navy, principally as an officer on the Enterprise. In 1945, when the carrier put in at New York and souvenir-hungry sightseers swarmed aboard, Monro kept the ship more or less intact by having a barrel of nails set out on deck and spreading the word that they had been salvaged from kamikaze planes. After the war, he decided to make a career of writing. He was in Maine, halfway through a novel, when he was offered a job in New York on *PM.* On his way to accept it, he stopped off at Harvard Square, out of habit. There he bumped into Dean Hanford, who urged him to return to Harvard and lend a hand with the veterans who were enrolling under the G.I. Bill of Rights. Monro agreed to do it for one year. He remained a Harvard administrator for twenty additional years. "After Hanford retired and I became dean



"Didn't anyone ever teach you to knock?"



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of the college, he would come around to my office door and stand there and just laugh," Monro says. While dean, he appointed as one of his administrative aides the first black assistant dean in Harvard's history—Archie Epps III. Epps sings with the Harvard Glee Club. When that aggregation visited Birmingham in the Bull Connor era, its sponsors kept Epps off a television program, lest the sight of an integrated choral group cause the viewers to faint. Monro never did finish the novel, but he did take some writing courses at Harvard (he particularly liked a summer-school short-story seminar given by Frank O'Connor), and for a while he taught a freshman English-composition course. He does that now at Miles.

For three summers in a row, starting in 1964, Monro came back to Miles, paying his own way and accepting only room and board. Miles would send a student to the airport to pick him up. "I'm sure glad you've got gray hair," one young driver told him. Monro—who then also had an odd tuft of pure-white hair on the back of his head, giving him the rear-view appearance of an attenuated cottontail—wondered what the young man meant. "Any time I go to the airport to pick up a young white guy, the cops stop me and pester me," he said. "When they look at *you*, they know it's strictly business and they don't bother me." Monro lived for two summers in a house, just off campus, that Miles rented from Willie Mays' aunt. Mays grew up in Fairfield and as a teen-ager worked out on the campus. A patch of land that the college has set aside for a future sports facility has already been named Willie Mays Hill. Monro principally busied himself, those summers, with a basic-skills workshop that Dr. Pitts had inaugurated soon after his arrival on the scene. Miles has very uncomplicated admissions procedures. It admits everybody with a high-school diploma. "The more the merrier!" exclaims Monro, the excruciating admissions procedures of Harvard now happily behind him. According to Pitts, "The major white universities and colleges have these much-touted black-recruiting programs, and they say they want to help the disadvantaged and the disinherited. But then they generally end up taking the black students who are going to make it anyhow, wherever they go. They are not looking for a Lucius Pitts. They're looking for my daughter. They're looking for the best minds that can be identified. Our argument, though—and it was one that John Monro quick-

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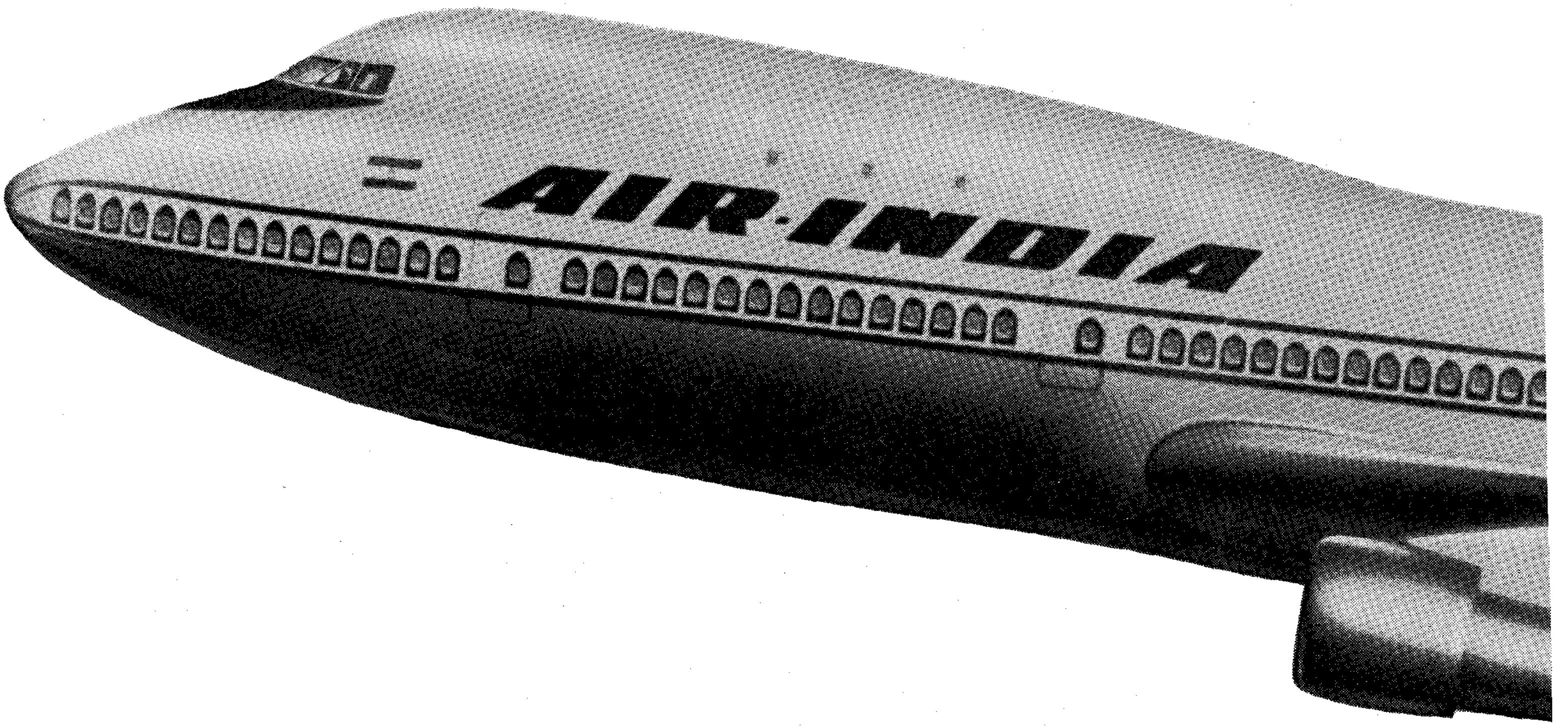

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ly grasped—has been that there are many unidentified minds that may be just as good, and in some cases better: kids who get C's and D's in public school and horrible scores on standardized tests. As things stand now, these people are often doomed, but they could turn out to be bright, even if they can't spell 'cat.' Part of what we try to do here is to give a chance to those people who can think but can't put their thoughts in logical order. If what we have found out about the potentialities of black Birmingham youngsters is true, you can double that for poor whites who are shut off from a continuing education." The majority of the high-school graduates who end up at Miles can read on what would be a ninth- or tenth-grade level in most parts of the country. (New York spends $1,237 a year on the education of each public-school child. Alabama spends $438—thereby ranking fiftieth among the states—and this is the average for all children; the average for blacks is hardly more than half that.) The object of Miles' summer workshops in basic skills has been to give a boost to high-school graduates who are deficient even beyond the low norms for the area.

In the summer of 1964, Monro was joined at Miles by ten other émigrés from Cambridge—Harvard and Radcliffe undergraduates who were inspired by his example to take part in what was then a radical and perilous experiment. The idea was to demonstrate that young whites and blacks could live and work in interracial harmony even in Birmingham at that time. Each Northerner was teamed up with a Miles undergraduate, and each team went every day to a poor Birmingham neighborhood to help fourth and fifth graders improve their reading skills. The twenty students set up housekeeping in a ramshackle, broiling-hot structure at Miles which has been dignified by the name "field house" and which, pending Willie Mays' further immortalization, is the college's only building for athletics. That was the summer when three civil-rights workers across the Mississippi border were murdered by police and Klansmen. The Cambridge contingent had a station wagon, and when they rode around in it with their black co-workers they were extremely visible. From time to time, a car full of young white punks would pull alongside and jeer, or would try to run them off the road.

Monro not only spent the two following summers at Miles but began to turn up at other times of year, too. He joined the Miles board of trustees. (He resigned on becoming their employee.) Around Cambridge, he became increasingly known as Harvard's ambassador to black higher education; he was picked to represent Harvard at the installation of a new president of Morehouse. In the winter of 1966, Pitts asked him if he would consider working at Miles full time, and Monro soon agreed. Pitts hadn't really expected him to resign from Harvard; he had thought Monro might take a year's leave of absence, or some such. But Pitts was not especially surprised, either, at the decision Monro made. "John recognized that he would not be making less of a contribution to the total educational process if he came to Miles than if he stayed at Harvard," Pitts says. "The students here had got hold of his guts. Still, it was quite a thing to do. It hasn't stopped reverberating in Academe all over the world. No educator of John's stature, of any color, had ever similarly put his money where his mouth was. Up to then, white America had ignored Negro education, and not just in the South. When a white American of considerable prestige took the view that we were not a wasteland or a disaster area, white America listened. I'm especially glad that John came, because it not only gave distinction to Miles but said to America and the rest of the world, 'There must be something to this business of Negro higher education.' For Monro to come to an unaccredited little place like this not as a missionary but because he saw something he could give himself to and get much from—well, that made a whale of a difference. It had a tremendous impact on Miles."

Nothing distresses Monro more than to be complimented on having made a "sacrifice." He felt he had done all he could do for Harvard. His two daughters were grown up. He still owns a house in Winchester, Massachusetts, but he is now a legal resident of Fairfield—probably the only one who subscribes to the weekly Cambridge *Chronicle*. (He is also probably the only man anywhere who holds honorary degrees from both Miles and Harvard.) Monro has not severed his Harvard ties. In the last couple of years, thanks mainly to him, there has been a high percentage of Harvard alumni on the Miles faculty. Among them is a young white man, Jeffrey Zorn, who was a classics major at Dartmouth and did graduate work in

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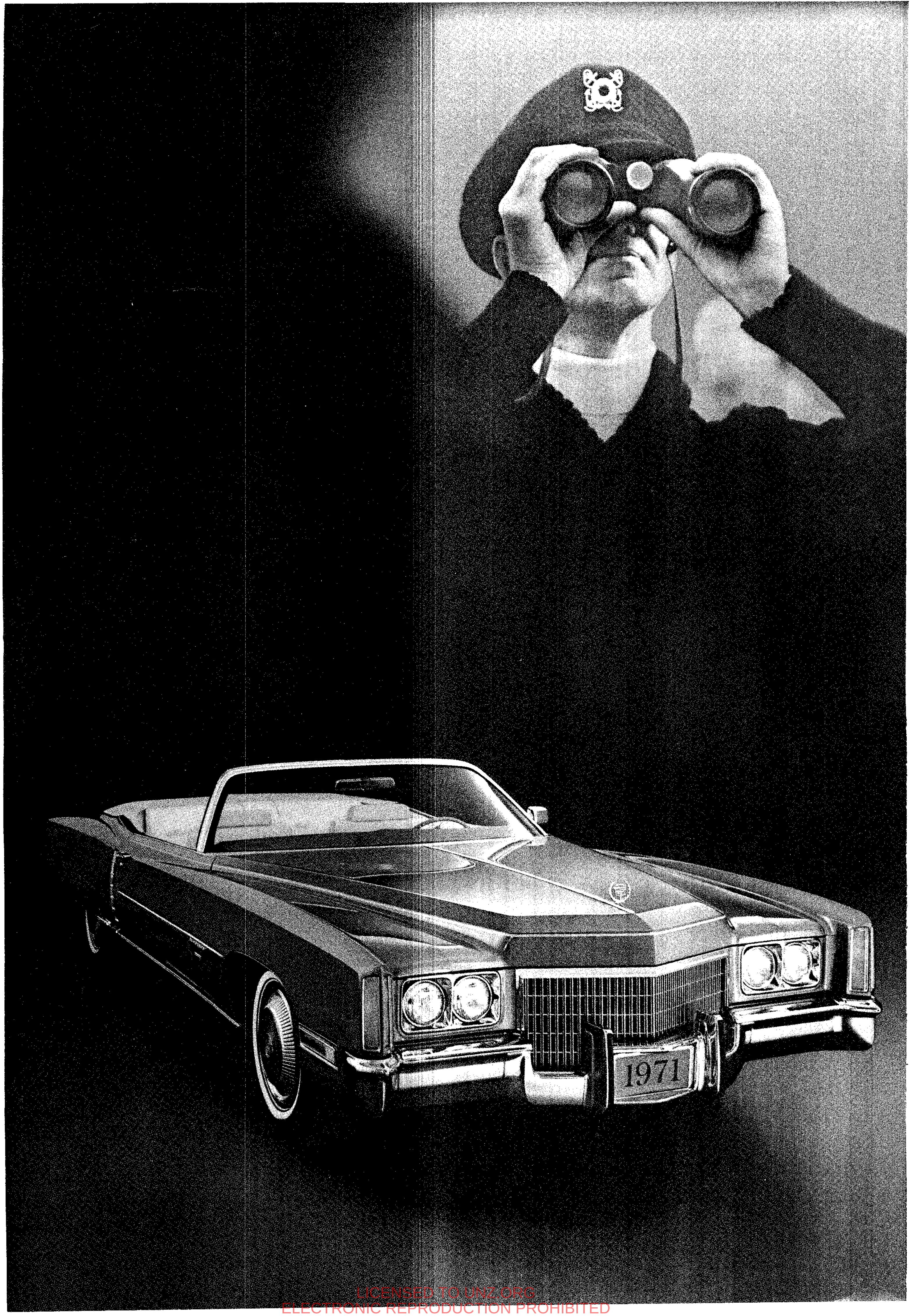
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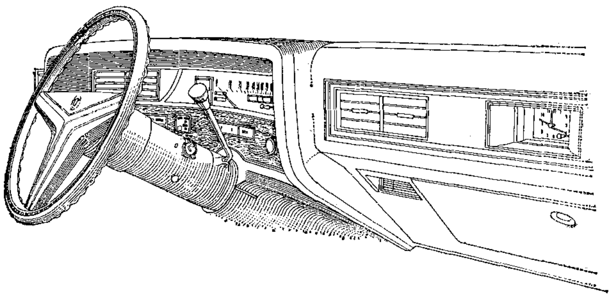

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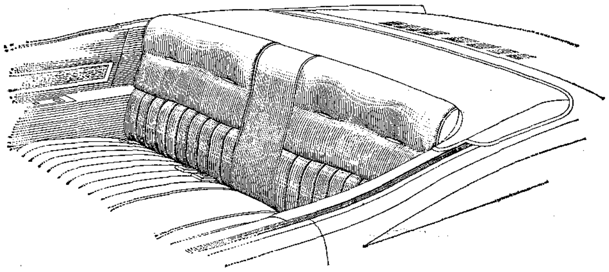

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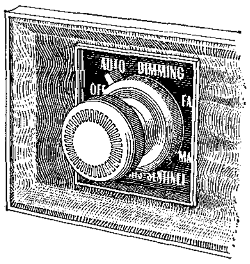

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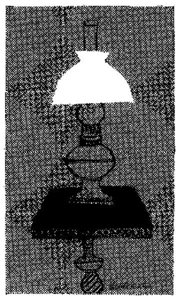
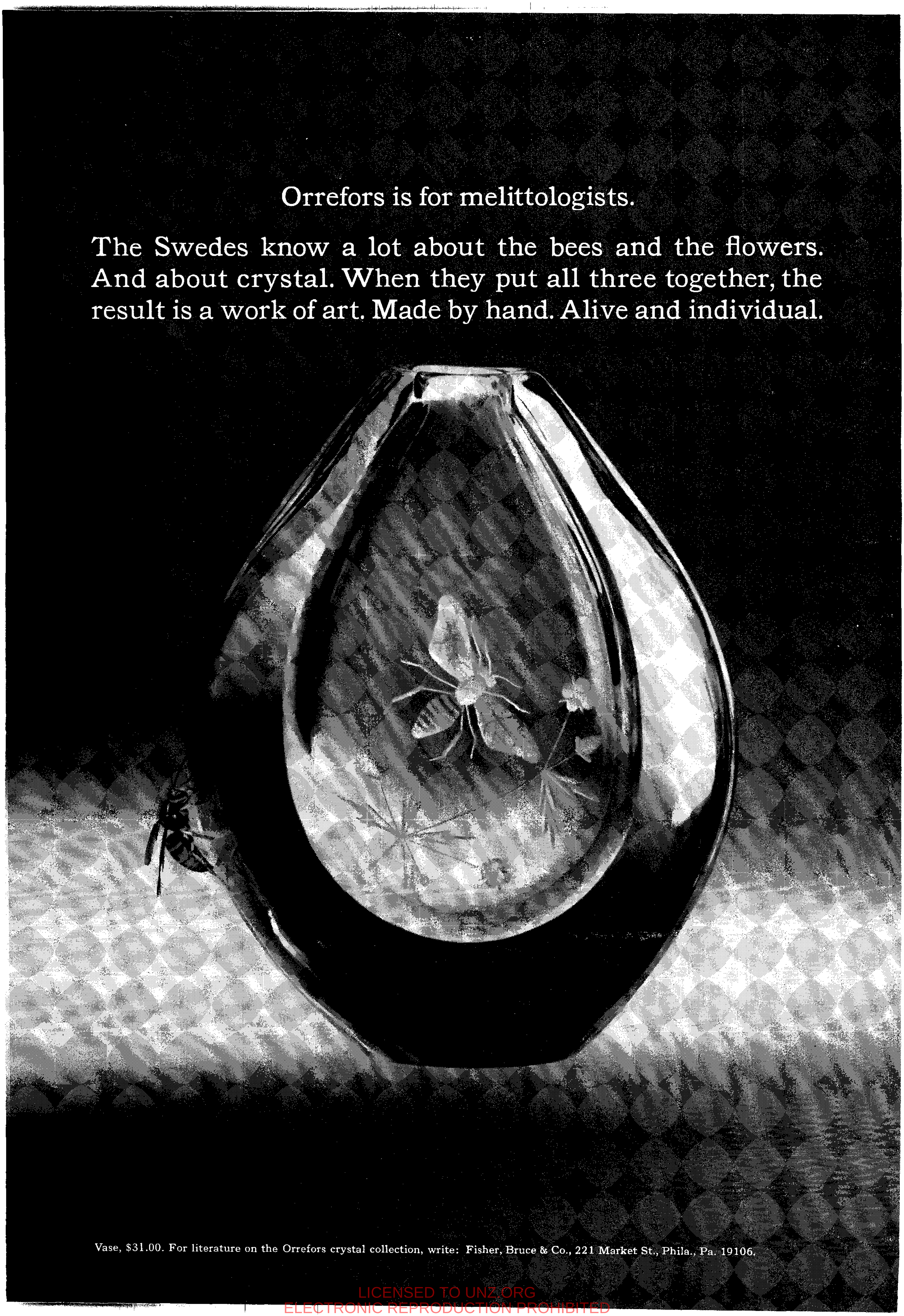
that field at Cambridge, England, and then at Cambridge, Massachusetts. In the fall of 1968, just before Miles opened, Monro corralled Zorn while on a last-minute talent search in Cambridge. Although Miles has a respectable Latin motto—*Sapienta et Pax et Amor Omnibus*—Miles doesn't teach Latin. Nonetheless, Monro was happy to bag one more faculty body, and Zorn, for his part, has been happily teaching freshman English and giving a sophomore seminar on Langston Hughes, among other courses. Another Harvard alumnus at Miles last year was a young black man, Hubert Sapp—a native of Augusta, Georgia—who taught African studies, for the most part. At Harvard, he was president of the college Afro-American Society. "No dean ever had a better president of the Afro Society than I had in Sapp," Monro says. "Hubert had ideas about what a dean should be doing, and they were always expressed in language a dean could understand."

MONRO and his wife, Dorothy, a woman of remarkable adjustability, live on the Miles campus, and they spend most of their time in Fairfield. Not long ago, they dined with a Northern visitor at his hotel in Birmingham. "It's funny to look around and see so many white faces," Mrs. Monro said. Her husband has written of "my previous incarnation, when I was a dues-paying member of the white community," and some of his contemporaries around Birmingham believe that he has changed in every way but physically. Monro was not long ago designated a deacon of a Congregational church in Birmingham; he and his wife are among a handful of first white communicants of that church. A white man invited to a social gathering at Miles was taken aback when an undergraduate came in, glowered at him, and muttered, "Oh, *whites*." The white man asked the student why he didn't seem to find Monro's presence equally objectionable. "He's black," said the student. One of Monro's faculty associates at Miles said recently, "John articulates the problems of the black community better than many of us who are black—better than any of us, possibly, except Dr. Pitts. John is as good a spokesman for the black community as a white man can be." Monro is aware of his limitations. Some months ago, a white church in Birmingham that had finally got around to holding a symposium on race relations invited a white civic leader to represent the white viewpoint and then invited Monro to represent the black. Monro declined crisply. "If you want a black spokesman, get a black man," he said. He has found himself in the rare position of being able to shuttle between Birmingham's two still largely estranged societies—enjoying one meal at The Club and the next at the Hungry Club, a black group that meets regularly at the city's black Y.M.C.A. "It's easy for me to do that sort of thing," Monro says. "I don't have the family entanglements or roots that most members of the white community have. Anyway, my commitments are to the black community. But sometimes I can help bring the two closer together, and in my view that's useful, because I look on Miles as a very important holding operation in amiability between whites and blacks."



It should not be thought that every black member of the Miles community has accepted Monro's presence unreservedly. The campus has had its own history of interracial strife. In 1966, the year before Monro came down permanently, Pitts had a dozen young white teachers on his faculty. Several of them seemed much more interested in civil rights than in academic affairs, and they kept encouraging their students to protest or picket, at the expense of studying. Some of the students' parents protested that. So did some of the black faculty. "We figured that we already had a pretty good civil-rights record," one of them says. At one point, after Pitts fired a white teacher who he thought had gone too far in his extracurricular zeal, the other young white teachers boycotted their classrooms. Thus, when Pitts first offered Monro a full-time job, Monro's initial response was "Haven't you had enough trouble?" Pitts replied that one unfortunate experience didn't invalidate a good idea. Nor did he waver—though some of the whites on his faculty did—when Stokely Carmichael came down for a brotherly visit and, among other fiery utterances, cried, "Honkies, go home!" Today, the Miles faculty is about a third white, and for some of the students, who have never previously laid eyes on a white teacher, this can lead to suspicion and resentment. "When I walk into a classroom, I know I turn off some of the students," Monro says. "There's nothing personal in it. They just don't want to get it from me."

All in all, though, the Miles students seem to tolerate white instruc-



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tors. In an informal poll, fifty-seven per cent of them said that they cared less about a man's race than about the quality of his teaching. Commenting specifically on Monro, one student said later, "He teaches you how to grab ideas and how to formulate opinions—that is, *how to think*. Also, he can see our struggle pretty much as we see it—unlike a lot of outside instructors who come down here and seem to feel that whites must lead blacks out of the dark." The praise that the more militant students have for Monro is apt to be diluted. One campus leader is a senior, Columbus Keepler, now twenty-seven, who put in a year in the Air Force before college and at Miles put in a year on an independent-study project entitled "Revolutionary Ideology and Its Relationship to the Black Community." Keepler represented Miles at a White House conference on hunger some time ago. "I wanted to see the best liars in the world in action, and I did," he says. "It was a farce." (Dr. Pitts, for his part, accused the federal government of "joking" last fall when it professed to be concerned about the plight of black colleges.) Monro arranged a scholarship for Keepler at the Harvard Summer School last year, but Keepler begged off. He preferred to attend a summer program in the humanities at Miles. In the course of it, he became chiefly responsible for the construction, at the main entrance to the campus, of a Wall of Respect—patterned after earlier ones in the ghettos of Chicago, Detroit, and Watts—which consists, so far, of six large painted panels showing major figures in black American history. Dr. Pitts is there, alongside Elijah Muhammad; Martin Luther King is there, his fist untypically clenched; and Nat Turner is there, with features that resemble Columbus Keepler's. The oldest boy in a family of thirteen children, Keepler is the president of the Student Government Association, and a blunt speaker. "John Monro does a good job of looking at the black struggle and leaving out his own Harvard standards," Keepler says. "He is a giant, but even he has had to grow into the situation here. The students have taught him more than he's taught them, and among the things they've taught him is that there are things beyond his reach. Some people with good intentions are really dangerous. If the white liberals are truly concerned about solving racial problems, they shouldn't go into black communities but should do what Malcolm X said—dig into their own community and rid it of racism. Instead, they come to straighten out

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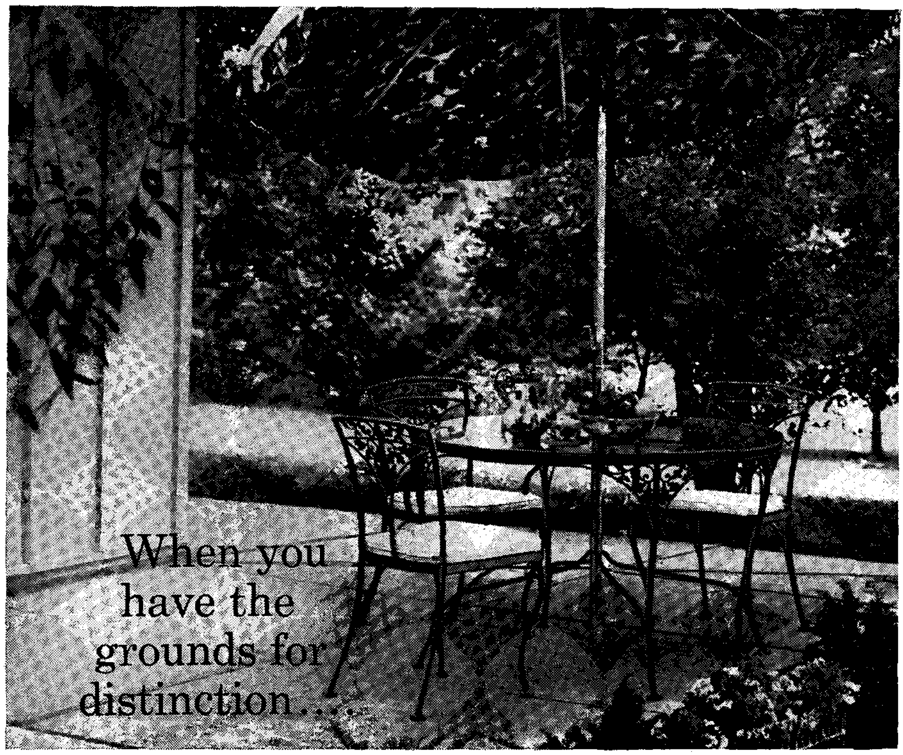

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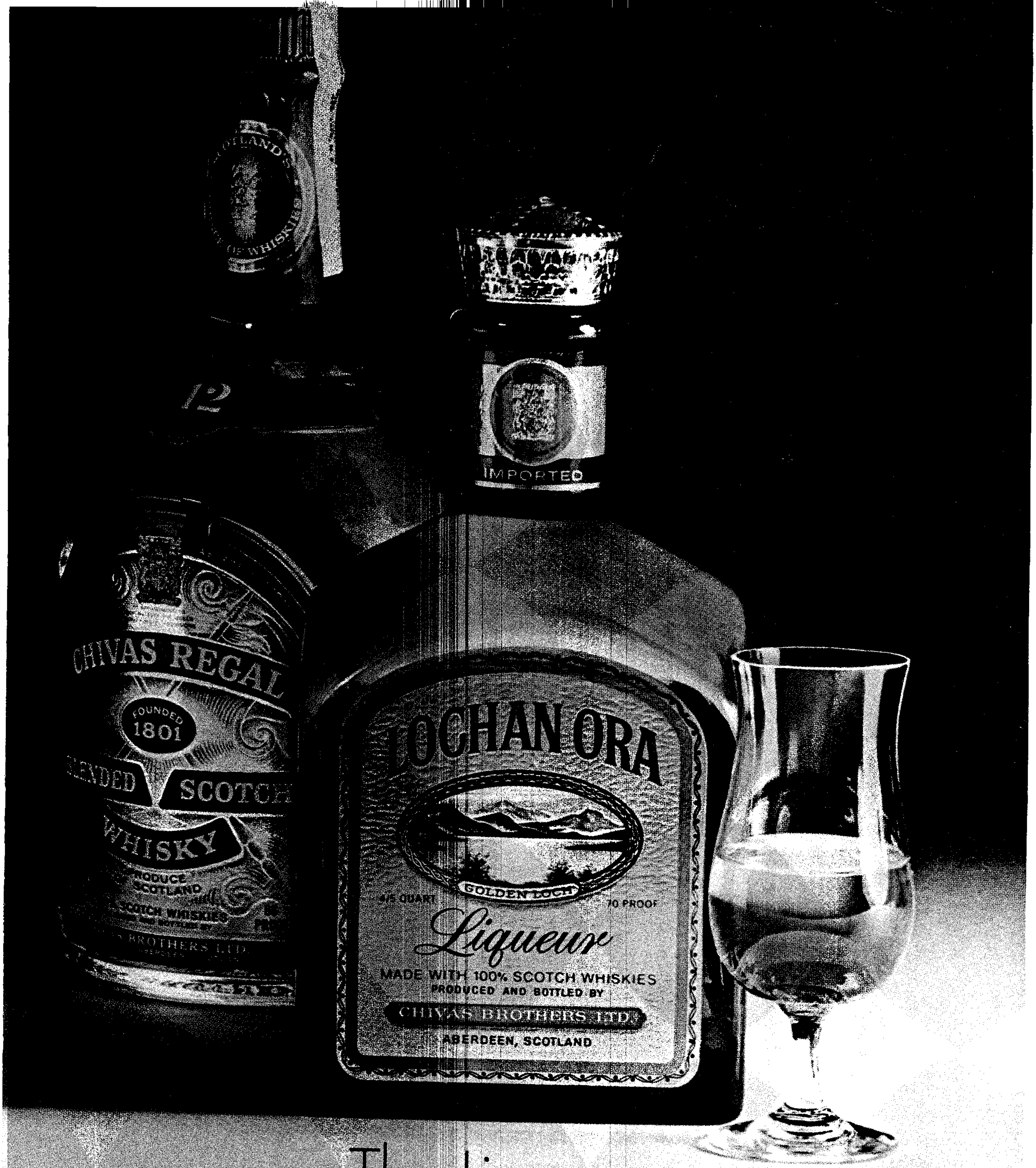

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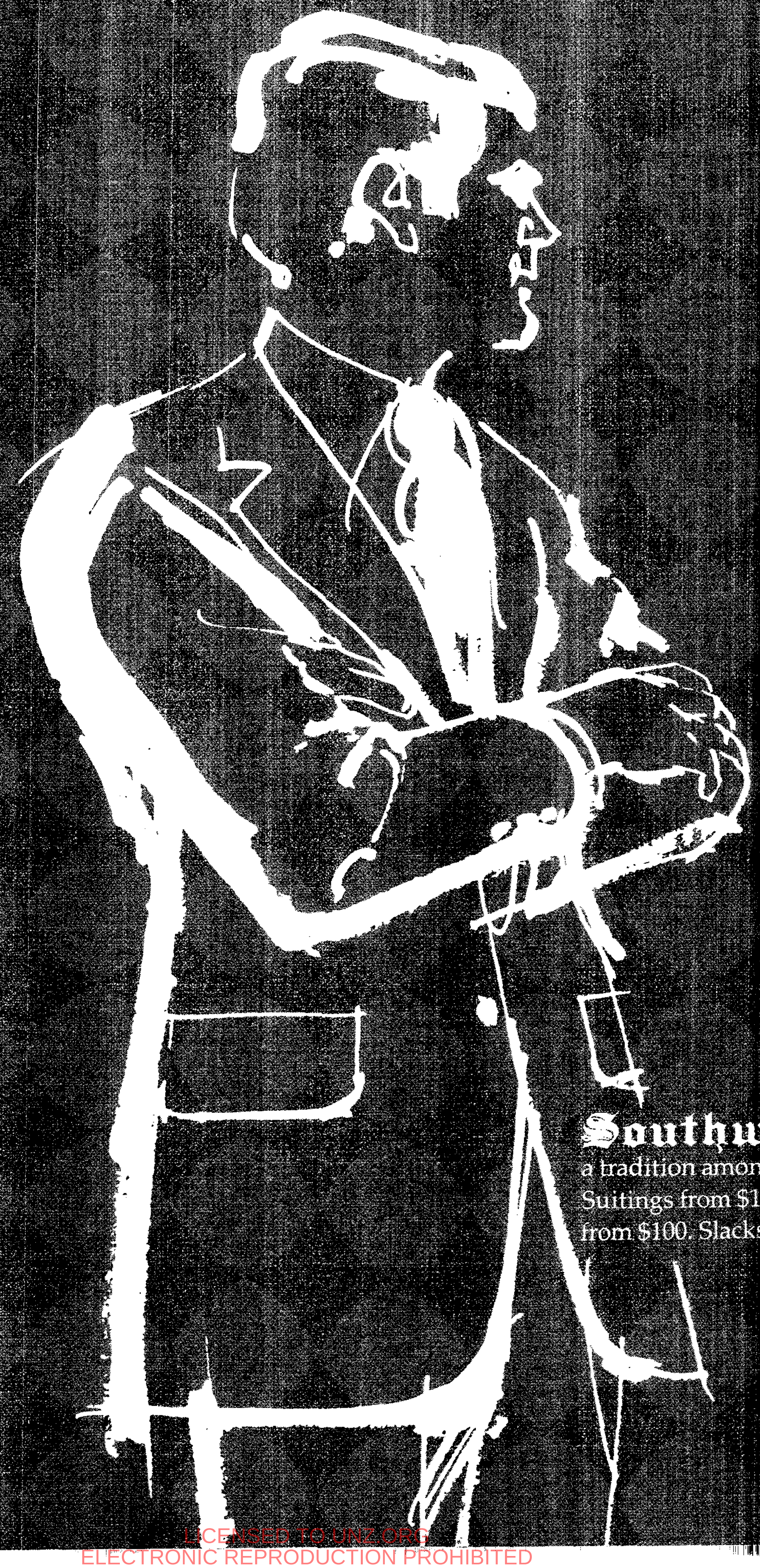

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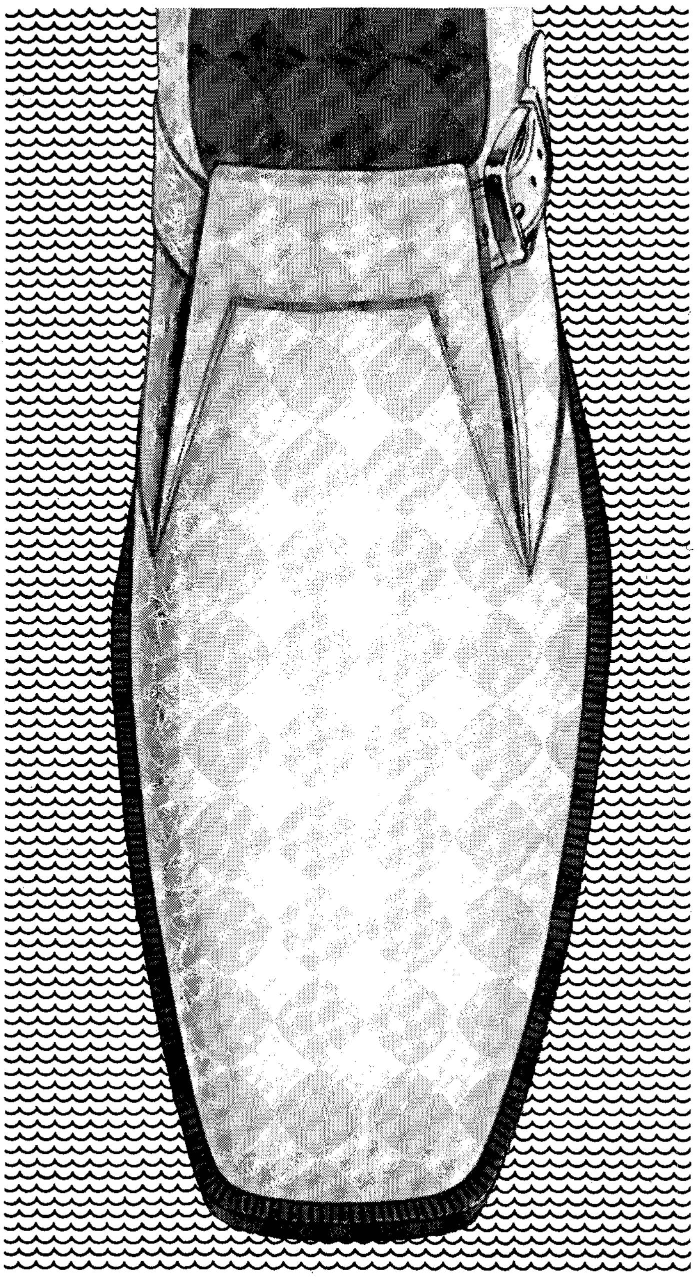
Dr. Pitts, not unexpectedly, is less critical. "Monro's greatest contribution to Miles has been his ability to teach and learn without being ostentatious, obtrusive, or obnoxious," he says. "The skeptics here who were wondering if he was going to try to run things have found out that as a person he's for real."

Monro has no wish to run things at Miles, or anywhere else. "I couldn't possibly be a dean or president here," he says. "Since I moved to Alabama, I've been offered the presidency of a number of black colleges, but I wouldn't dream of taking one. A white president can't make important decisions nowadays in a black college." Monro is content to be merely what his title says he is—director of freshman studies. "My job is perfect," he says. As director, he has a somewhat special setup—a faculty, twenty strong, that is all his, with no formal responsibilities toward upperclassmen. Monro presides over his bailiwick from an austere office conspicuously bare of Harvard mementos but decorated with blowups of Dick Gregory, Malcolm X, and Martin Luther King. He is in the fourth year of an intensive program designed to formulate a curriculum for freshmen whose high-school preparation has been laggard—a threshold curriculum, as Monro likes to put it, for young people who have been educationally shortchanged. In addition to their scholastic deficiencies, some arriving Miles students are inhibited by their own tongues; they talk in a local dialect so thick it is all but incomprehensible outside their native precincts. One such boy was encouraged to sit next to a tape recorder playing back his own voice until he could retune it to a more general wavelength. Two years later, as a junior, the boy was one of Miles' best orators, and while making speeches he would sometimes amuse himself and his audience by deliberately lapsing into his old dialect. "The Autobiography of Malcolm X" has been Monro's favorite freshman reading text, and to make sure that the students understand its nuances he will sometimes dwell on a single word—"community," say, or "ghetto," or "compassion" —for an hour. Blackness is stressed throughout the freshman curriculum—throughout the whole college curriculum, when it comes to that—and on a social-studies



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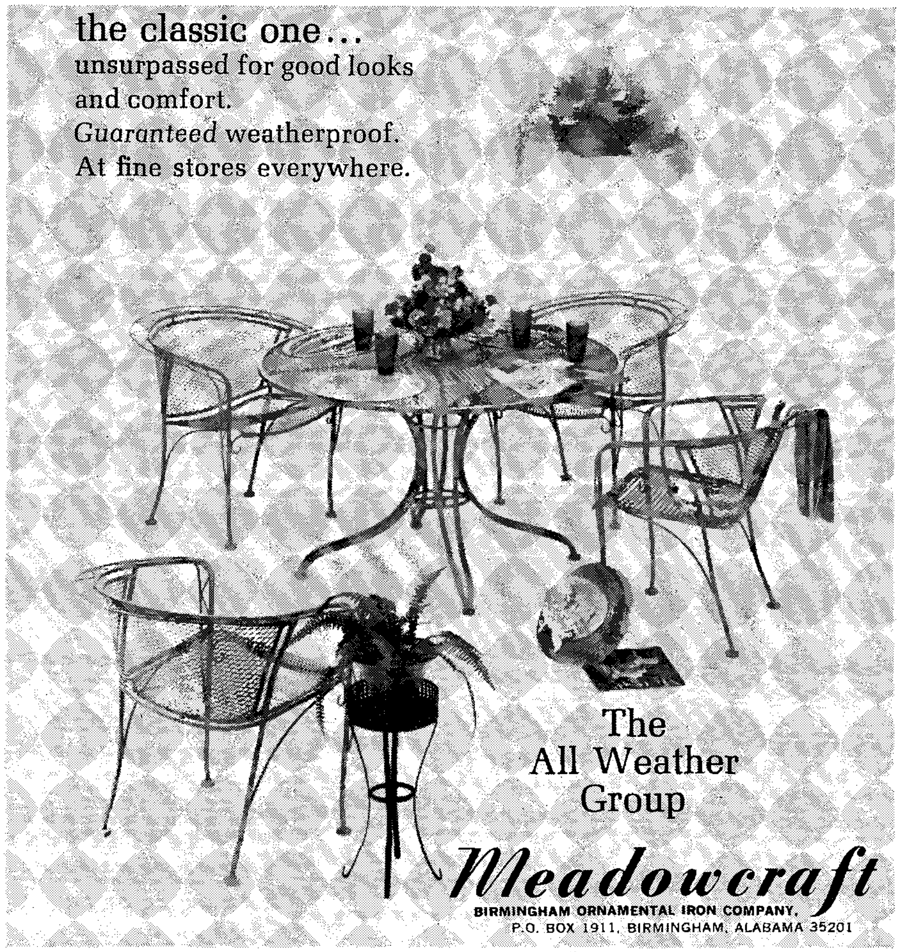
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exam prepared in Monro's realm the students are apt to get a question like "What is Stokely Carmichael's opinion of the Democratic and Republican political parties? Explain his opinion fully. Do you agree with him? Explain your position fully."

MANY members of the white community in Birmingham would doubtless be pleased if the local blacks who do get a higher education would take it away somewhere and never come back. Many blacks, discouraged about the slowness of change and the persistence of bigotry, have done precisely that. But not all. Miles is proud, for example, of the return of a native lawyer named U. W. Clemon, who teaches criminology and labor relations at the college in his spare time. He got his degree there in 1965, and as an undergraduate he was president of the Student Government Association. Clemon was a leader in the department-store boycotts, and he had several run-ins with the police. He could have been the first black student admitted to the University of Alabama Law School, but he chose to go to Columbia. Just before he graduated, in the tense Morningside Heights spring of 1968, some black students issued a manifesto accusing the Columbia law faculty of racism. Clemon had established a warm relationship with a few professors, and he refused to endorse the indictment. Rather, he persuaded a handful of other blacks to join him in a statement repudiating it. For the rest of the year up North, Clemon was snubbed. He returned South, and he has since been a prominent contestant in various legal battles involving civil rights, school desegregation, and police brutality. On the wall behind his office desk is a framed Miles diploma; on the desk itself is a clenched bronze fist. "It's a very great thing that U.W. came back here," Monro says. "We've got to get more guys back who know the briar patch."

Another alumnus who came back was Richard Arrington, Jr., a Ph.D. in biology, who was the dean of Miles for four years before leaving to become director of the Alabama Center for Higher Education, also in Birmingham. Monro calls Arrington "one of the ablest men I know anywhere in higher education." Now thirty-six, Arrington was born on a Black Belt farm a hundred miles south of Birmingham. His family moved to Fairfield when he was five, and his father went to work in a steel mill. The father still works there, and still has the same unskilled job he started out in, which is commonplace

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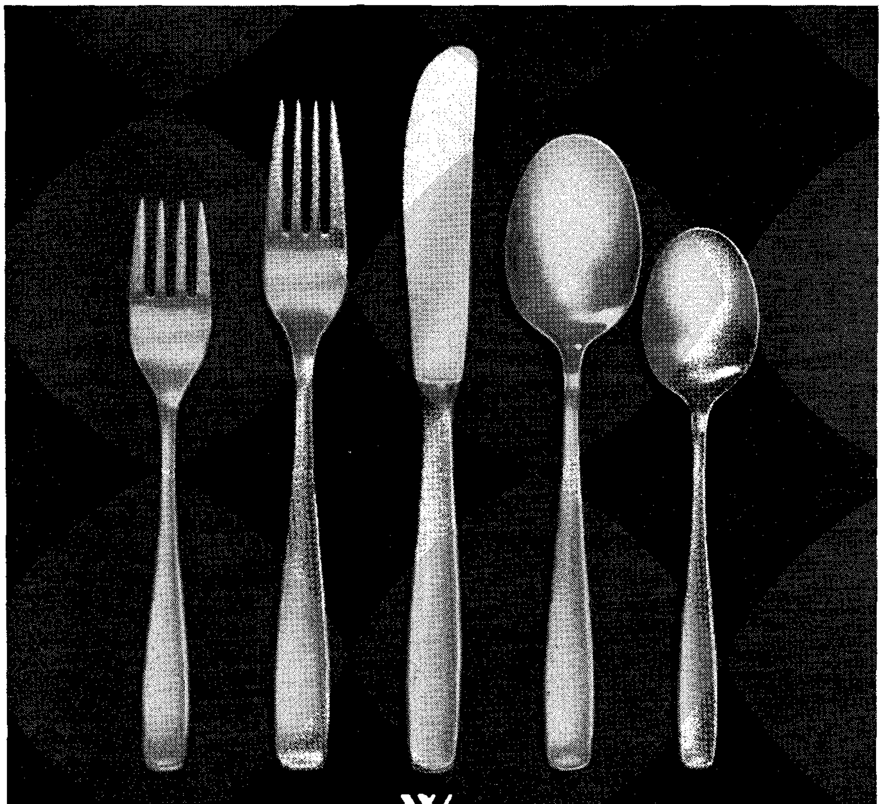

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for his generation. (When Dr. Pitts' father died in Georgia, in 1941, he was earning fifteen dollars a week as a porter in a grocery store.) The young Arrington went to a vocational high school and specialized in dry-cleaning. That acquired skill enabled him to work his way through Miles. "When I entered college, I figured if I was lucky I'd get a bachelor's degree and a teaching job in public school," Arrington says. "That was the extent of my outreach. I didn't know such a thing as a graduate school existed. Miles made me dare to dream of doing things I had never thought were possible." One of Arrington's instructors got him interested in science. Arrington did graduate work at the University of Detroit; at Washington University, in St. Louis; and at the University of New Mexico. He helped meet expenses by interrupting his studies for a year or two at a time and teaching at Miles. Once his scholarly bent was beyond question, Pitts thought that Arrington should get his Ph.D., and, accordingly, Miles helped put him through three years at the University of Oklahoma. (The college is now defraying the postgraduate expenses of four other students working toward Ph.D.s, all of whom have agreed that after they get their doctorates they will give Miles at least one year's teaching service for each year it has underwritten them.) Arrington, whose special biological interests are comparative morphology and protozoology, received his Ph.D. in 1966 and has been back in Birmingham ever since. "I'm really tied up with higher education for blacks who want to do it in black schools," he says. "White schools can't possibly provide enough opportunities for the disadvantaged. A lot of white institutions don't have the determination to educate any student of *any* color who's drastically different from the middle-class white. People like me ought to get involved with institutions like Miles." There are not, of course, many people like him. In the United States, there are fewer than twenty-five hundred black Ph.D.s. Those who have responsible administrative positions as well surely do not exceed a few dozen. There can be no individual in greater demand on the American educational scene today than a young, able, articulate black educator who is both an authentic scholar and an experienced administrator. Arrington's outreach, accordingly, would seem to be boundless. More than one educator who has met him has wondered if, in these topsy-turvy times, he might not end up being dean of Harvard.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

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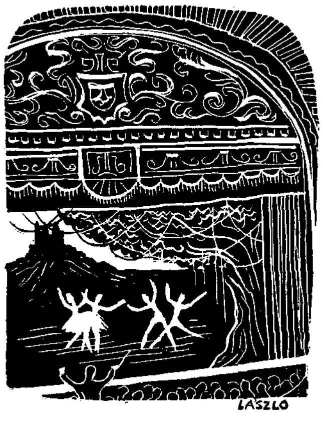
CASTING OUT REMORSE

YEATS entitled one of the greatest of his poems "A Dialogue of Self and Soul," and it is a measure of how seriously I take the aesthetic ambitions, literary and musical, of Stephen Sondheim that in hearing his songs—now anguished, now sour with a sort of flippant whining—I am put in mind of those verses of Yeats, which embody his long-wrestled-with and triumphed-over despair. In the brilliant musical "Company," which is still very much with us, Mr. Sondheim and the author of the book, George Furth, carry off with astringent bravado a close examination of the life of a loner, for whom the only thing more to be feared than loving is being loved. The spirit of this loner, dreading and hoping all, presides over "Follies," which has just opened at the Winter Garden, with music and lyrics by Mr. Sondheim and a book by James Goldman, under the joint direction of Hal Prince and the choreographer Michael Bennett. It is a spirit that we see refracted through the shallowly prismatic lives of the two wretched middle-aged married couples with whom the plot of the musical is largely concerned. They had met in youth, when the women were showgirls in the then celebrated Weismann—read Ziegfeld—Follies and the men were courting them. They have met again after many years, on the occasion of a reunion arranged by old Weismann to mark the tearing down of the decayed theatre in which his Follies used to be staged. They feel that life has inexplicably failed them, and they acknowledge that they have failed life. Never having learned how, in Forster's phrase, to connect, they come warily together, circle around their shabby pasts and shadow forth their diminished futures, and end with the oldest and coldest of comforts—that of having simply, miserably survived.



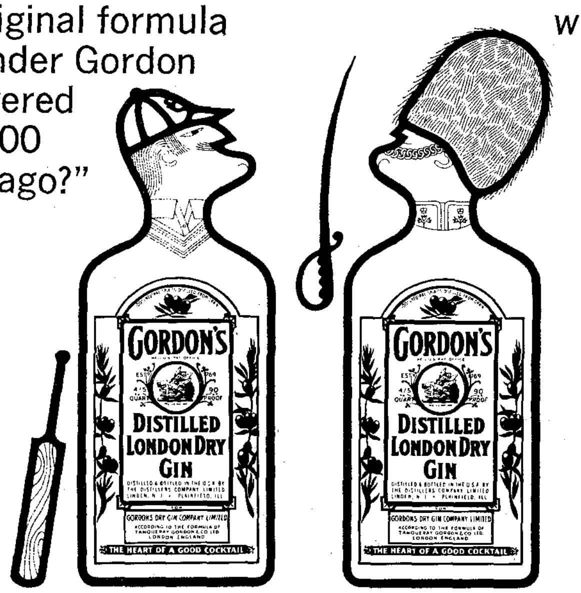
For these four characters—and the various overweight and aging Weismann Follies girls with whom they mingle—to be made into a work of art capable of entertaining an audience, they must be seen to possess qualities of more than ordinary interest, but the evidence as we are given it is that they are rubbishy creatures. Though they believe themselves to have been, once upon a time, full of promise, the glib and falsely aphoristic remarks that Mr. Goldman puts in their mouths indicate that their supposed promise was merely the tiresome self-deception of untested second-raters. For me, the evening at the Winter Garden would have been highly disappointing except for the fact that all four unattractive characters were being played by very attractive people: Alexis Smith, Gene Nelson, Dorothy Collins, and John McMartin. Miss Smith is an exceptionally good-looking woman, and she speaks her lines with a crisply bitchy authority. A number of famous performers of another day—or, to put it more kindly, a number of famous performers pretending to be of another day—did vigorous turns exemplary of the gaudy old nineteen-twenties and thirties, and the audience was evidently pleased to recognize Fifi D'Orsay, Mary McCarty, Ethel Shutta, and Yvonne De Carlo. Mr. Sondheim has provided some funny pseudo-Follies songs, including "You're Gonna Love Tomorrow," "The God-Why-Don't-You-Love-Me Blues," "Ah, Paris!," and "Broadway Baby." I liked very much a touching song called "Too Many Mornings," sung by Miss Collins and Mr. McMartin, and "Could I Leave You?," sung by Miss Smith. The set, which consists, most of the time, of odds and ends of battered scaffolding, is by Boris Aronson, and on the night I saw the show—a preview—the older and more corpulent members of the cast were having difficulty clambering up and down the awkward steps from one level to the next; they needed their bifocals. The big dance numbers in the show are sensationally effective; Mr. Prince and Mr. Bennett know how to cause their performers to bring down the house, and down it comes, again and again. The climax of "Follies" is a hallucinatory simulation of the climax of a Weismann Follies; it reflects great credit on the unbridled fancy of Mr. Aronson; of Florence Klotz, who designed the costumes; and of Tharon Musser, who did the lighting.

I admire Mr. Sondheim for not hesitating to explore again the wastelands of aloneness and self-repugnance that he opened up for us in "Company," and I hope it is clear to him that what has proved unworkable in "Follies" is its subject matter and not his great themes. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Beheld

"BEHOLD! COMETH THE VANDERKELLANS," at the de Lys, is set in the house of Dr. Vanderkellan, the president of a Negro college in the South, on the Saturday before Easter in 1960. The students are rioting, but, as things develop, the revolt outside is as nothing compared to the rebellion that will take place within. Three of the Vanderkellans' four grown-up children have come home, either to stand by their parents in the crisis or else to celebrate Easter with them. (The fourth was drummed out of the family when she married a white boy, thereby betraying the trust of the white community; according to her mother, "she has set us back a hundred years.") They are Gregory, a professor at some integrated college up North; Desiree, a fashionable jet setter; and Luiz, a homosexual musician who lives in Greenwich Village. All of them are neurotic and squabble constantly, and their intake of Scotch is prodigious. The test of all the characters comes when the father, unable to control the students, confesses to his children that he has been fired by the governor of the state and then instructs them to conceal the truth from their mother. Gregory refuses; too much truth has been concealed already. There ensues—in the third act, and under the chairmanship of Gregory—one of those scenes of telling-off and confession, by the three young Vanderkellans, who feel that they have been defrauded of their natural feelings and their blackness by having been forced to fit into the mold of the respectable Southern Negro. Sitting in the dark, each picked out by a spotlight, they unload all the hatred (along with the love) for one another that has been packed inside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them—the kind of scene in which the one being told off waits silently until the teller-off is finished, which I always find difficult to believe in, coming as I do from a family where nobody has been allowed to finish a sentence in generations. At any rate, everyone seems to feel much better at the end.

For all the interest of its background and its characters, "Behold! Cometh the Vanderkellans" doesn't work, doesn't convince. William Wellington Mackey, who wrote it; and who collaborated on the book for that good musical "Billy Noname," has not yet found his own voice as a dramatist. Too many attitudes in the play seem prefabricated, and too many scenes too stagy; even the vocabulary at times sounds second-hand. ("Bourgeois," for heaven's sake!) Still, wherever the emotion is clear and appears spontaneous, it is made clear by the cast, under Edmund Cambridge's direction. All the performers do well. That polished actor Graham Brown, who was God in "God Is a (Guess What?)," is Dr. Vanderkellan; Frances Foster (Rosalee Pritchett of "Rosalee Pritchett") is Mrs. Vanderkellan; Roxie Roker is Desiree; Robert Christian is Luiz; and Carl Byrd is Gregory. Mr. Brown, Miss Foster, and Miss Roker, along with Mr. Cambridge, have worked with the Negro Ensemble Company. George Corrin's setting of the spacious family living room is both handsome and helpful.

—Edith Oliver

•

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Correction: The November 1970 NEWS reported the death of N. Kim Hooper '61. The NEWS has now learned that Mr. Hooper reported his own death in order to stop the flow of alumni mail. He is, in fact, alive and well and in Berkeley, Cal.—*Cornell Alumni News.*

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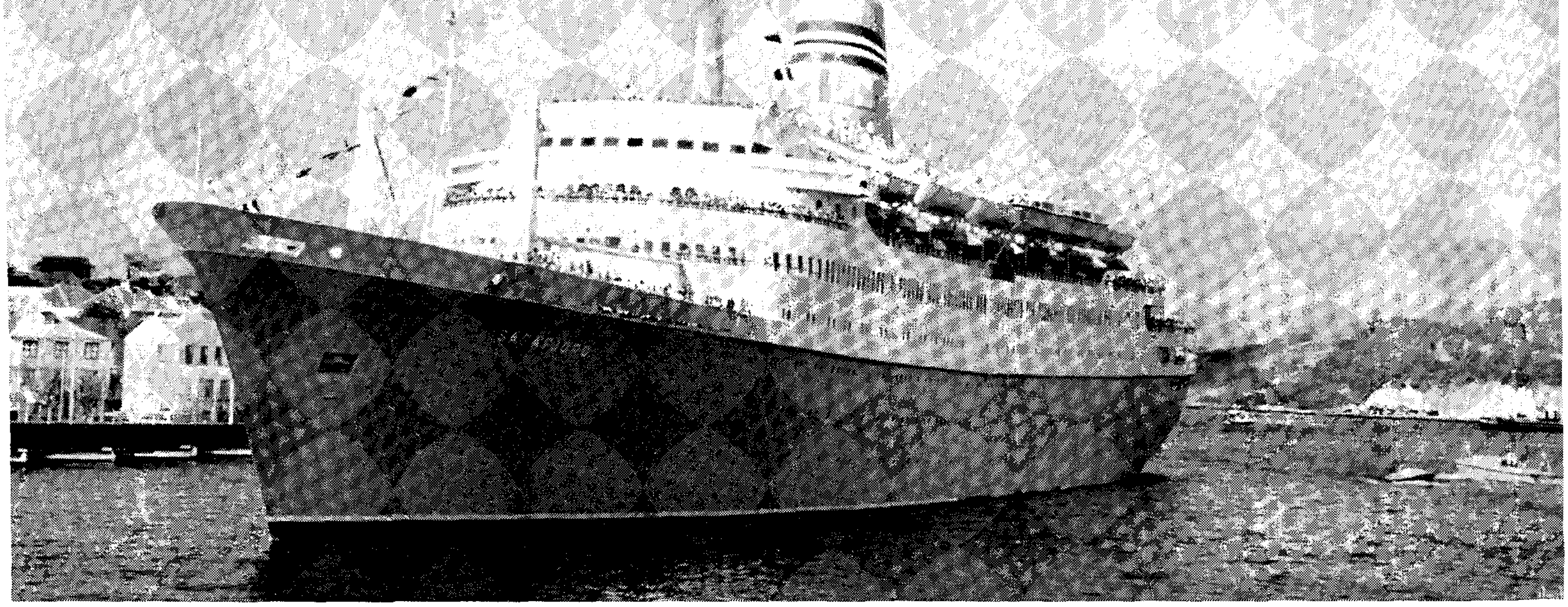

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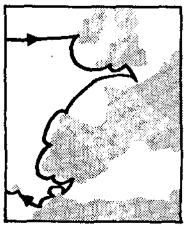

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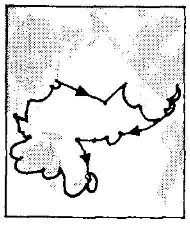

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A SMALL, APPREHENSIVE CHILD

HER experience was so exceptional that I'll give her an unexceptional name. I'll call her Barbara Logan. Barbara was then—in the late spring and early summer of 1968—six and a half years old. She lived with her mother, a recent divorcée, in a two-family house in the City Park section of Denver, and it was there, at around eight o'clock on the night of June 9th, a Sunday, that her experience began. It began with fever and a spasm of vomiting. She vomited off and on all night. She vomited all day Monday. She vomited all through Monday night. On Tuesday morning, she was still hot to the touch (Mrs. Logan didn't have a clinical thermometer), and she complained for the first time of pain. Her throat was sore, she said, and there was a sore place under her left arm. Mrs. Logan felt and found a lump about the size of a golf ball. It was hard and painfully tender. That alarmed her. She got Barbara up and into some clothes and telephoned for a taxicab. Mrs. Logan had no regular physician. She told the driver to take them to Children's Hospital. That was the hospital nearest her home.

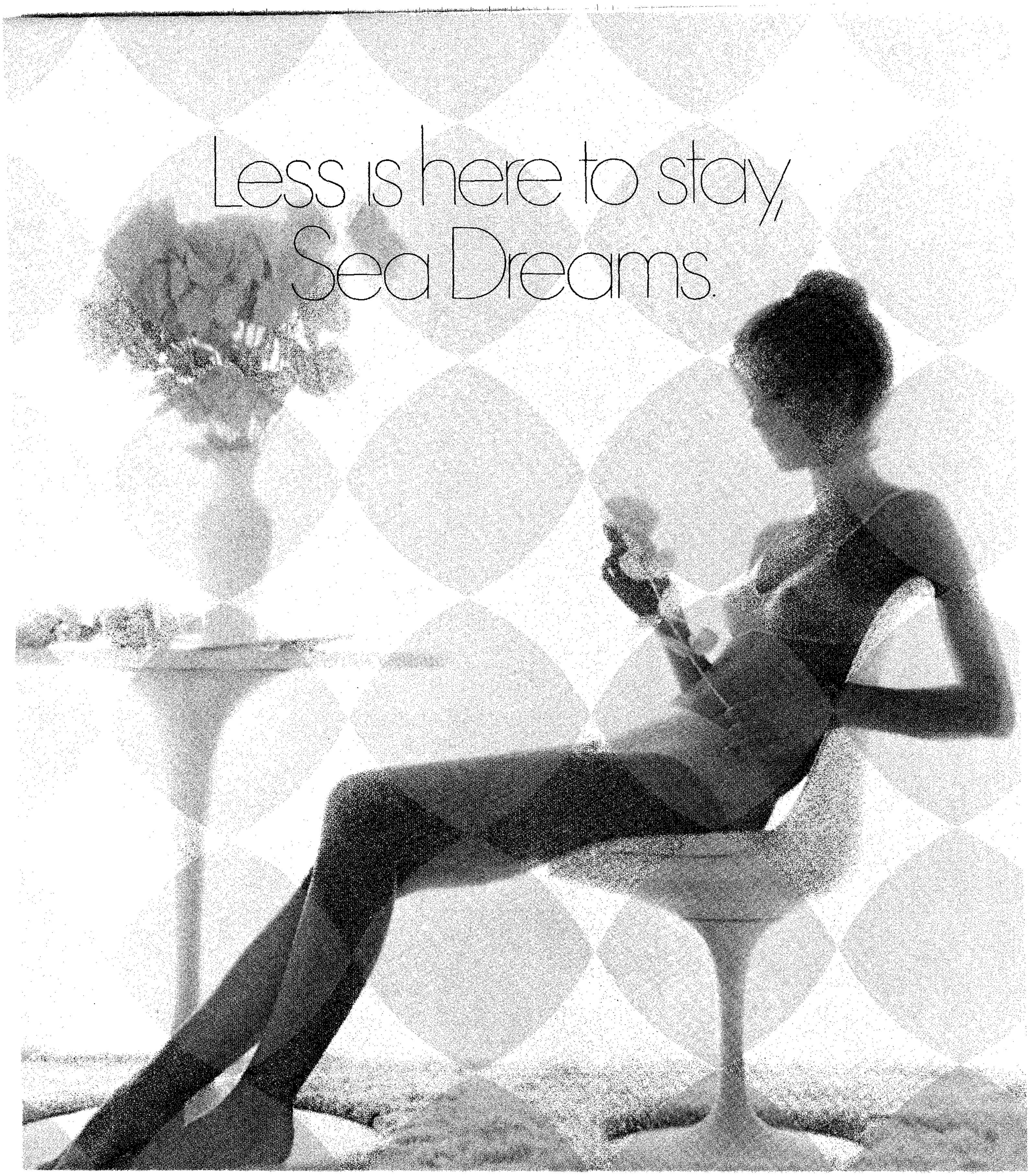
The driver, after a glance at Barbara, delivered them to the hospital emergency room. The physician on duty there, a woman, briefly questioned Mrs. Logan, and then turned her attention to Barbara. Her findings, which she noted on the standard chart, confirmed the cabdriver's snap impression: "Physical examination revealed an acutely ill child. Eyes sunken. Looks very miserable. Surprisingly coöperative. Lips and nailbeds cyanotic. Two-inch roughly round left axillary node, which is very tender. Mild generalized abdominal tenderness. Joints not hot or swollen. Right eardrum red. Throat slightly infected. Chest clear. Slight tachycardia [rapid pulse rate], 120. No [heart] murmur. Neck supple. Appears dehydrated. Temperature, 104.4." This last—almost six degrees of fever in so crowded a clinical context—was decisive. The physician made the necessary arrangements for Barbara's immediate admission. She also arranged for certain indicated laboratory tests (blood analysis, urinalysis, throat culture) and a chest X-ray. She did not attempt a comprehensive diagnosis. She merely noted the several apparent infections: otitis media (inflammation of the middle ear), gastritis, and pharyngitis. And added, "Rule out pneumonia."

Barbara was led up to a ward and put to bed. She was wrapped in a cool sheet to temper her fever and given a mild analgesic for comfort. An antibiotic regimen to curb her apparent infections was begun: two hundred thousand units of penicillin every four hours, and four hundred milligrams of sulfisoxazole every eight hours. Half an hour later, she vomited. Then she seemed to feel better, and presently fell asleep. The following day, her condition was, at best, equivocal. The results of the chest X-ray were within normal limits, and any threat of pneumonia appeared to be remote. Her white-blood-cell count, a standard index of infection, was only slightly elevated (to 8,300 per cubic millimetre), and the differential (or constituent) count was essentially normal. The interne assigned to the case noted on her chart, "Temperature, 100. Hydration improved. Patient extremely fussy. Nodes in axilla have increased 3-fold in nite to 15 x 10 cm. mass, which is exquisitely tender. She has had no more vomiting. Taking oral fluids. Primary culture of urine, blood & throat shows no growth. I am not impressed by her response to antibiotic therapy at this time. Will do second blood culture & watch closely."

A week went by. Barbara's condition remained uncomfortably equivocal. On Monday, June 17th, the interne noted, "Still very tender in axilla, but swelling is down. First blood culture grew Gram-negative rods at 4 days. Second blood culture negative at 5 days. Still has temperature 100." His second entry was a clouded clarification. A rod is a bacillus of cylindrical (or rod-shaped) conformation, and a Gram-negative rod is one that reacts negatively to a staining test developed by the turn-of-the-century Danish physician Hans Christian Joachim Gram. This reaction is a primary characteristic of numerous bacteria. Some, though only some, of these are pathogenic to man. That group, however, includes the agents of brucellosis, glanders, gonorrhea, influenza, plague, salmonellosis, shigellosis, tularemia, typhoid fever, and whooping cough. Later that day, the interne noted on the record that a sample of the cryptic Gram-negative presence in Barbara's blood had been delivered to the nearby laboratory of the Colorado State Health Department for dispatch to the Laboratory Branch of the Center for Disease Control, at Atlanta, for definitive screening and precise identification. He then returned to the bedside with a sudden discordant note: "Patient spiked temperature to 103.4." Confronted by this inscrutable turn, he reinforced the standing regimen with two new varieties of penicillin—potassium phenoxymethyl and sodium methicillin. The following day, he requested an X-ray examination of the left shoulder "to rule out possibility of

Herbert Goldberg

"If man only had your capacity for love!"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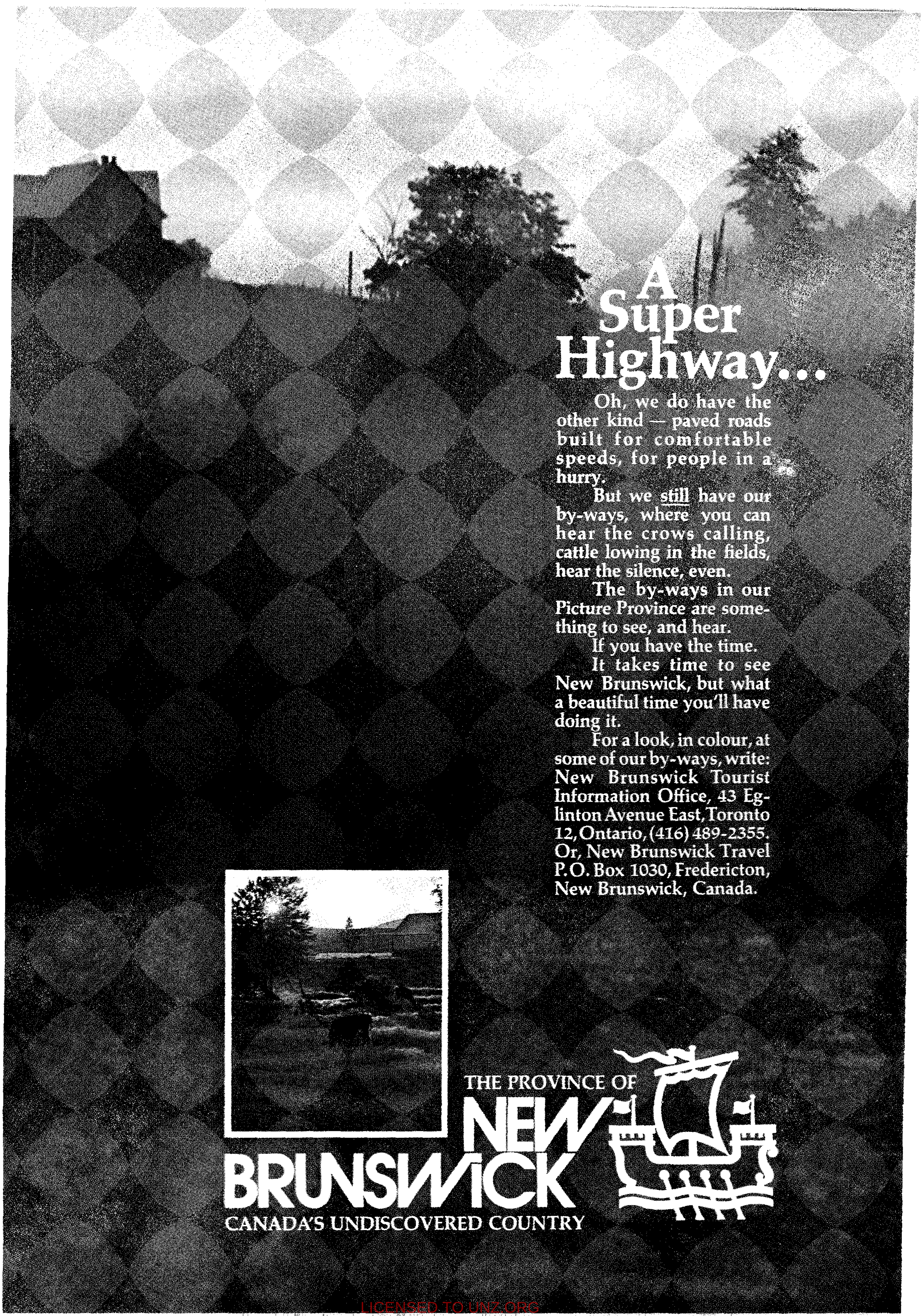

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osteomyelitis." The thought had apparently struck him that a fitful inflammation of the bone might be responsible for both Barbara's persistent fever and the equally stubborn swelling under her arm. If so, his mind was quickly put at rest. The roentgenologist reported on Wednesday morning that he could find no evidence of any bone involvement. Barbara's condition that morning was also reassuring. "Patient feels better," the interne noted. "Ate good breakfast. Tenderness in L. axilla diminished considerably." The sudden improvement continued. Barbara's fever fell to a scant 100 degrees. She continued to eat with appetite, and the tender swelling under her arm continued to subside. On Friday, for the first time, her temperature dropped to normal. She continued free of fever for the next four days, and on Tuesday morning, June 25th, the interne closed his record of the case. "Temperature still normal," he noted. "CBC [complete blood count] WNL [within normal limits]. Patient to be discharged today." She was discharged that afternoon, with a comprehensive supply of sulfisoxazole and supporting penicillins, to convalesce at home.

Barbara's convalescence was a fleeting one. It barely lasted over Tuesday night. She awoke on Wednesday morning with a familiar pain in her armpit. The swelling there had reappeared, and the area was now so sensitive that it hurt to even close her arm. Mrs. Logan was more confused than alarmed. Barbara, after all, had just been discharged from the hospital as recovered from whatever had ailed her. She felt Barbara's forehead. It was reassuringly cool. And Barbara said she was hungry. That surely meant there was nothing seriously wrong. She decided to wait and see. She waited until Thursday afternoon. Barbara was still cool and still able to eat with appetite, but she was also still in pain. Mrs. Logan called a cab and took her back to the hospital. "Glands in axilla have increased," the emergency-room physician noted. "Now is developing enlarged nodes in left side of neck. Child does not look well. Appetite good & no fever since discharge. To return next Wednesday." Barbara did not, however, return the following Wednesday. Mrs. Logan returned her the following day. The enigmatic swellings had increased again in size and sensitivity. "Looks very poorly," the examining physician noted, and, revising his Thursday opinion, he arranged for her readmission. "Suggest surgical consultation for possible incision & drainage." Her temperature then—at eleven

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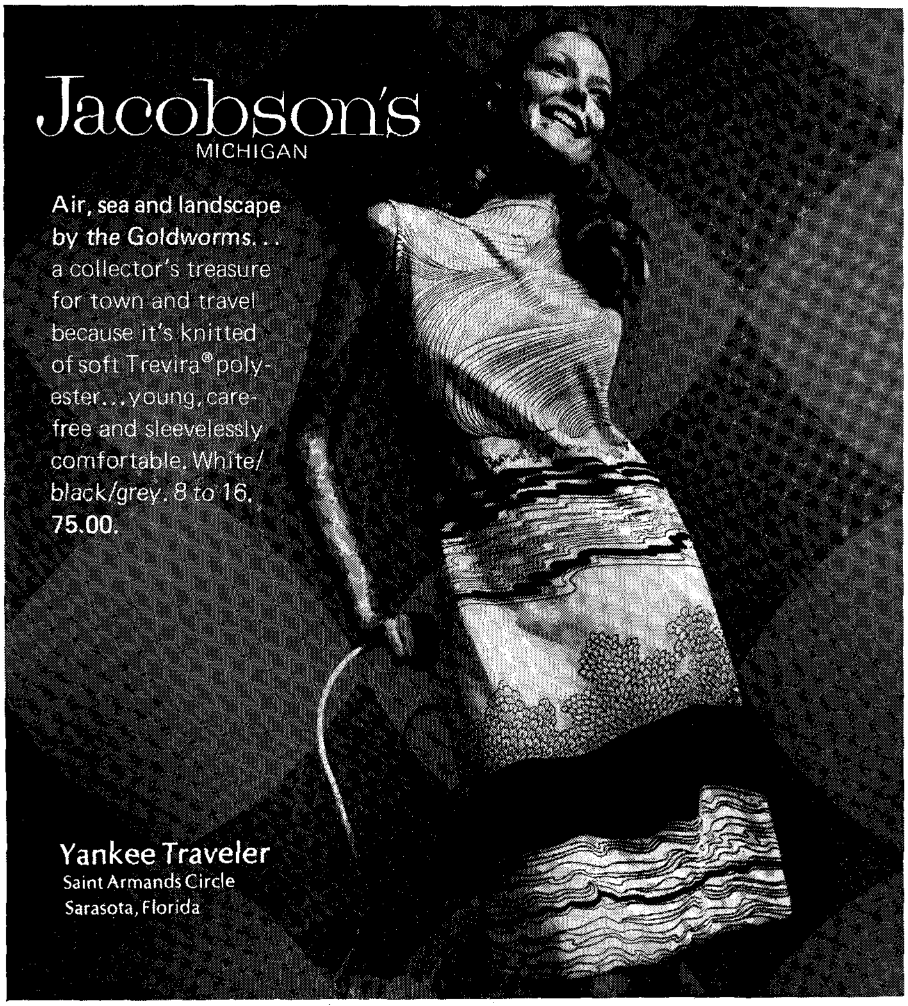

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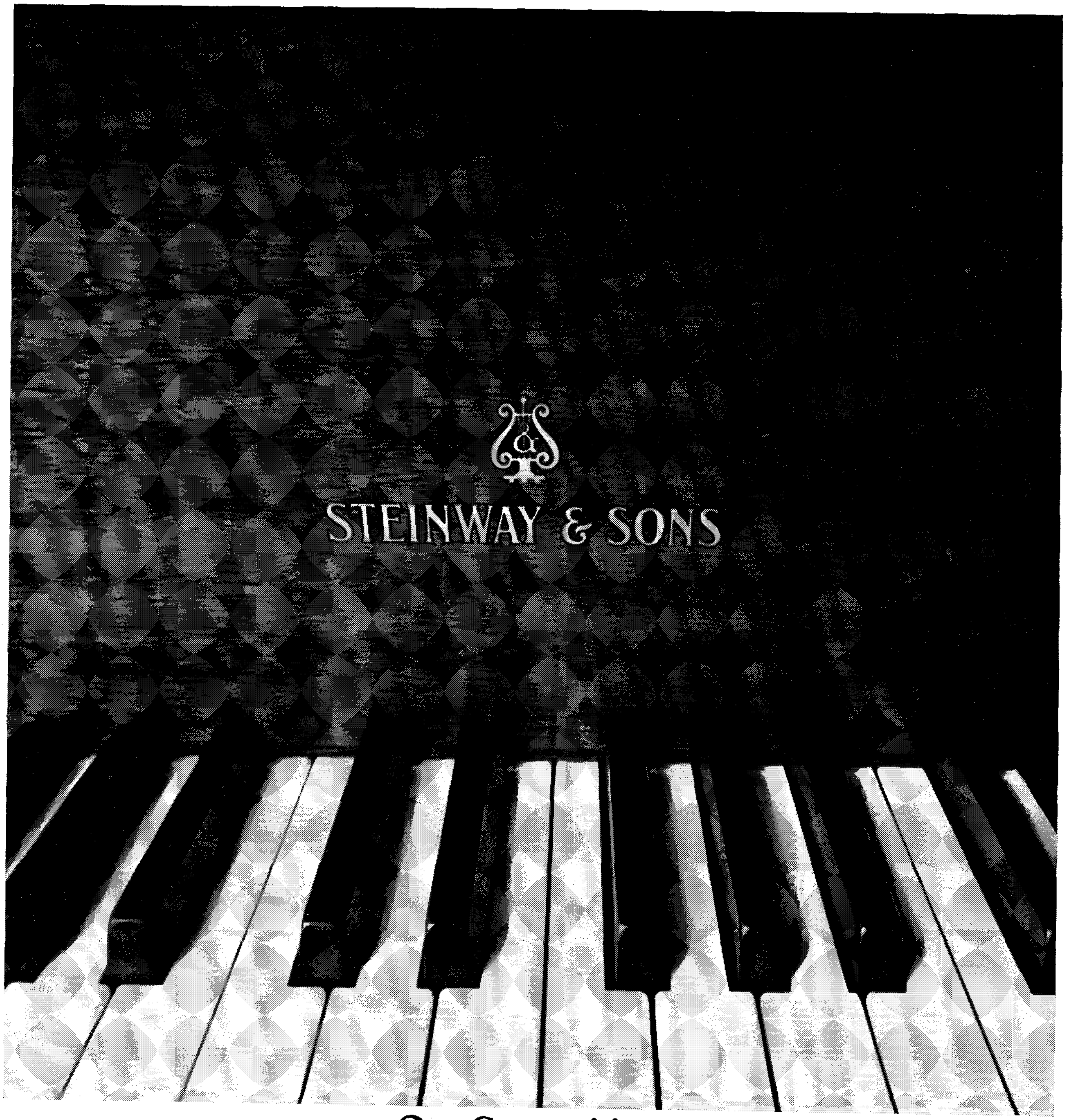
o'clock in the morning—was 101.4.

Barbara was assigned this time to a bed in a ward for infectious diseases. She was visited there around noon by an interne on that service. He found her to be "a small, apprehensive child with a painful, swollen left axilla" and confined his diagnosis to the merely descriptive: "Left axillary lymphadenitis." Her indifferent response to antibiotic therapy impressed him even less than it had the interne earlier in attendance. He expressed his dissatisfaction by cancelling the earlier orders. That was the usual step. The next was to mount a new and more aggressive antibiotic attack. But there he stopped, uncertain. The discarded assault was standard in what appeared to be the circumstances of the case. He reflected, and then (with the approval of the guiding resident) stepped in a different direction. Barbara, until further orders, was to be given no medication at all. The nature of those orders would depend upon the nature of the organism that had been cultured from her blood. He would wait until the report on that came through from Atlanta. It was not an easy decision, and it was not an easy wait. Barbara's condition continued as before. Her temperature returned mysteriously to normal, and the painful swellings persisted. June ended and July began. On July 2nd, the operation proposed by the admitting physician was successfully performed, and it had, as planned, the immediate salubrious effect of reducing the monstrous glands. The following day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the report at last came through. The interne noted it on the record: "CDC called to report blood culture of 6/11/68 as suspect of *Pasteurella pestis*." That most emphatically answered his question. He could now proceed to treatment with the confidence of certainty. But it far from closed the case. *Pasteurella pestis* is the causative agent of plague.

PLAGUE, as its prototypical name so starkly proclaims, is the oldest and most dangerous of the great epidemic diseases. The weapon with which the Lord punished the Philistines for their victory over the Israelites (and for their acquisition of the Ark of the Covenant) is generally identified as plague. Most medical historians believe that plague was probably the chief constituent of the ambiguous "Plague of Athens" described by Thucydides in his "History of the Peloponnesian War." It was plague that ravaged the Byzantine Empire in the time of Justinian (around 542 A.D.) and, according to the contemporary historian



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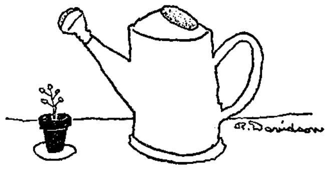
Procopius, killed half of the population. And it was plague that practically decimated Europe in the Black Death pandemic of 1348. Its appearances since then have been less dramatically lethal, but the disease is still far from conquered. Plague was more or less endemic in Europe from the fourteenth century to the end of the eighteenth century (an epidemic in Prussia in 1709 took well over three hundred thousand lives), and it continues to prevail in its classic epidemic form in much of Asia (including Vietnam) and in parts of Africa and South America. It is one of only four diseases that are still accepted by public-health authorities throughout the world as quarantinable. The other diseases whose presence aboard a ship or a plane is sufficient cause to quarantine the craft are cholera, smallpox, and yellow fever.

No disease has inspired a larger general literature than plague. Its literary fruits alone include the "Decameron" of Boccaccio, Daniel Defoe's "A Journal of the Plague Year," and "The Plague," by Albert Camus. The contagion from which the characters in the "Decameron" have fled to a hilltop palace near Florence is the Black Death, and Boccaccio's generally accurate description of the disease at its most relentless indicates the origin of that lurid medieval name. "In men and women alike," he notes, "there appeared at the beginning of the malady certain swellings, either on the groin or under the armpits, whereof some waxed to the bigness of a common apple, others like unto an egg, some more and some less, and these the vulgar named plague-boils. From these two parts the aforesaid death-bearing plague-boils proceeded, in brief space, to appear and come indifferently in every part of the body; wherefrom, after awhile, the fashion of the contagion began to change into black or blue blotches, which showed themselves in many first on the arms and about the thighs and after spread to every other part of the person, and in some large and sparse and in others small and thick-sown; and like as the plague-boils had been first and yet were a very certain token of coming death, even so were these for everyone to whom they came."



The black or blue blotches of the Black Death are multiple tiny hemorrhages of the skin, and occur in both of the two chief forms of plague. These forms are known as bubonic plague and pneumonic plague. Bubonic plague is the classic, and the commoner, form. It takes its name from the inflammatory swellings (so obvious to Boccaccio and so mysterious to the doctors attending Barbara Logan) of the lymphatic glands in the groin and the armpit. These traditionally definitive swellings are called buboes, from the Greek "*boubōn*," for "groin." Pneumonic plague, as its name declares, is plague in which the lungs are involved. Essentially, it is a complication of untreated bubonic plague. Until shortly after the Second World War, when an effective antibiotic treatment for plague was found in streptomycin and the tetracyclines, pneumonic plague was a common consequence of bubonic plague. Untreated bubonic plague is fatal in about fifty per cent of cases. Untreated pneumonic plague is always fatal. When plague is promptly and properly treated, however, prompt recovery is the reliable rule. Bubonic plague, though easily capable of the greatest epidemic spread, often occurs sporadically. Pneumonic plague is wholly an epidemic disease, and its appearance is invariably preceded by an outbreak of bubonic plague.

Few diseases have been more portentously explained than plague. Its cause was once (perhaps originally) believed to be a baleful conjunction of the planets Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars. It was also thought (perhaps alternatively) to be caused by other cosmic events—comets, volcanic eruptions, earthquakes. Another, and less fortuitous, explanation attributed plague to the machinations of Jews ("It was believed that the Jews had poisoned the wells," Guy de Chauliac, physician to Pope Clement VI, noted in his contemporary account of the pandemic of 1348, "and they killed them.") A more persistent view envisioned plague as one of the sterner manifestations of the Wrath of God. This attractively guilt-ridden concept (which inspired the wild-eyed peregrinations of the Flagellants in the fourteenth century) was widely embraced until almost the modern era. Even physicians accepted it, though usually with reservations. A pious seventeenth-century German physician named Johannes Raicus attempted to clarify the matter with a scholarly tract. There were, he pronounced in 1620 in his "Ex Flagello Dei," two different sources of plague. One was divine in origin and the other was a natural visitation. Divine plague, being a punishment in-

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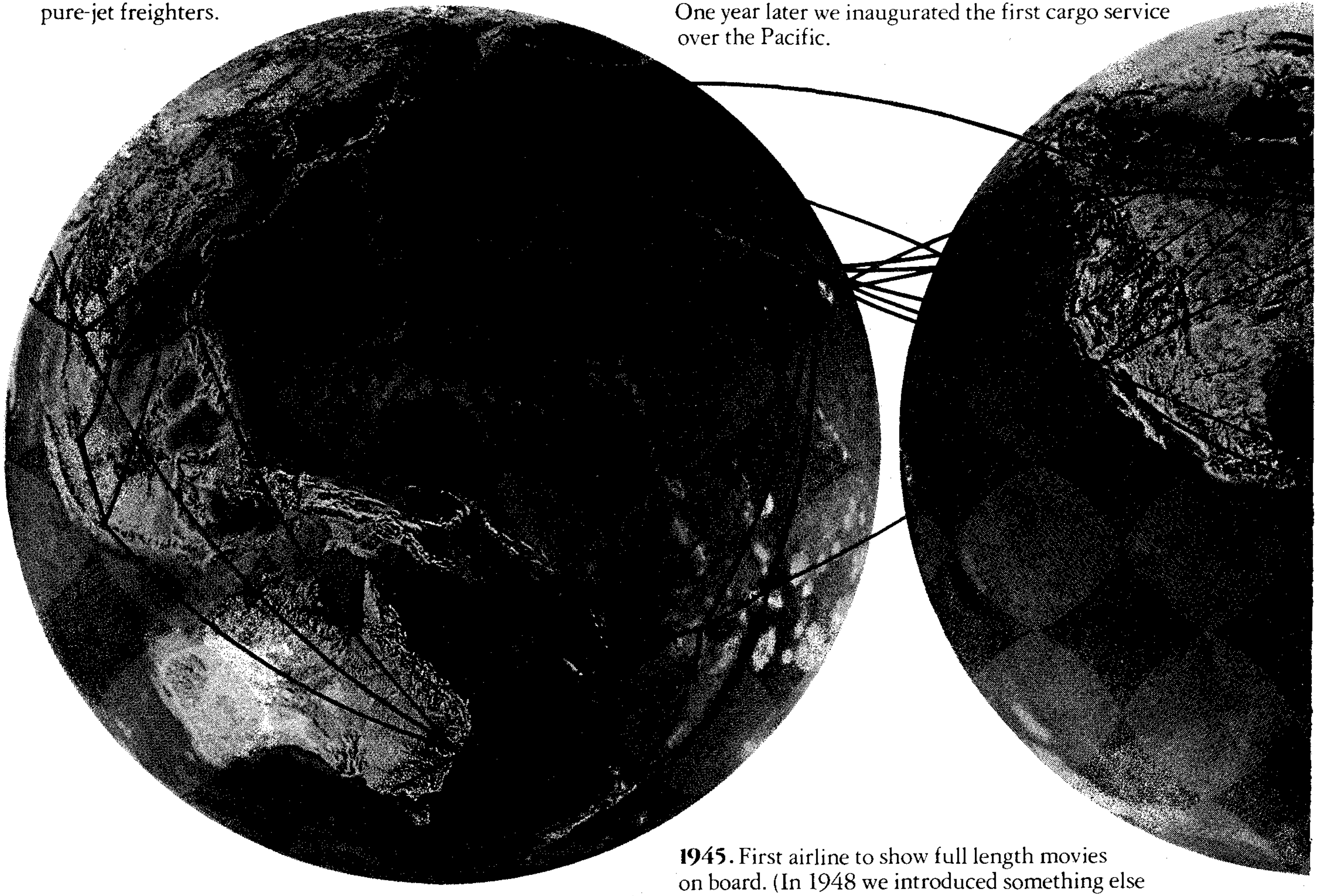

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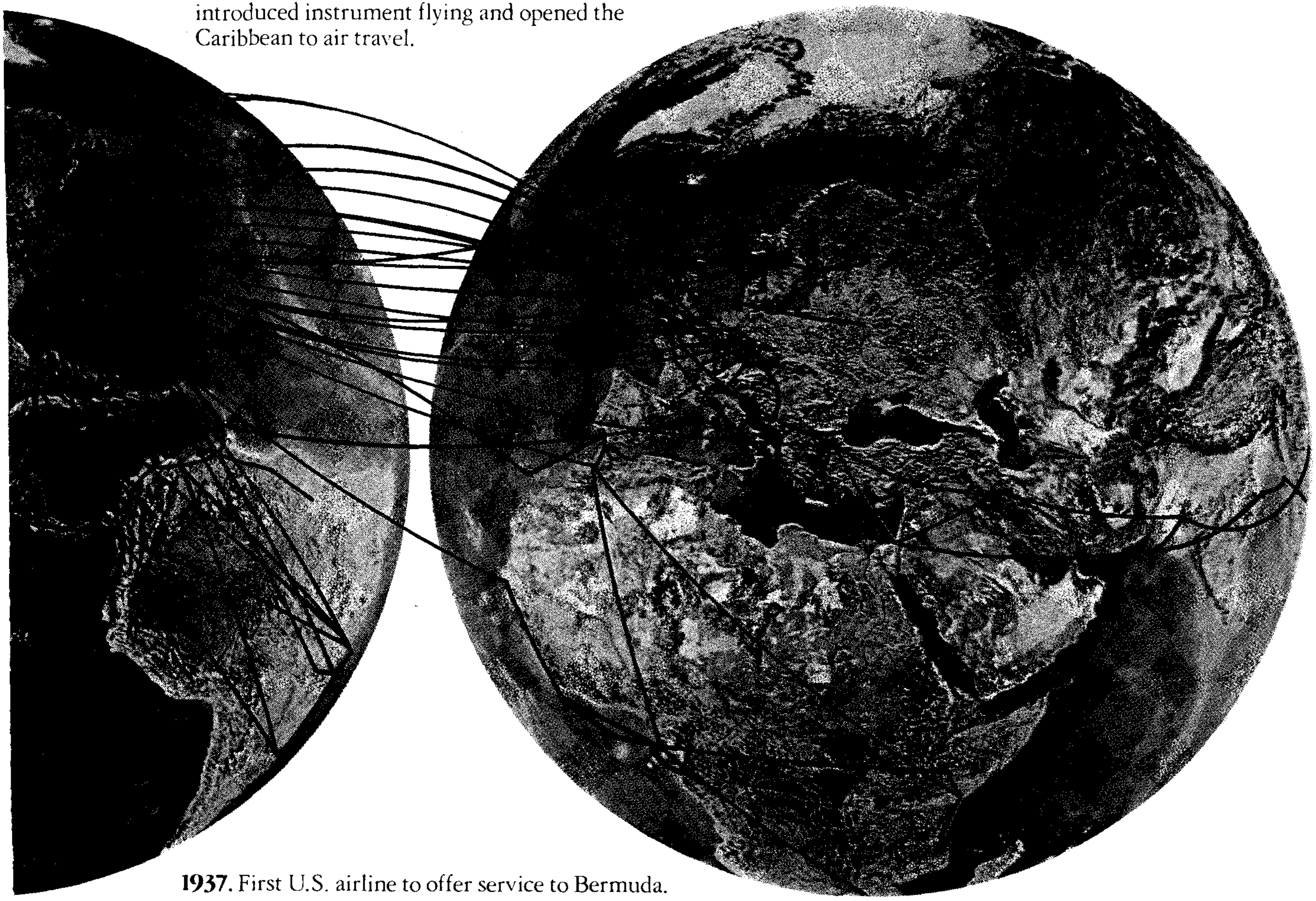

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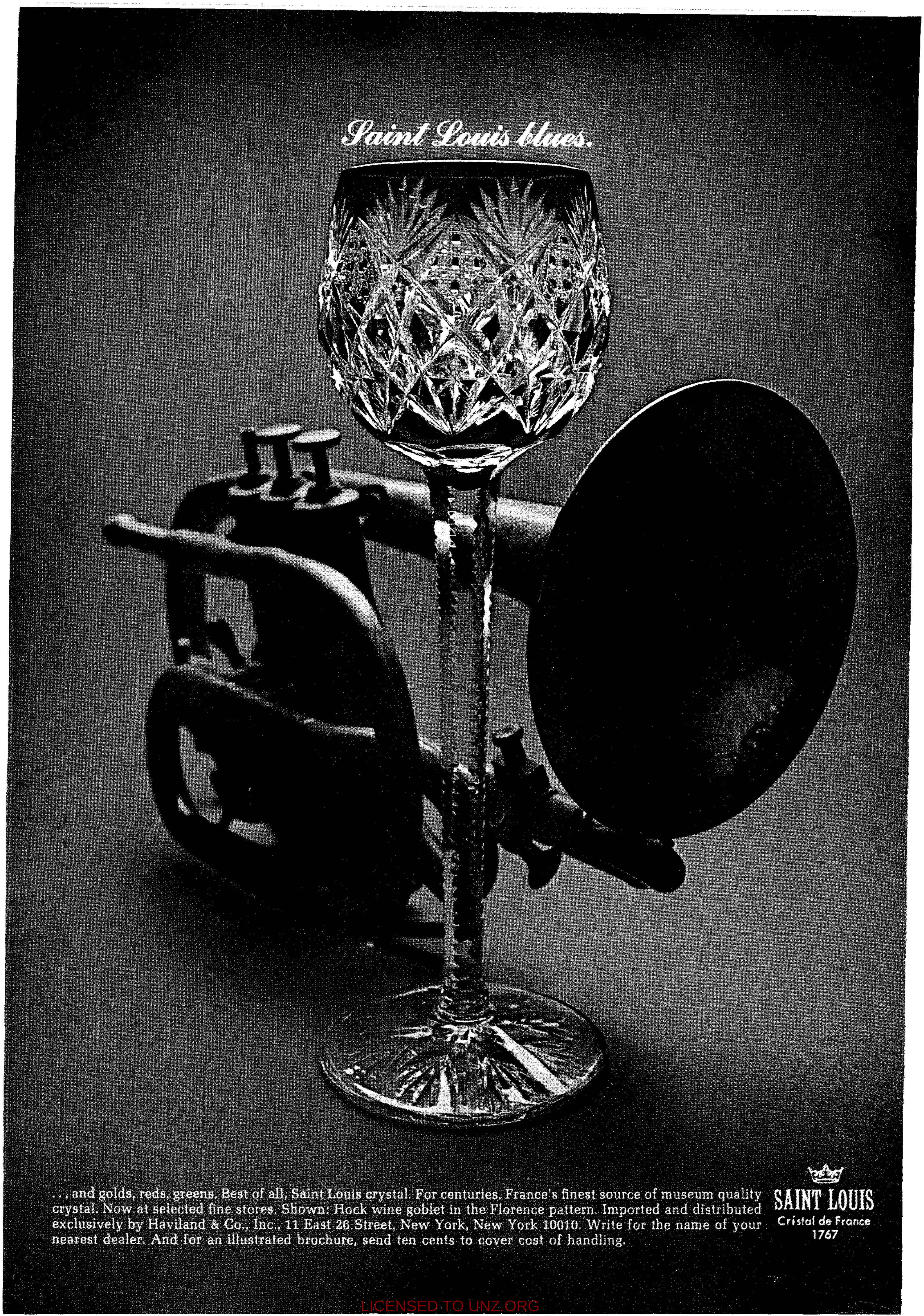

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flicted for cause on a discovered sinner, was not infectious. The other was.

By "infectious," Raicus meant "contagious." The truly infectious, or bacterial, nature of plague was demonstrated independently by two bacteriologists—the Japanese Shibasaburo Kitasato and the Swiss Alexandre Yersin—during an epidemic of the disease in Hong Kong in 1894. A French investigator, Paul-Louis Simond, is celebrated as the discoverer of its contagious, or communicable, nature. Simond suggested, in a report to the *Annales de l'Institut Pasteur* in 1898, that the *Pasteurella pestis* of Kitasato and Yersin is not among man's natural microbial enemies. It was his correct assumption that plague is primarily a disease of rats that is accidentally conveyed to man by certain fleas. Moreover, as he proposed and as subsequent investigators were able to establish, these fleas prefer the blood of rats to that of man, and it is probable that they turn to man only when rats are scarce. An outbreak of plague in man tends to follow directly upon a decimating epidemic of plague among rats. (The seventeenth-century French painter Nicolas Poussin precociously included among the panicking crowds in his graphic portrayal of "The Plague of the Philistines" the bodies of several dead rats.) The manner in which the flea transmits *P. pestis* to man is also accidental. A flea that has fed on an infected rat ingests a multiplicity of plague bacilli. These bacilli accumulate and eventually block the forestomach of the flea, and in order to swallow newly gathered blood it is forced to regurgitate. Much of this bacilli-laden vomitus inevitably passes into the bloodstream of the host. Plague produced by the bite of a contaminated flea is bubonic plague. Bubonic plague cannot be transmitted by ordinary contact from one human victim to another. Pneumonic plague can. Its accompanying coughs and sneezes are as irresistibly infectious as those of the common cold.

Simond's report on the role of the rat in human plague, like most such pathfinding studies, was at first dismissed as absurd. It then was acclaimed as definitive. It is now merely recalled as a milestone. For there is more to plague than Simond could suppose in 1898. More recent investigation has shown that plague is not, as he conceived, exclusively a rat-borne disease of seaport cities—the morbid consequence of the arrival in a rat-infested city of a rat-infested ship. That is only its classic approach, and one that an almost universal insistence on ratproof ship construction is rapidly rendering historic. The susceptibility of the domestic rat to plague is now known to be shared by many other wholly undomesticated rodents and rodentlike animals. Some seventy equally prolific and comparably flea-ridden creatures—including mice, rabbits, hares, voles, ground squirrels, prairie dogs, marmots, and chipmunks—are more or less hospitable to *P. pestis*. There are pockets of wild-rodent, or sylvatic, plague in the wilds of China and Southeastern Asia, in Africa, and in North and South America. One of the biggest of these enzootic reservoirs lies in the American West. In fact, it *is* the West. The area in which infected animals (and their attendant fleas) have been found embraces the states of Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada, Utah, Idaho, Montana, North Dakota, Wyoming, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas.

Plague is generally thought to have entered the United States with a pack of ailing rats that climbed ashore from a burning freighter on the San Francisco waterfront. Opponents of this notion suggest that plague was here long before its presence was formally noted. San Francisco, at any rate, was the scene of the first American epidemic. The epidemic began with the discovery of a dead Chinese in the rat-infested basement of the Globe Hotel in Chinatown on March 6, 1900, and it lasted, largely because the local authorities tried to hush the matter up, for almost four years—until February of 1904. It was one of the deadliest epidemics on record. One hundred and twenty-one people were stricken, and all but three of them died—a mortality rate of ninety-seven per cent. A second, and only somewhat less lethal, epidemic occurred in San Francisco in 1907, the year after the earthquake and fire. Three other American cities have experienced serious outbreaks of plague—Seattle, also in 1907; New Orleans in 1914 and again in 1919; and Los Angeles in 1924. The Los Angeles epidemic was the last recorded appearance in this country of classic, urban, rat-borne plague. It was not, however, the last appearance here of plague. Since 1908, when an epizootic in ground squirrels near Oakland, California, abruptly announced its presence, sylvatic plague has seized, along with numberless rodents, a number of human victims. One hundred and forty cases, sixty-eight of them fatal, are known. Thirty-seven (or one-fourth) of these have occurred in the past six years, and two-

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thirds of those recent victims have been children. Seventeen of them—like Barbara Logan—were less than ten years old.

THE telephoned report on the nature of Barbara Logan's illness that Denver Children's Hospital received on the afternoon of July 3, 1968, was one of three identically alerting calls that were made that day by the Laboratory Branch of the Center for Disease Control, in Atlanta. The others went to Dr. Cecil S. Mollohan, chief of the Epidemiology Section of the Colorado State Department of Health, in Denver, and to a station of the Ecological Investigations Program of the United States Public Health Service at Fort Collins, Colorado. This last call was taken by Dr. Jack D. Poland, then acting chief (he is now the head) of the station's Zoonoses Section. A zoonosis is a disease of animals that may be conveyed to man. There are many such diseases, and the Zoonoses Section is professionally familiar with almost all of them, but the zoonosis with which Dr. Poland and his staff are principally concerned is plague. He expressed this concern in a matter of minutes with a telephone call to Denver.

Dr. Poland says, "I called Dr. Mollohan. That isn't the way it's usually done, of course. I should have waited for him to call me. The protocol in public health is that a federal agency comes into a local matter on invitation from the local authority—the city or county or state—in charge of the investigation. But we don't stand much on ceremony with plague. I knew Dr. Mollohan would see it that way, and he did. He needed and wanted our help. I told him I'd get our people on it right away. Fort Collins is sixty miles from Denver, but that's no distance in this part of the world. Then I remembered. I said I'd do better than that. I said it so happened that Harry Hill was in Denver that day on a routine tick-fever job, and I'd round him up and send him right over. Harry Hill was Dr. Hill, a young Epidemic Intelligence Service officer assigned to us from C.D.C. I remember Dr. Mollohan laughed. That would be fine, he said, but I didn't really need to bother. Because it also so happened that Dr. Harry Hill was sitting in his office that very minute. They had been talking about tick fever when Dr. Mollohan got his call from Atlanta. So Harry Hill came to the phone, and we talked for a couple of minutes. There wasn't a whole lot to say. He knew what to do. He was a trained epidemiologist. I

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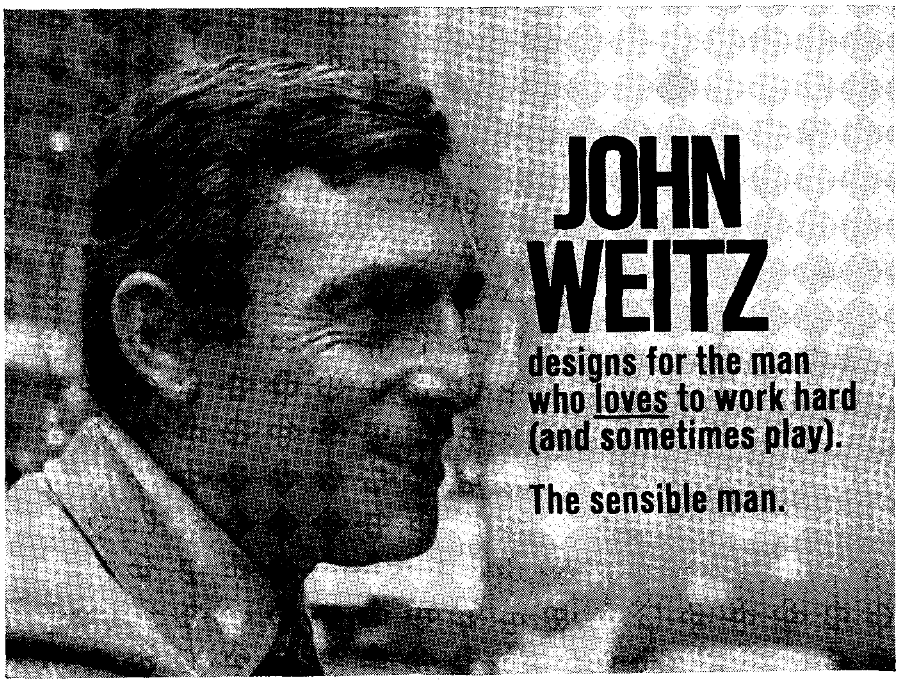

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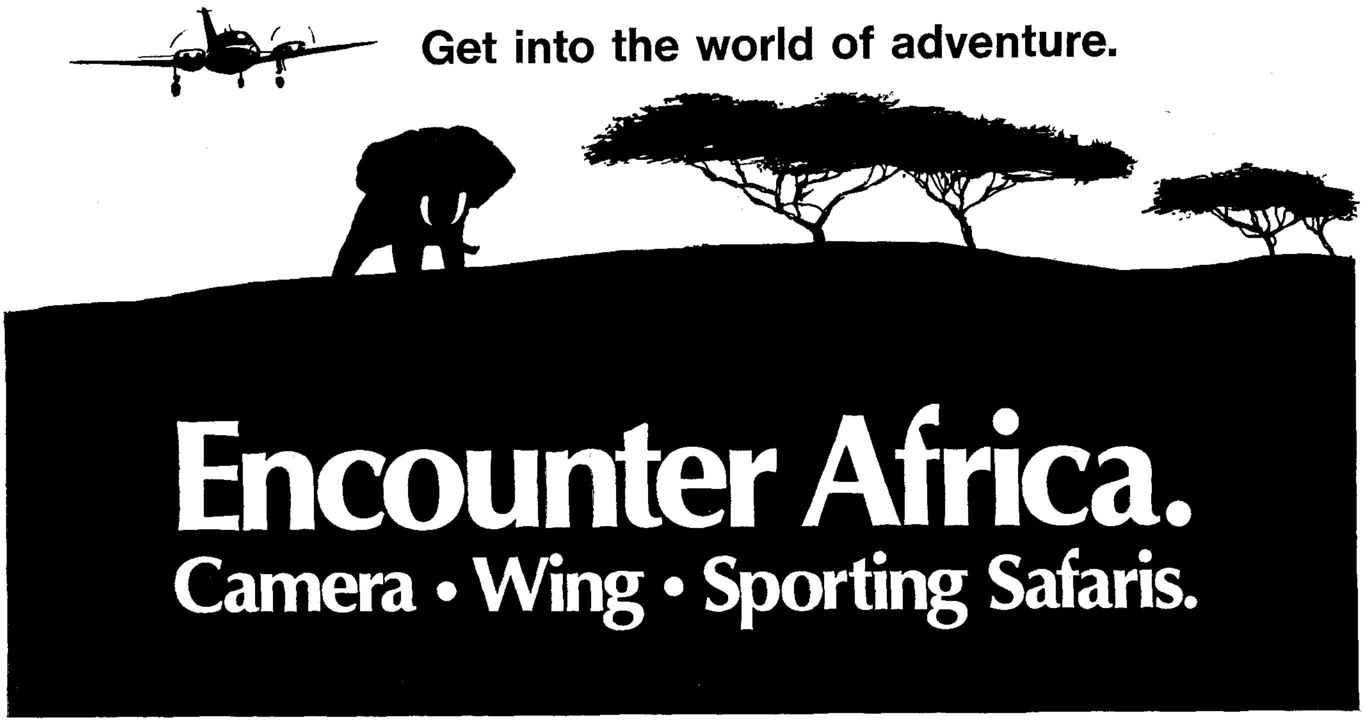
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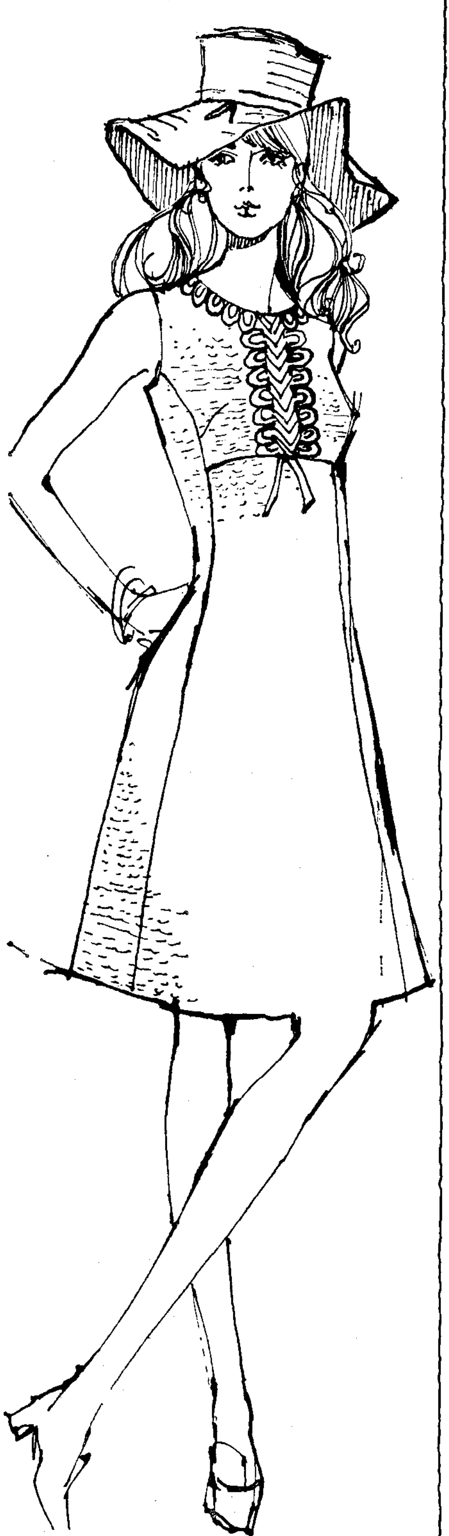

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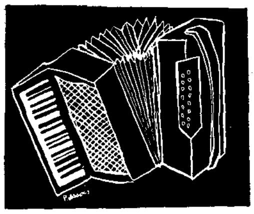
simply told him to go ahead and do it."

Dr. Hill says, "It wasn't quite as simple as that. There was another matter of protocol. Before I could see the patient, I had to go around to the Denver Department of Health and Hospitals and get permission. Children's Hospital is a municipal hospital. I picked up my wife—she had come down to Denver that morning with me—and I went through the necessary red tape. Then I was ready to begin. I found the interne assigned to the case, and we sat down together. He was shaken. He had just begun his training, and Barbara Logan was his first patient. There can't be many doctors whose first case turned out to be plague. He showed me her chart and gave me what he had on her personal history. Then I saw Barbara. Her clinical picture was certainly compatible with a diagnosis of plague. Anybody could have made the diagnosis—if the possibility of plague had happened to enter his mind. But it hadn't. It very seldom does. Barbara was the third case of plague in Colorado in less than a year, and both of the others were also originally misdiagnosed. One was mistaken for streptococcal sore throat and the other for tularemia. But Barbara was lucky. Or maybe she was just naturally tough. Anyway, they got her started on the right drugs in time—on streptomycin and tetracycline instead of penicillin—and she survived. She made a full recovery. The others didn't. One of them died, and the other ended up with permanent central-nervous-system damage.

"Barbara was too sick and too young for much of a talk, and I didn't stay with her long. I left the hospital and went out to the car, where my wife was waiting, and we drove back across town to the Logan house. Mrs. Logan was at home, and she was friendly and glad to help. What I hoped to get from her was some clue to the source of Barbara's infection. Sylvatic plague is hardly a common disease, but there have been enough cases over the years to establish a characteristic epidemiological pattern. The source, of course, is a wild rodent, and the setting is also wild. It's out in the wilderness somewhere, a place where wild rodents abound. For example, that fatal Colorado case I mentioned was a boy on a ranch in Elbert County who shot and carried home a prairie dog. The other case was an oil-field worker in the mountains north of Grand Junction. The incubation period in plague is from two to six days. Barbara took sick on June 9th. I naturally expected to hear from Mrs. Logan that there had been some sort of outing in the country soon after the first of June. But no. Barbara had hardly been off the block. She had been to City Park, only a few blocks away, on June 5th, and two or three weeks before that she had spent the day with an aunt on the east side of town, in Aurora, and that was all. If that was true—and how could I doubt it?—Barbara had been exposed to plague right here in the city of Denver.



"Which was crazy. Urban plague means rats. But Denver is unusual among American cities in that it has practically no rats. A continuing extermination program has just about wiped them out. However, I asked Mrs. Logan about rats. She said no. There weren't any rats, she said. There couldn't be any. An exterminator came to the house regularly. I sat and thought a minute. There had to be an animal somewhere in the picture, I said. A sick or dead or dying animal. Mrs. Logan started to shake her head, and stopped. Did I say *dead* animals? Well, she didn't know, but she had heard that some dead squirrels had been found in the neighborhood. People had been finding dead squirrels off and on all spring. That was interesting. It was even promising. Fleas will desert a host soon after its death, but plague can be contracted from infected blood or saliva. I asked if Barbara was the kind of girl who might handle a dead animal. Indeed she was, Mrs. Logan said. Very much so. She was a very inquisitive child. That was interesting, too. About these squirrels, I said—I supposed they were ground squirrels. What some people call chipmunks. Oh, no, Mrs. Logan said. They were regular squirrels. They were tree squirrels—like in the park.

"Well, I thanked Mrs. Logan and left. I didn't doubt there were tree squirrels around. The older parts of Denver are full of trees, and the Logan street was lined with big old elms. But I had always thought of plague as a disease of burrowing rodents. I went down to the car and started to get in, and saw some kids playing in the yard across the street. I told my wife I'd be right back. I went over to the kids and said I was an investigator and that I'd heard there were some dead squirrels around the neighborhood. Did they know anything about that? They all said 'Huh?' and 'What?,' and then one of them

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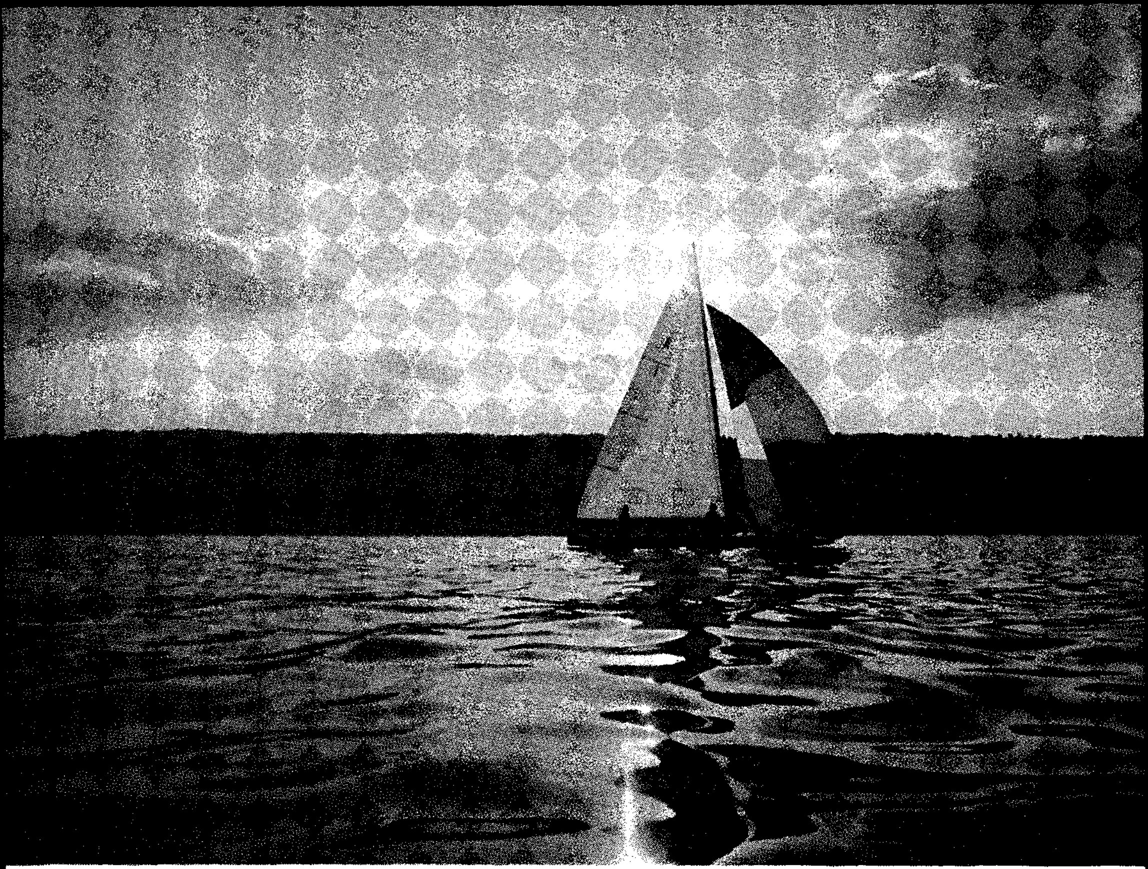

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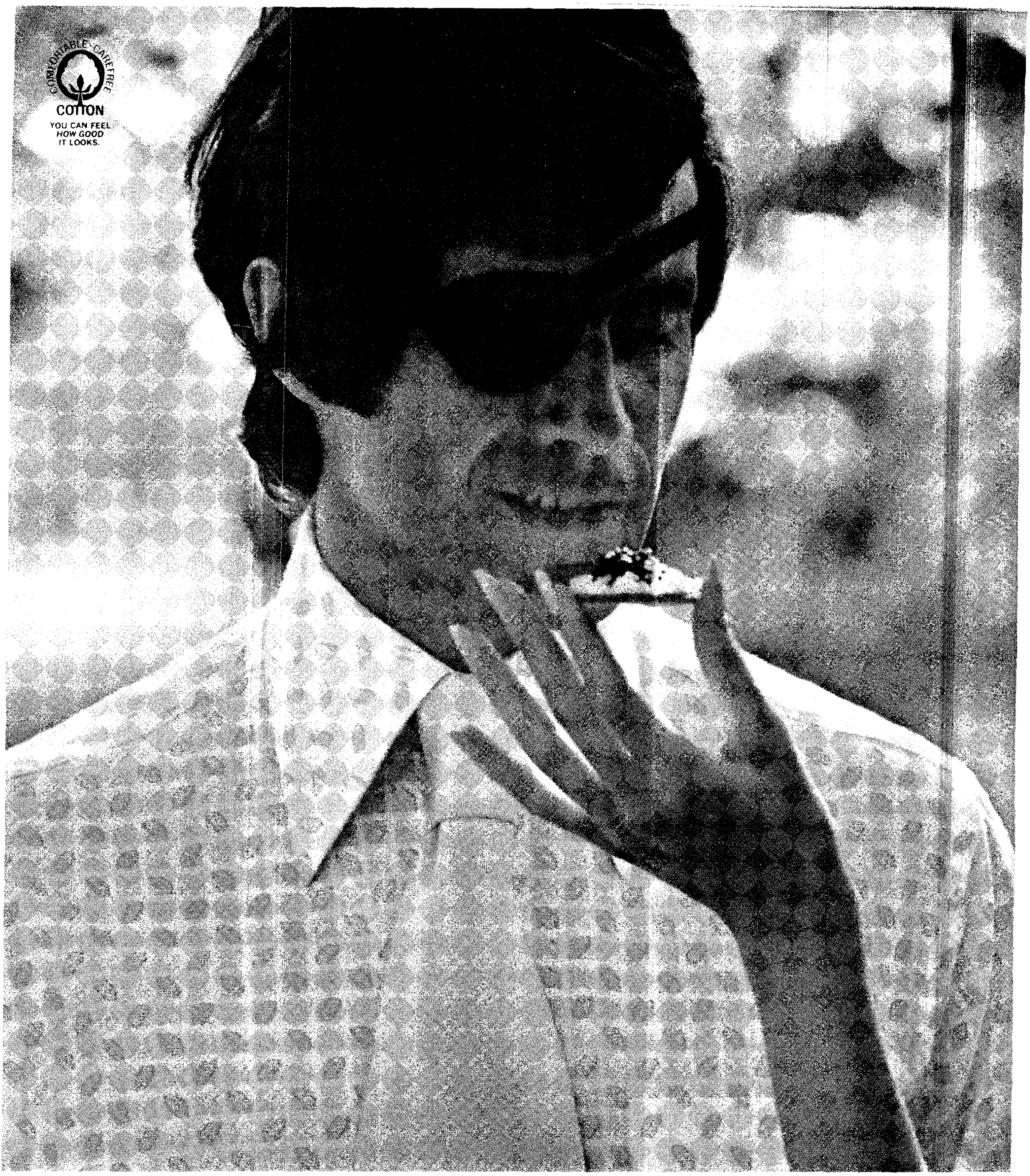

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said sure—he knew where there was a dead squirrel. Did I want to see it? I said I certainly did, and he led me back around the house and out a gate and up an alley and over a fence and out another yard and across a street and around to another alley and stopped in front of a hollow tree. I looked in the hollow. I didn't have to see it—I could smell it. But there was enough of it left for laboratory examination. I went back to the car and told my wife about it and she looked sick, and we drove back to the hollow tree. There was an old fishing creel in the trunk of the car, and I scraped the remains of the squirrel or whatever it was into the creel and covered it up with an old blanket so it wouldn't smell too much. Then I looked around for a telephone and called Dr. Poland and told him what I'd found. He said O.K., bring it in. He didn't sound too excited. My wife and I had dinner and then drove back to Fort Collins. I stopped at the office and unloaded the squirrel or whatever it was and put it—creel and all—in a refrigerator in the lab, and left a note for Allan Barnes. Dr. Barnes is head of the mammalogy-entomology unit of the Zoonoses Section, and a very big man in plague. He'd take it on from there."

Dr. Barnes says, "It was a squirrel, all right—and a tree squirrel. It was the eastern fox squirrel, *Sciurus niger*. From the state of decomposition and an infestation of blowfly larvae, I judged it had been dead about a week. I handed the carcass over to Bruce Hudson in the laboratory to be tested for evidence of plague by his fluorescent-antibody staining technique. It was Dr. Hudson who adapted the F.A. test to plague. And a very good thing he did, too. The squirrel was far too dead to be tested by the standard bacteriological methods. I don't think I nourished any preconceived ideas. I felt pretty much the way Jack Poland felt. I wasn't too excited. I certainly didn't react the way I would have if Harry Hill had brought in a dead prairie dog. And I wasn't about to chase into Denver and start tearing down the Logan house looking for rats. I knew there were very few rats in Denver. I also knew that an eastern fox squirrel had been found dead of plague on the Stanford University campus back in 1966. It was an isolated case. The other campus squirrels tested out negative. But it was a case, a precedent. So I wasn't absolutely flabbergasted when Bruce Hudson walked in and told me that Harry Hill's specimen was positive for plague. It gave me a funny feeling,

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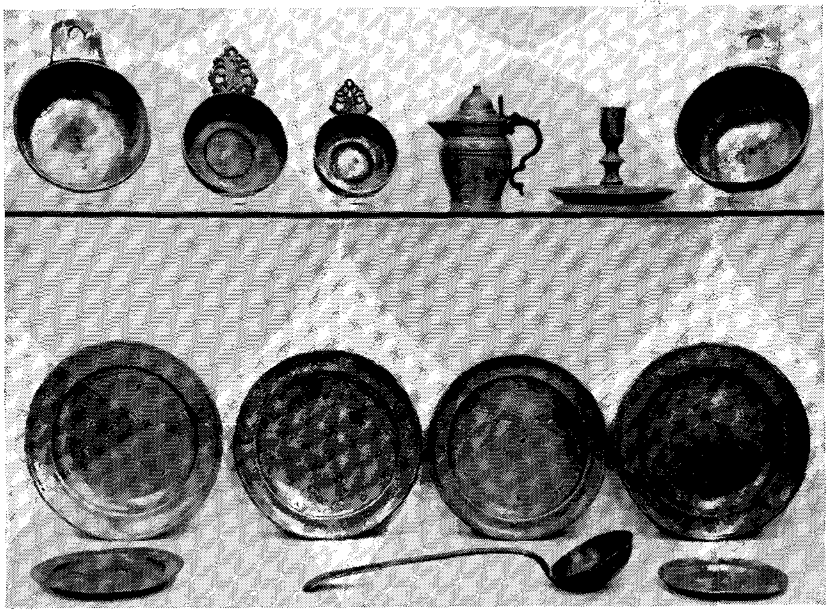

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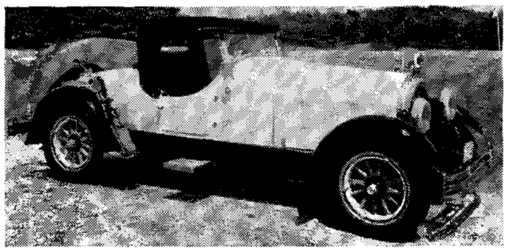
At The Museum of Transportation, Larz Anderson Park — Brookline, Mass.



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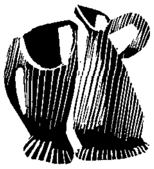
though. The Stanford case was a totally isolated case. This was different. We not only had a case of plague in an urban tree squirrel. We also had a case of human plague.

"Meanwhile, of course, I'd been talking with Jack Poland and Harry Hill, and I had also been on the telephone to Denver. The people I mostly talked to there were Cecil Mollohan and Roy Cleere and Douglas McCluskie. Dr. Cleere is director of the Colorado State Department of Health, and Dr. McCluskie is director of the Division of Environmental Health for the city. The lab report was the push we needed, and we arranged for a meeting at Dr. Cleere's office on the afternoon of July 8th. That was a Monday. I went down to Denver that morning and picked up Dr. McCluskie and we drove over to the Logan house. The Logan neighborhood, I should say. We weren't looking for Mrs. Logan. We were looking for more dead squirrels. There were kids playing on the block and women going marketing and old men just sitting around, and we talked to them all. Everybody seemed to know about the squirrels. One man told us he had found a dead squirrel in his yard as far back as May. He tossed it in his garbage can. And we found three dead squirrels. A man took us to one of them, and the kids showed us the others. They looked just as dead as Harry Hill's squirrel, but they weren't too dead to test.



"That sharpened the point of the meeting with Dr. Cleere and the others. One dead squirrel was simply one dead squirrel. But four dead squirrels was a die-off. And a die-off is always suspicious—whatever the cause of death. The other side of the picture, the human side, was fortunately unchanged. A check around the hospitals and clinics had been made, and there were no further cases of plague, or anything that even faintly looked like plague. There was still just Barbara Logan. Moreover, she would be discharged very shortly. The meeting drew up a report to inform physicians about her case and to alert them to the possibility of other victims. It reminded them of the clinical features of plague and pointed out the proper treatment. A general press release was also prepared. It gave the facts of Barbara's case, with a statement from Dr. Cleere to the effect that the situation was cause for concern but not for alarm, and it included a strong warning to the public against handling rodents, dead or alive. We also asked that any dead rodents be reported to the city health department. That about covers the meeting. Except that I was asked to head the field investigation. Dr. McCluskie and I sat down and made plans for a survey that would define the nature and the extent of the infection in the animal population. Denver has a great many tree squirrels. The eastern fox squirrel was introduced in 1908. By homesick Easterners, I suppose. Anyway, it prospered. There have also been immigrants. *S. niger* used to be strictly an eastern squirrel. You never saw it west of the Mississippi. But it's been slowly moving west across the plains—living off the wheat fields and nesting in the cottonwood river bottoms—since the late nineteen-twenties. Finally, a few years ago, it joined up with the others in Denver.

"We went to work the following day. The city had the collection facilities. Dr. McCluskie mobilized his Animal Control Division, and the dogcatchers picked up carcasses wherever we had a report and turned them over to us for delivery to the laboratory for examination. Those dogcatchers really had to work. The dead-rodent reports rolled in—the phones rang all day long. Then the laboratory came through with a report on the carcasses Dr. McCluskie and I had found. They were plague-positive, too. So this wasn't anything like Stanford. This was a plague epizootic. Which brought up the crucial question of control. Control, in plague, means ectoparasite control, the eradication of the vector fleas. That was certainly all we wanted in this case. We didn't want to kill the Denver squirrels. But it was a tough nut to crack. We solved it with a system of baited stations rigged up in such a way that the squirrel got a harmless dusting of insecticide when he came onto the station. That took care of the fleas on his body, and also those back in his nest. We had some trouble with bait. Squirrels love peanut butter. But when we baited a station with peanut butter, the first squirrel to show up just settled down and ate and ate until the peanut butter was gone. We finally hit on pine cones impregnated with peanut butter. They carried those away. At the peak of our operation, we had eight hundred stations going.

"The active phase of the investigation lasted about three weeks. It began on July 9th and ran through the rest of the month. By the beginning of August, the peak of the epizootic had passed. We found our last positive on September 18th. And Barbara Logan was still the only human case. The

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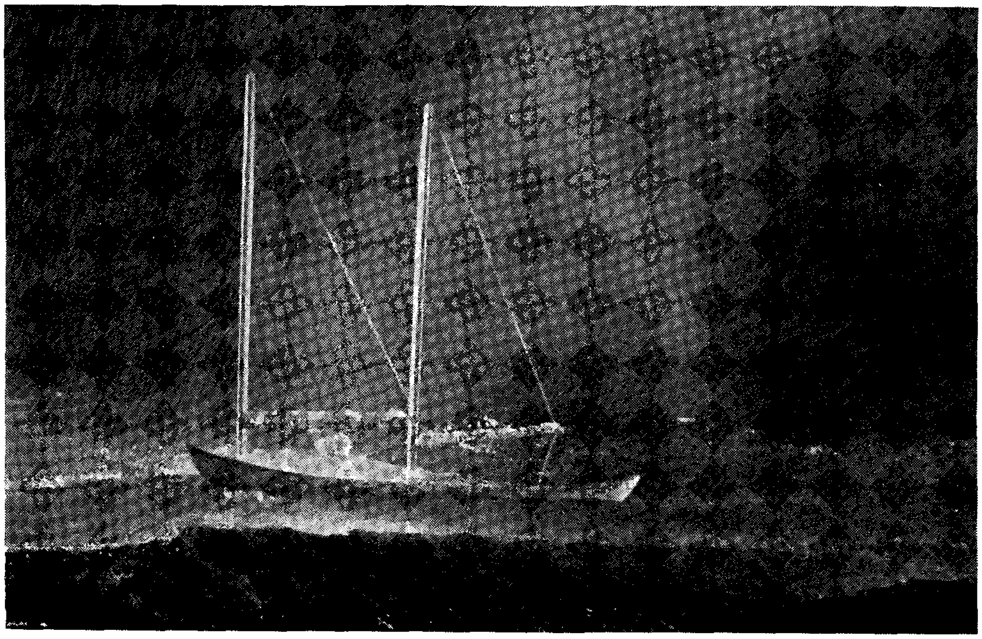

By Tom Follett
Marine Consultant

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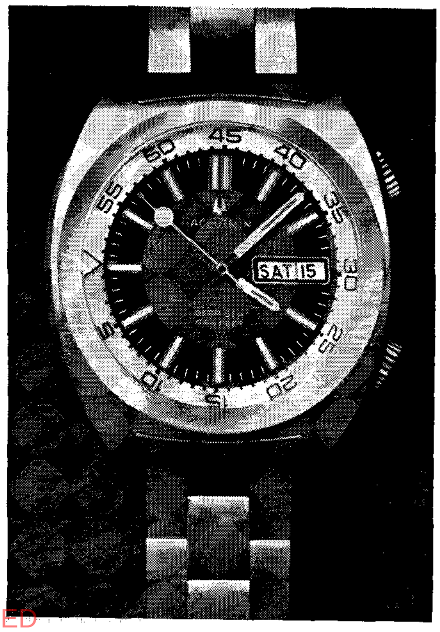

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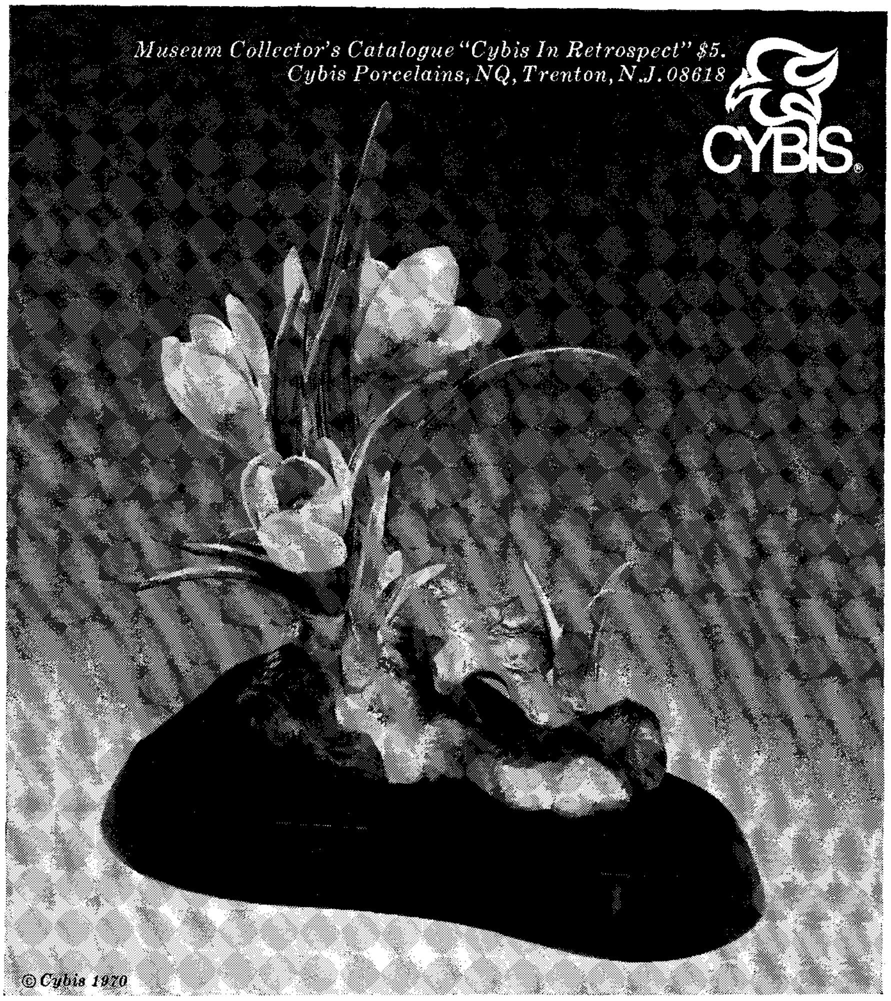
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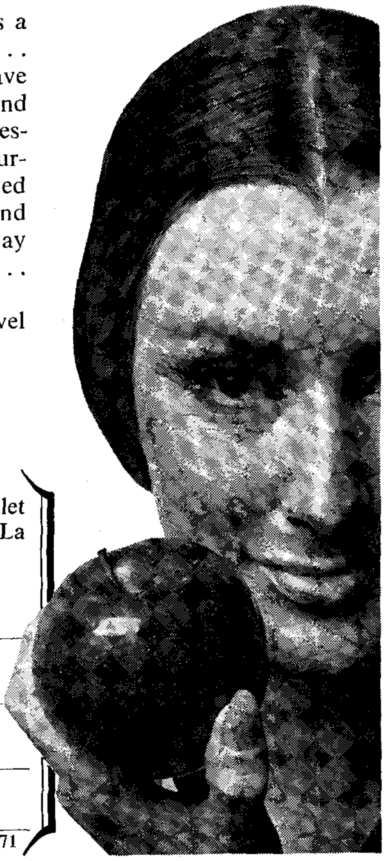

total tally was eight hundred and twenty-one carcasses collected and examined. Six hundred of them were tree squirrels. The others were other animals. None of those miscellaneous animals were positive for plague. Four hundred and ninety-three of the six hundred tree squirrels were found within the Denver city limits, the others on the outskirts. Only the Denver squirrels were plague-positive. The positive squirrels totalled eighty-one. The curious thing was this. We had a big block map of the city set up in Dr. McCluskie's office and we kept a record with colored pins where every squirrel carcass was found. All but six of the positive squirrels were found in the northeast quadrant of Denver—the City Park area, where Barbara lived. That would seem to be where the epizootic began and where it was somehow contained. There was also something else. The other thing was fleas. We collected a number of fleas. We found a few on newly dead squirrels, and the rest we combed off about thirty live and healthy squirrels that we trapped for that purpose. The flea to which *S. niger* is normally host is *Orchopeas howardi*, and we found the expected number of them. But we also found three other kinds of fleas. We found a species that is normally found on ground squirrels, and we found two species that are normally found on rabbits. Let me say that the only infected fleas we found—the only plague-positive fleas—were a few *Orchopeas howardi*. The wild-rodent fleas were clean. Their mere presence, however, was bad news. I'm only thankful that it happened in a city like Denver—a city with practically no rats. Because a flea transfer like that very strongly suggests a wild-rodent intrusion into the urban environment. How this intrusion may have come about I can't say. I don't know."

Neither does Dr. McCluskie. But he is willing to guess. He says, "I think what happened was this. I think some kid caught a ground squirrel up in the mountains and brought it home, and after a couple of days he got bored with it or his parents said get rid of it, and he let it out in City Park. I think it was just an accident like that. I hope so, anyway." —BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

A SOMBRE THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Headlines in the Times*]

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COLUMBIA PROFESSOR TERMS
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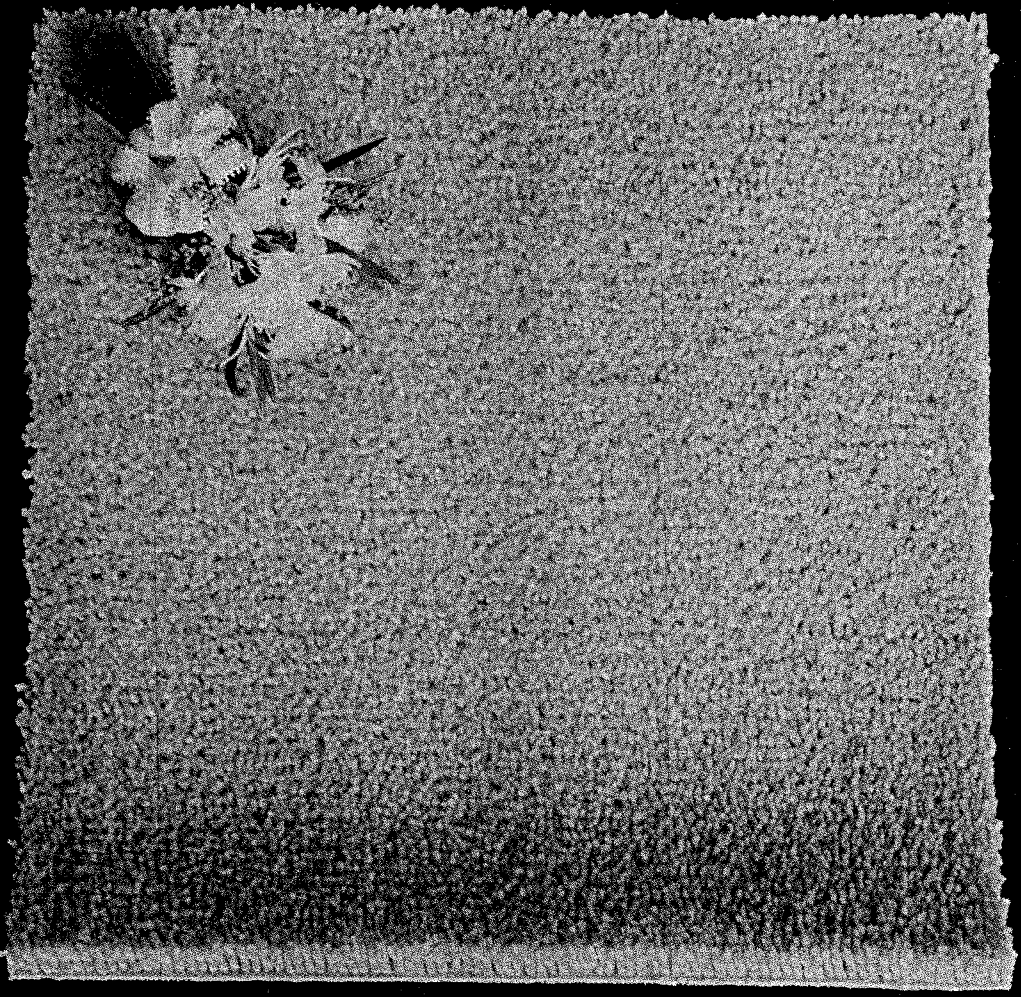

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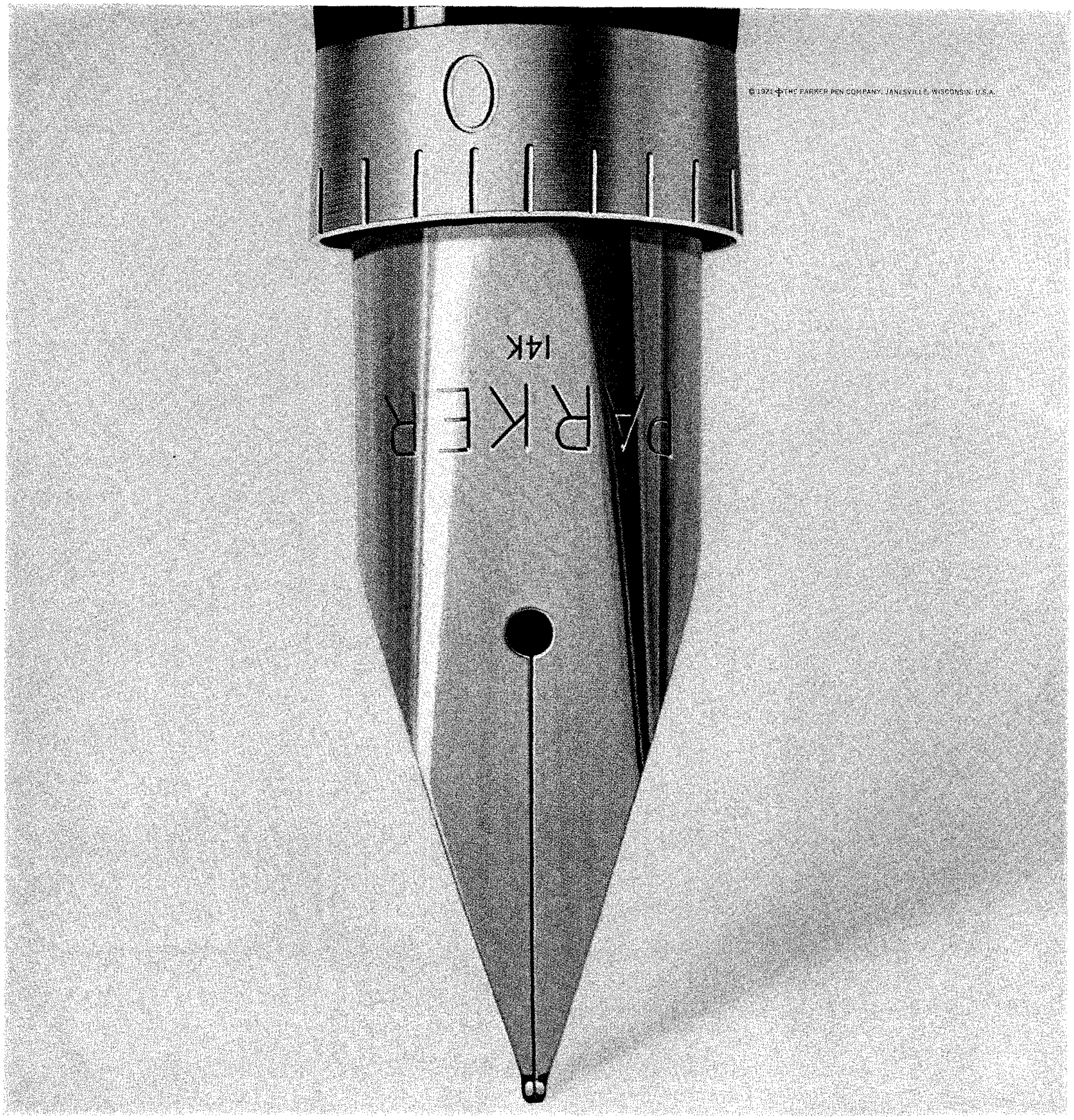

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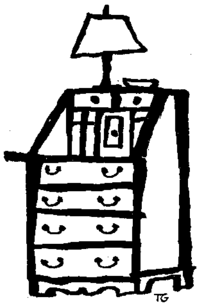
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

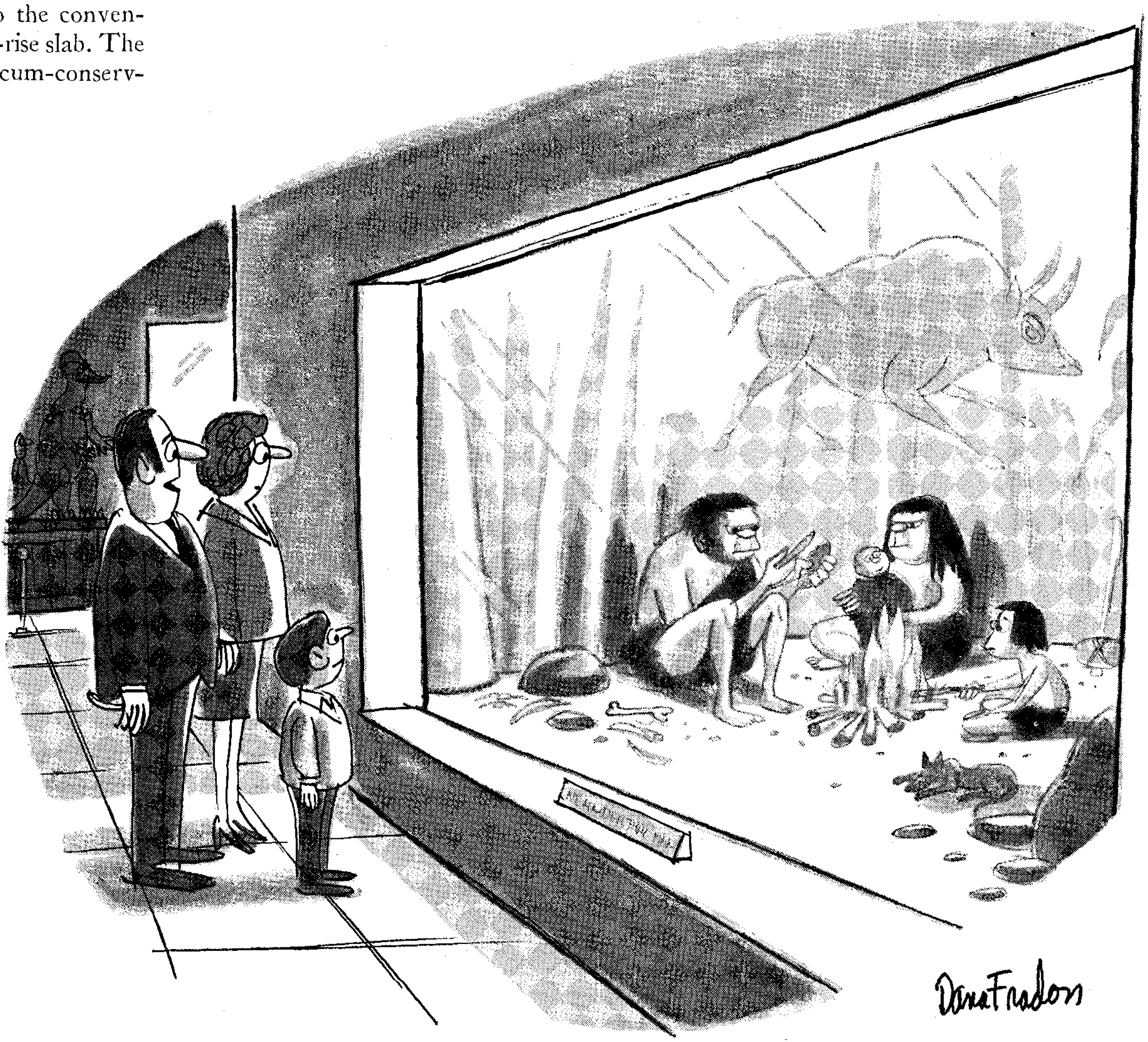
ABOUT THE HOUSE



TODAY'S best furniture designers work for big firms that purvey furniture to corporations, institutions, and public facilities; there are no designers of note in this country who devote themselves to furniture for private dwellings. The householder who wishes to own good modern furniture is obliged to choose from among the same designs used in schools, offices, and air terminals, and consequently there are not many householders who so wish. There is such a strong anti-institutional feeling today that even design-conscious people prefer to live among undistinguished but "homey" pieces rather than in surroundings that resemble public places. This anti-institutional feeling is, oddly (or inevitably), filtering down to the institutions themselves. Corporations are beginning to look for alternatives to the conventional steel-and-glass high-rise slab. The Ford Foundation's offices-cum-conservatory on East Forty-third Street are a beautiful instance of such a departure. Another is the Gulf States Paper Corporation's new headquarters in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, which is a complex of Japanese-type houses set in a Japanese garden. I don't know how well this anomaly works as a place of business, my knowledge of it being based on an illustrated article in the January issue of the magazine *Interiors*, where it looked extremely handsome. But the point (for householders) is that as institutional architecture becomes more homelike, institutional furniture design will change accordingly. On a recent tour of local furniture manufacturers' showrooms (manufacturers whose business is largely with institutions), I found evidence that such a change may be on its way. Here and there, among steel and glass and molded plastic and bulbous upholstery, appear, like snowdrops in February, pieces that are made of wood and that are right for homes.

At Knoll International, 745 Fifth Avenue (57th), there are the Stephens chairs and the Defuccio tables, named after their designers—William Stephens and Robert Defuccio. The Stephens chairs are small, light, clean, and quiet. Their frames are curved, thin laminations of wood (oak, maple, or walnut), and the backs and seats are single molded-plastic shells covered with foam rubber and fabric. The chairs come armless or with arms that describe a round-cornered rectangle, and their lines have an effortless sinuousness. Alvar Aalto's work comes to mind—pieces constructed of curved-wood laminations inevitably resemble each other and their original source—as does Picasso's famous remark, quoted (or invented) by Gertrude Stein in "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas," that "when you make a thing, it is so complicated making it that it is bound to be ugly, but those that do it after you they don't have to worry about making it and they can make it pretty." Aalto's work has the "ugliness" of originality and its concomitant mysterious emotional quality, which the prettier Stephens pieces lack. The Stephens chairs cost from $84 (plus the price of half a yard of fabric), for an armless specimen with an oak frame and upholstery only on the inside of the shell (the outside is the naked black plastic, and doesn't look bad), to $114 (plus a yard of fabric), for a walnut armchair with both sides of the shell upholstered. The chair is also available with a swivel base, but here the lovely profile of the frame as it curves down through seat and leg to ground is lost; still, as office chairs go, it is remarkably handsome. The swivel armchair in oak with only the inside upholstered is $162 (plus the fabric).

The Defuccio tables are of two



"You know, when you come to think of it, all they really lack is a television set."

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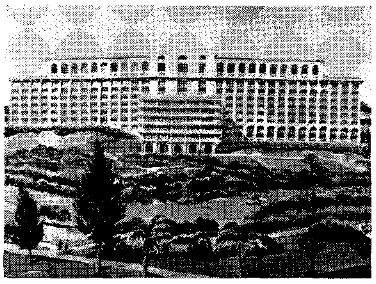

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kinds. One has a plain square-cut top of oak, teak, or walnut veneer and interesting legs of matching wood. Each leg is made of two laminated strips joined from the bottom to within a few inches of the top, at which point they separate, curve away from each other, and reach out to receive the tabletop, like hands cupping a face. This leg-top conjunction was introduced by the Swedish designer Bruno Mathsson, in the early fifties; again, the derivation is both a refinement and a dilution. The table is available in various sizes, ranging from a thirty-inch-square coffee table, for $230, to a forty-by-seventy-six-inch dining table that can be extended to a hundred and fourteen inches, for $630. The above prices are for oak; teak and walnut are more expensive. The other Defuccio table, which comes in the same woods, has thick columnar legs with rounded, bulbous capitals for the top to rest on. The top itself is square-cut and veneered, and comes with or without a small drawer at one side. Prices range from $295, for an oak coffee table forty inches square, to $722, for a teak table forty inches wide and seventy-six inches long, with a drawer. The Defuccio tables have a warm, honest, solid look. One would set them with earthenware and stainless steel and bright-colored napkins.

At Thonet Industries, 1 Park Avenue (32nd), there is an oak trestle table whose warm, honest, solid look does not altogether hold up against close scrutiny. The trestles and the stretcher are golden oak, but the top turns out to be fake-wood plastic, which looks sort of like oak at a distance and like Con-Tact close up. The table was designed for use as a conference table, and one wonders why a stain-, heat-, and acid-resistant material was felt to be desirable for a surface on which harmless pads and pencils and an innocuous glass or two of water conventionally repose. In spite of its top, the table is an admirable piece of furniture, and, because of its top, it would make an excellent country kitchen table (or a city one, if a kitchen large enough to accommodate a big table existed in this town). The piece has a wholesome, rustic quality; the plain, blunt trestles are connected to the stretcher with conspicuous through-mortise-and-tenon joints that abet the blunt straightforwardness of the whole. The prices of the tables range from around $180, for one with a thirty-six-by-forty-eight-inch top, to around $325, for one with a forty-eight-by-ninety-six-inch top. Thonet's oak-frame, upholstered lounge chairs, settees, and sofas have a similarly informal aspect. The benchlike frames have foursquare horizontal slats and either dowel-shaped or foursquare uprights. Prices range from around $240, for an easy chair with open sides and a loose back cushion, to around $720, for a three-cushion sofa with upholstered side and back panels and attached back cushions.

Thonet Industries is owned by the Simmons Company (of the mattresses), and is quite a different operation from the firm that Michael Thonet started in the eighteen-forties for the production and sale of his bentwood furniture. But Thonet Industries maintains its links with the past. In the showroom, there is a permanent display of choice old Thonet pieces, including chairs, tables, rockers, a cradle, and doll furniture. And the firm continues to sell bentwood furniture, much of which is imported from one of the original Thonet factories (now nationalized), in Poland. Except that they lack the patina of time, these pieces are the same as many of those offered as "antiques" in antique shops. (There is a lot of bentwood furniture on the market that comes from Italy and is *not* the same.) An adaptation of the chair known as No. 18 when it was first put into production, in 1876, is listed in the Thonet catalogue at $31.80 with a veneer seat, and at $35 with a cane seat. For an extra $3.60, the chair with the veneer seat can be painted any one of six colors. The cane-seat version is available only in a light-walnut finish. The wood is the traditional beech from which bentwood chairs have been wrought since the first Thonet factory was built, near a beech forest in Moravia. No. 18 (like the more famous No. 14, of which thirty *million* were sold by 1920) is a marvel of economy. It has only six parts. The back legs and backrest are a single graceful loop, two splats are provided by another, narrower loop, and the legs are braced by still another loop, which pushes against the front ones and then dips down and attaches to the back ones. A bentwood chair with a round cane seat and a kind of Art Nouveau sweep of the arms, which has come to be known as the Corbusier chair, because the architect used it in many of his interiors, is listed at $80 in a light-walnut finish. The Corbusier chair has such a look of modernity that one is surprised to learn that it was designed in 1870. Thonet Industries also sells a caned bentwood rocker ($136) that is a version of one of the least complicated and most ap-

Founder Major William Grant and grandson.

The secret of Grant's 8 Scotch is still in the family. And you share it every time you open the bottle.

Since 1887, the Grant family of Glenfiddich has handed down the secret of making great Scotch from father to son.

It began with our founder, Major William Grant. He knew it would take more than just a special blend of fine grain and Highland malt whiskies to make a new brand successful. It would take the dedication of the entire Grant family to making Scotch with special care and attention year after year.

Today, after four generations, we Grants still follow the Major's advice. We're still a family-owned and family-operated business. And we still watch to see that Grant's 8 Scotch is carefully aged for eight years to assure the smooth, light, balanced flavor that's enjoyed by millions.

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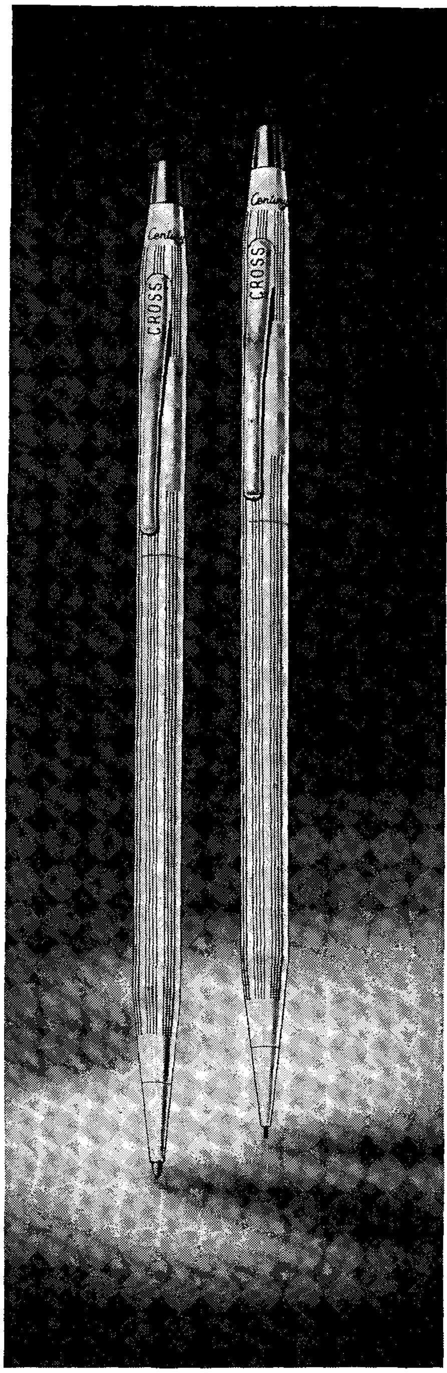
Grant's® 8 Scotch: share our family secret.

Blended Scotch Whisky 86 Proof, ©William Grant & Sons, Inc., N.Y. Importers, Bottled in Scotland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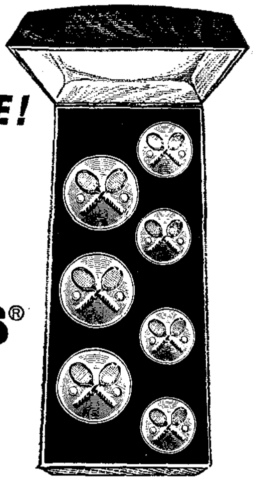
pealing of the many rocking chairs designed by Thonet. The seat is a rounded-off square and the back is an oval, and each of the naturally finished bentwood curlicues has a structural as well as a decorative reason for being. The century-old bentwood rocker is perhaps the most contemporary piece of furniture in existence today; its mass-produced, interchangeable, rational parts add up to an eccentric, romantic, voluptuous whole. It's the chair to read Norman O. Brown in.

AT Stendig, Inc., 410 East 62nd Street, several of the above-described bentwood designs are to be found—imported, however, from a Czech source, rather than the Polish one with which Thonet does business. (Stendig, incidentally, sells only through architects and decorators, and does not divulge prices to journalists.) A handsome round oak table that caught my eye at Stendig comes from Finland and has a solid-oak pedestal formed of four L-shaped members set in a cruciform pattern; the top is oak veneer and measures forty-two, forty-eight, or fifty-four inches in diameter. The fifty-four-inch size will seat eight very comfortably and companionably. Surrounding the table at the time of my visit were some bentwood chairs with caned seats and backs, known as Prague chairs, which are available with arms or without, and, in either manifestation, are among the most satisfactory dining chairs to be found anywhere today. The original Prague chair was designed by Josef Hoffmann for Thonet in 1925, and it has been much imitated but never equalled.

A piece at Stendig that would not lend itself to every home but is a wonderful sight is a vastly enlarged baseball glove, in whose palm two people can sit. The glove is covered with beige leather and filled with foam; it is funny and lovable. It was designed by three Italians, and I'm told that several persons have already bought it, among them our governor.

It has always been possible for people who are not professional buyers of furniture to obtain pieces by the masters of Scandinavian furniture design, like Aalto, Wegner, and Mathsson, but it has never been easy. Now an organization named New Form International, which is the exclusive American agency for the work of Aalto and Mathsson and for the factory-made work of Wegner, will open a showroom at 306 East 61st Street in a few weeks, and householders will be able to inspect pieces there and learn about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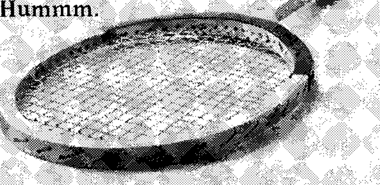
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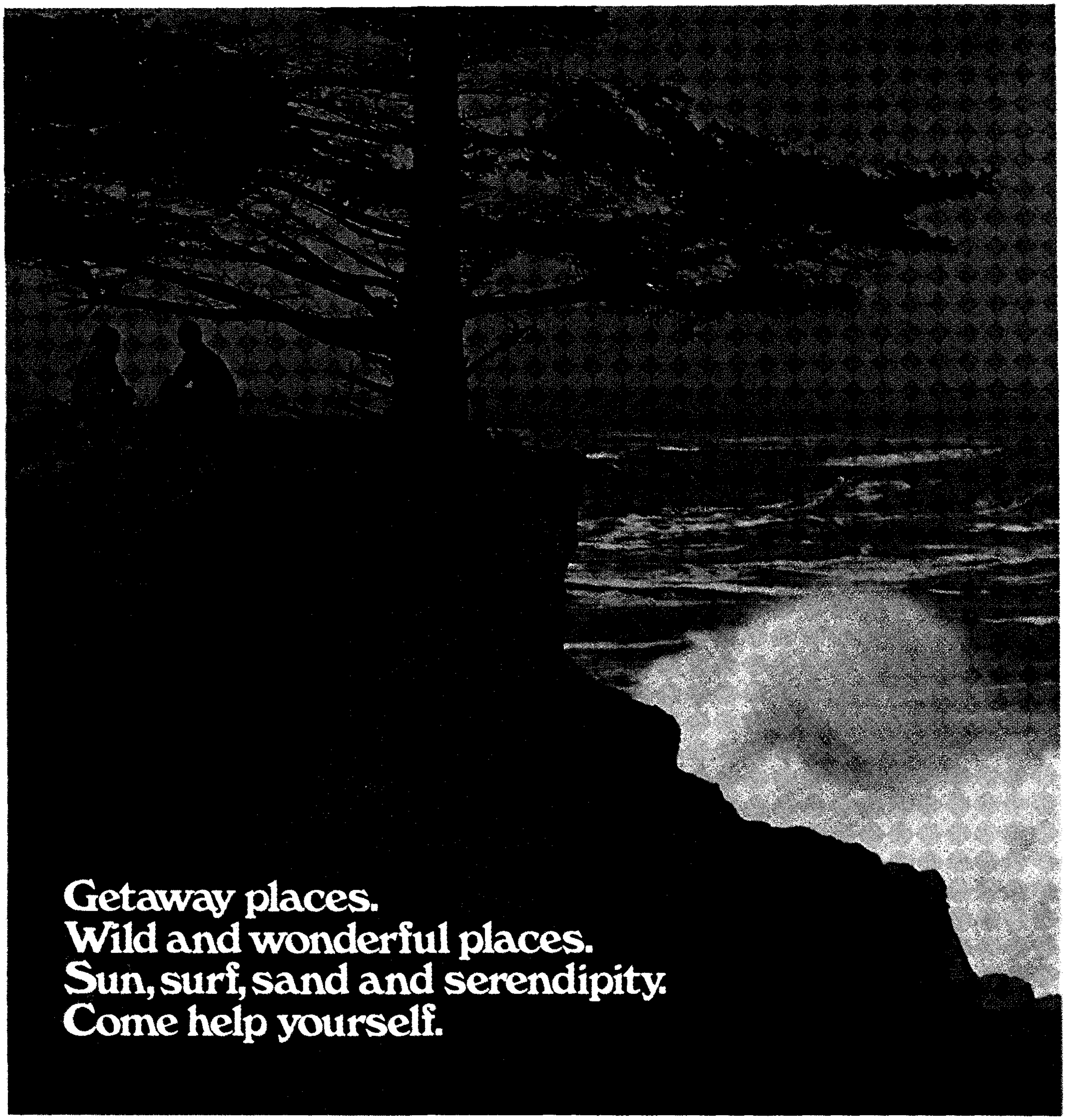
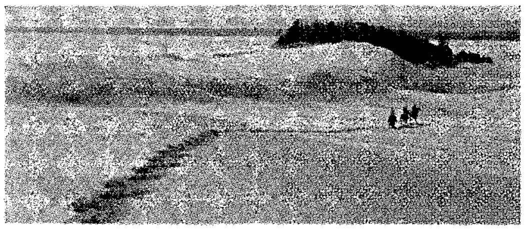

Getaway places.
Wild and wonderful places.
Sun, surf, sand and serendipity.
Come help yourself.



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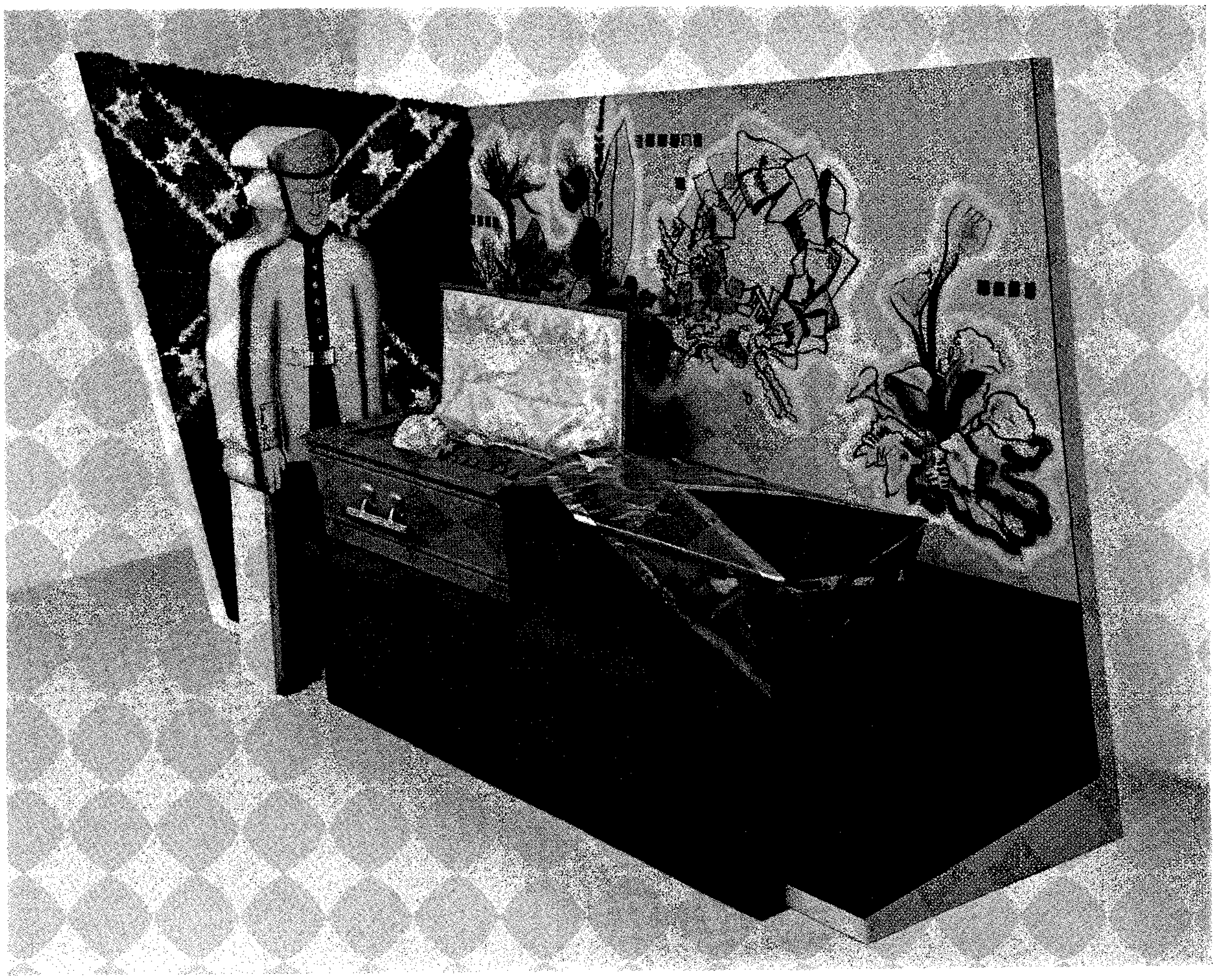
OREGON has it

Larry Rivers, "The Last Civil War Veteran" 1970. Mixed Media 84" x 123" x 42".



"The Last Civil War Veteran" by Larry Rivers.

"Each in his own way."
The FTD collection. Works of art
with a common thought.
Flowers.

wholesale or retail purchasing possibilities. I hope to report on the showroom in a future column.

IF most New York living rooms and bedrooms are more redolent of Elsie De Wolfe's bland interiors than of the Bauhaus, children's rooms are something else again. Within the last two decades, a change has taken place in the nursery for which a single store—the Children's Workbench—bears a large measure of responsibility. Children's rooms are no longer sweet and cute. They now look as spare and clean and abstract and red, blue, white, and yellow as a Mondrian. Everyone is familiar by now with the Children's Workbench's pale-wood bunk beds, trundle beds, shelves, tables, and chairs from Sweden, with its red, blue, and yellow storage cubes, with the crib that turns into a settee when the baby outgrows it, and with the other redoubtable staple items. A noteworthy recent addition suggests that the Children's Workbench is as modern in its view of childhood as it is in its designs. The piece in question is an "environment" that sleeps one or two and comes equipped with a trapeze, a swing, a climbing rope, a rope ladder, and two Masonite panels, one of which has a window (or door) cut into it. (Optional equipment includes a slide that is also a seesaw, and a wooden ladder that doubles as monkey bars.) It is constructed of birch dowels joined by wooden blocks and wooden screws; it comes knocked down and can be put up in any number of ways, with the beds and the play equipment in a variety of relations to each other. The piece, which is made by a firm called Children's Motivational Environments, Inc., recognizes some unpleasant but persistent facts of modern childhood; namely, that today's children are as dependent upon things as their elders are, that without "materials" they won't play, and that the talk about children's "imaginativeness" and "resourcefulness" is just talk. If you put a modern middle-class child in an empty room for an afternoon, he would probably go insane. So why do it? The "environment" (which costs $395 with one bed and $495 with two) should delight and entertain the child who receives it for a good week. —JANET MALCOLM

•

ADMIRAL RICKOVER,
TONGUE IN CHEEK,
BITES PENTAGON

—*Headline in the Denver Post.*

It's the safest way.

Did you ever say "Think of all the starving children in Asia"

when your own kids were small and wouldn't eat properly?

It's one of the things parents say. It didn't mean an awful lot.

Then, last year, I saw an ad for Foster Parents Plan. It was a picture of a little boy with a half-starved look. And it made me think back to what I used to say.

The next month, we "adopted." Not the boy in the ad, but a Korean girl named Son Yoon Ja. Her father was dead. The family of five lived in a single windowless room in a wretched slum (That really got me—a kid growing up without windows.)

The $16 we send each month isn't much—but what a difference it's made to Son Yoon Ja. And to her family.

It helps provide food. Clothing. School supplies. Medical care. And counseling on health and nutrition.

Every month she sends me a letter. "I am in the third grade. I love my lessons. I play dodge ball." And happiest of all, "We moved to a place with a kitchen and windows."

You have no idea how good I feel when I think of opening that window for Son Yoon Ja.

In Judy Reeves' heart there was room for one more. Won't you make room in yours?

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I want to be a Foster Parent for a year or more of a boy_____ girl_____ age_____ country_____. Where the need is greatest_____.

I enclose my first payment of: $16.00 Monthly_____ $48.00 Quarterly_____ $96.00 Semi-annually_____ $192.00 Annually_____.

I can't become a Foster Parent right now but I enclose my contribution of $_____.

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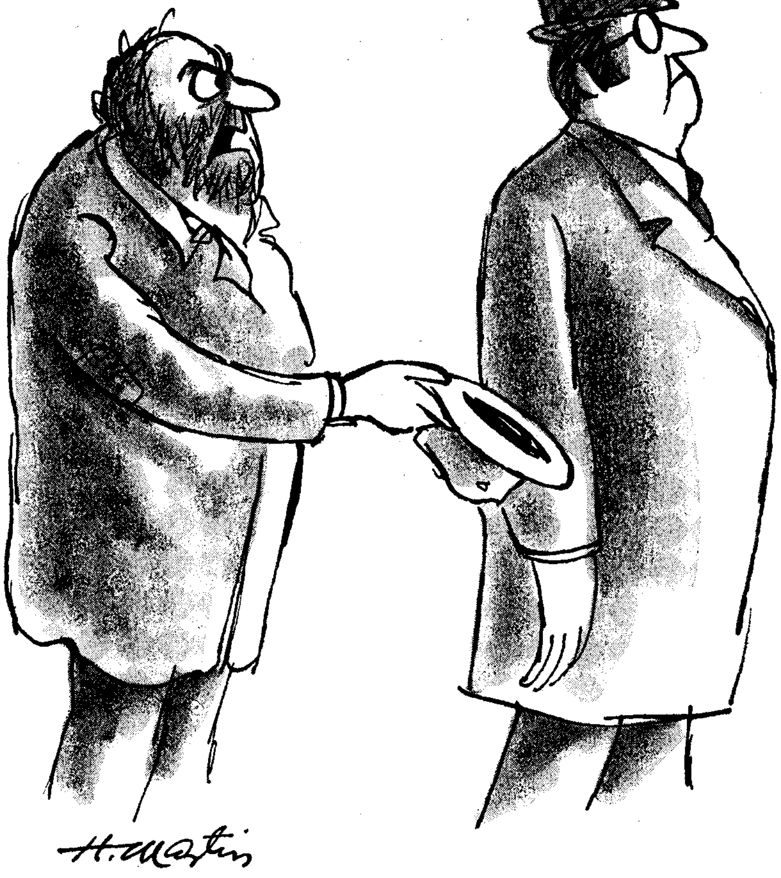
THE SPORTING SCENE

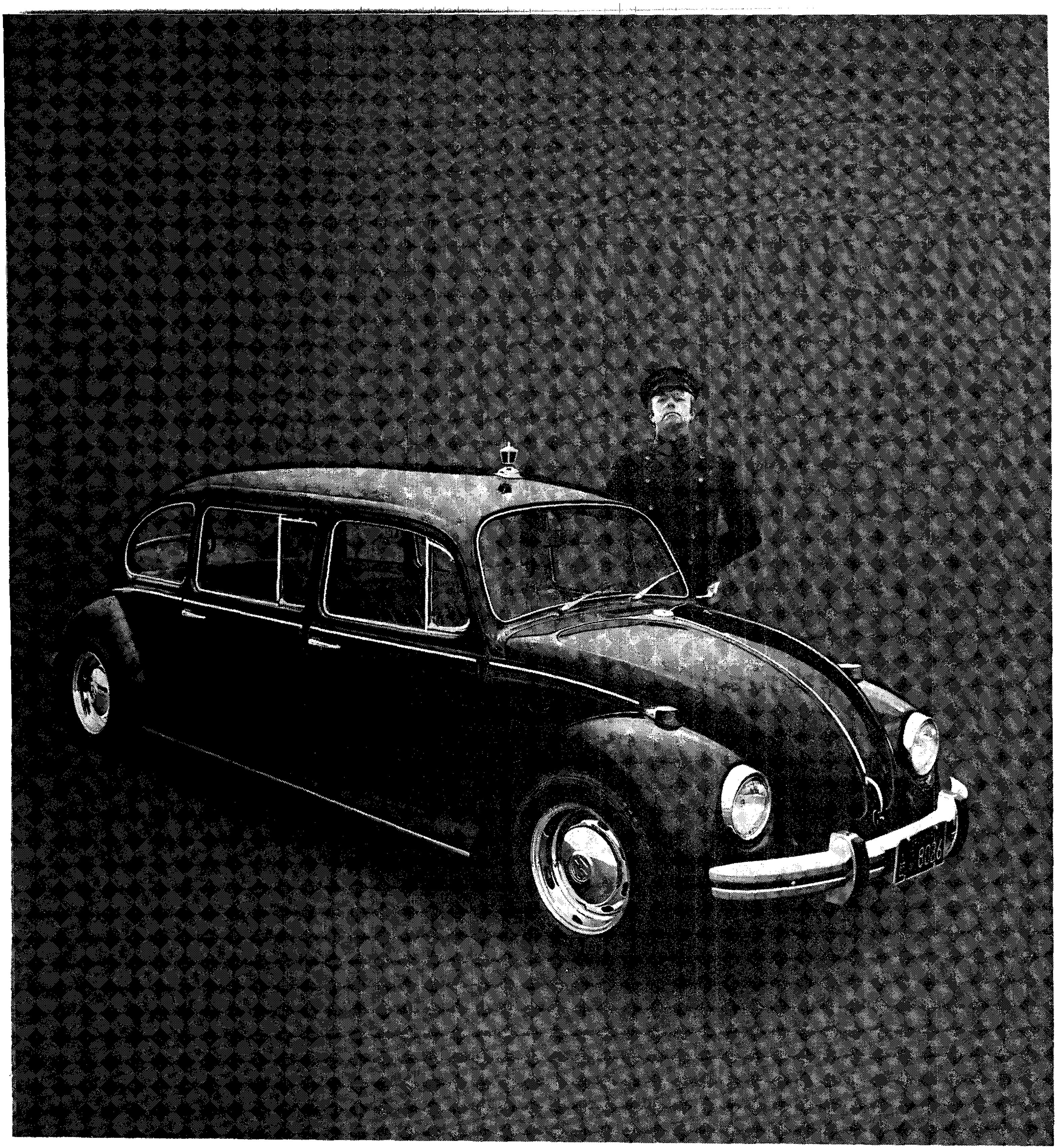
THE GREENS OF IRELAND—II

THOUGH Ireland is not usually associated with sporting pastimes as cerebral and fastidious as golf, the game has come on with a great rush since the Second World War, both in the Republic and in Northern Ireland, and today it is unquestionably the most popular sport in the land. One big reason for this has been the fact that over the past twenty-five years Irish golfers have enjoyed exceptional success in such important competitions as the British Open Championship, the British Amateur Championship, and the World Cup tournament. Moreover, in 1965, Joe Carr, the outstanding Irish amateur, was accorded the unprecedented honor, for an Irishman, of being named captain of the British Walker Cup team, traditionally an amalgam of the top amateurs from England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. A second major reason for the growth of the game is that Ireland has a copious supply of golf courses. Two hundred and twenty-eight courses currently dot its countryside—more courses per inhabitant than there are in any other country except Scotland and Australia, and in Australia, it should be noted, most of the courses would scarcely be identifiable as such if the flags were removed from the greens. The facilities in Ireland, on the other hand, are generally of very high quality. In addition to the great Portmarnock course, on the outskirts of Dublin, the other championship courses have long been regarded as among the finest in the world. Having been told countless times that my golfing education was glaringly incomplete because I had not visited the leading Irish clubs, not long ago I finally arranged to correct the omission. A detailed itinerary was developed for me by an old friend, Paul MacWeeney, who is the sports editor and golf correspondent of the *Irish Times*. It consisted of two loops, the first taking me on a swing through the north, with visits to the Royal County Down Golf Club, the Royal Portrush Golf Club, and the County Sligo Golf Club, followed by a return to Dublin, and the second carrying me southwest, to Lahinch, Killarney, and Ballybunion, and then back to Dublin once more. Having accomplished the first loop in three days, I was a trifle weary when I made my interim return to Dublin. The courses in the north were absolutely wonderful, and the club officials who took care of me could not have been kinder; in fact, my weariness was due as much to the unquenchable hospitality of my hosts as to my long hours on the road. Nevertheless, on the fourth morning, a Friday, I started on the second loop, and I found myself looking forward to it with considerable enthusiasm. Though I had paid two previous visits to Ireland, I had not had a chance to see the southwest, which includes the Killarney lake region and has long been esteemed by both foreign tourists and the Irish themselves as the most beautiful part of the island.

Lahinch, my first stop on this segment of my tour, is situated about forty miles northwest of Limerick, in County Clare. (Limerick itself is about a hundred and twenty miles southwest of Dublin.) The village of Lahinch, a nice conglomeration of small white- or blue-plastered cottages, looks out on Liscannor Bay, an arm of the Atlantic. In recent years, a strip bordering the main street has been adopted as a holiday center by beach-oriented teen-agers and post-teen-agers, but otherwise the golf course, a surge of duneland along the bay, is what animates the village. If there is an Irish equivalent of St. Andrews, it is Lahinch. Everyone, from ranking cleric to manual laborer, plays the game, and plays it ardently. The most popular pub in town is called the Nineteenth Hole. It was run for the greater part of this century by Mrs. Mary O'Dwyer, who, before her death, in 1965, talked golf with six decades of customers, beginning with Old Tom Morris, the famed St. Andrews professional who laid out the original course at Lahinch. A flock of garrulous old caddies were also an intrinsic part of the local scene, but now they, too, have passed on. Indeed, the sole active survivor from the early days is Johnny Barrett, the caddie master, who was six years old when he started to caddie, in 1894, and who in 1932 succeeded his brother Mike (who had succeeded his brother Matthew) in his present post. All in all, Lahinch has retained its strong golf flavor, and this is so attractive to players from all over the island that within a spoon shot of the clubhouse there are five hotels to accommodate them. The village has its big week in midsummer, when the club is host to the South of Ireland Amateur, a championship that was inaugurated at Lahinch in 1895 and has never been held anywhere else. Like the other regional championships, the South of



"Listen, Mister. Parasites have to eat, too, you know."



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After all, a lot of the things that make great luxury cars great are already there in the humble little Bug:

Like 23 years of perfecting every single part of the car.

And subjecting it to 16,000 different inspections before we sell it to you.

And having it worth lots of money to you when you sell it to someone else.

So why not stretch it out to limo length?

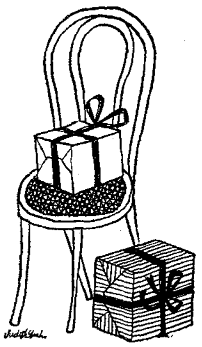
Why not add an intercom, bar and mahogany woodwork and tufted English upholstery and a carriage lamp to signal the doorman?

Why not be the savingest *millionaire on the road?*

That, children, is exactly how the rich get richer.

Ireland has always been open to all Irish amateurs, but, appropriately, by far the best record in the event was compiled by a Lahinchman, John Burke, who won it ten times between 1928 and 1946. In addition, Burke won the Irish Amateur Championship eight times, and he was the first golfer from the Republic to be selected for a British Walker Cup team. He played in the 1932 match, at The Country Club, in Brookline, Massachusetts, and acquitted himself well, halving his singles with Jack Westland.

Golf started in Lahinch the way it did at practically all the older Irish homes of golf: A Scottish regiment—in this instance, the Black Watch, stationed in Limerick—was looking for a suitable place to pursue its national passion. Until 1891, the Black Watch golfers had made do with a rude layout in the middle of the Limerick racecourse, but that spring one of their number made a trip into Clare and returned to report that there was some honest-to-goodness golf country along the coast there. From that time on, the regiment made Lahinch its golfing headquarters. At first, the players stuck feathers in the untended ground to demarcate the teeing areas, the direction of the holes, and the greens. Two years later, a rough course was created, and the Lahinch Golf Club was formally founded, on Good Friday, 1893, with members of the local gentry installed as the officers. Shortly afterward, the club hired Old Tom Morris to design a proper course. Dissatisfied with the character of the existing layout, which mainly occupied dull inland ground, he reconnoitred the sand hills along the edge of the sea and rerouted many of the holes over their profusion of ridges and grassy hollows. He adjudged the revised layout to be one of the five best courses in the British Isles—a statement that he made not in a spirit of self-congratulation but, rather, out of a wish to point up that the terrain constituted "as fine a natural course as it has ever been my good fortune to play over." In 1927, the Scottish architect Dr. Alister MacKenzie, who is best known in this country as the designer of Cypress Point and as the co-designer, with Bob Jones, of the Augusta National, was engaged to modernize the course. He did this by building some splendid new holes in a distant stretch of sand hills that had been left untouched, by remodelling most of the holes he kept, and by extending the total length of the composite eighteen to 6,544 yards. Like Old Tom before him, he fell in love with the links, and declared that Lahinch might come to be regarded as "the finest and most popular course that I or, I believe, anyone else ever constructed." Most objective golfers would probably consider MacKenzie's assessment to be a shade exuberant. While Lahinch is an excellent course, with a high percentage of vivid and provocative holes, few connoisseurs, I think, would put it in a class with, for example, Portmarnock, or, for that matter, with County Down or Portrush, in Northern Ireland. However, because of the way the course is interwoven with the life of the village, the Lahinch Golf Club has a truly extraordinary vitality. A few years ago, in order to thin out the heavy traffic on the course, the club built a new nine-hole course, designed by John Harris, an able English architect. Counting both regular and affiliated members, over six hundred and fifty golfers at present belong to the club. The annual dues for all members are around thirty dollars. (The green fee for visitors is also shockingly low—a little under two dollars on weekdays and a little over on weekends—and since Lahinch is only thirty miles north of Shannon Airport, it is hardly surprising that the club does the briskest transient business of any in Ireland except for Portmarnock.)



The old clubhouse was also enlarged not long ago, by the addition of a spectacularly modern wing, all glass and highly polished wood. When a visitor is taking his ease in the new wing, it is hard for him to realize that he is in Ireland until he notices that the barometer on the wall in the bar is broken and that taped to it is a note that reads, "See Goats." He learns, on inquiry, that three ancient goats who are allowed the freedom of the links head for the clubhouse the moment they sense that rain is coming, and huddle against the building until it is over. They have proved to be such reliable weather prophets that the club officers long ago concluded that repairing the barometer would be economically redundant. Instead, they voted to change the club emblem, adding to the original motif, which was a shamrock and a thistle, a goat rampant.

I had intended to play a full round at Lahinch, but, as things worked out, I

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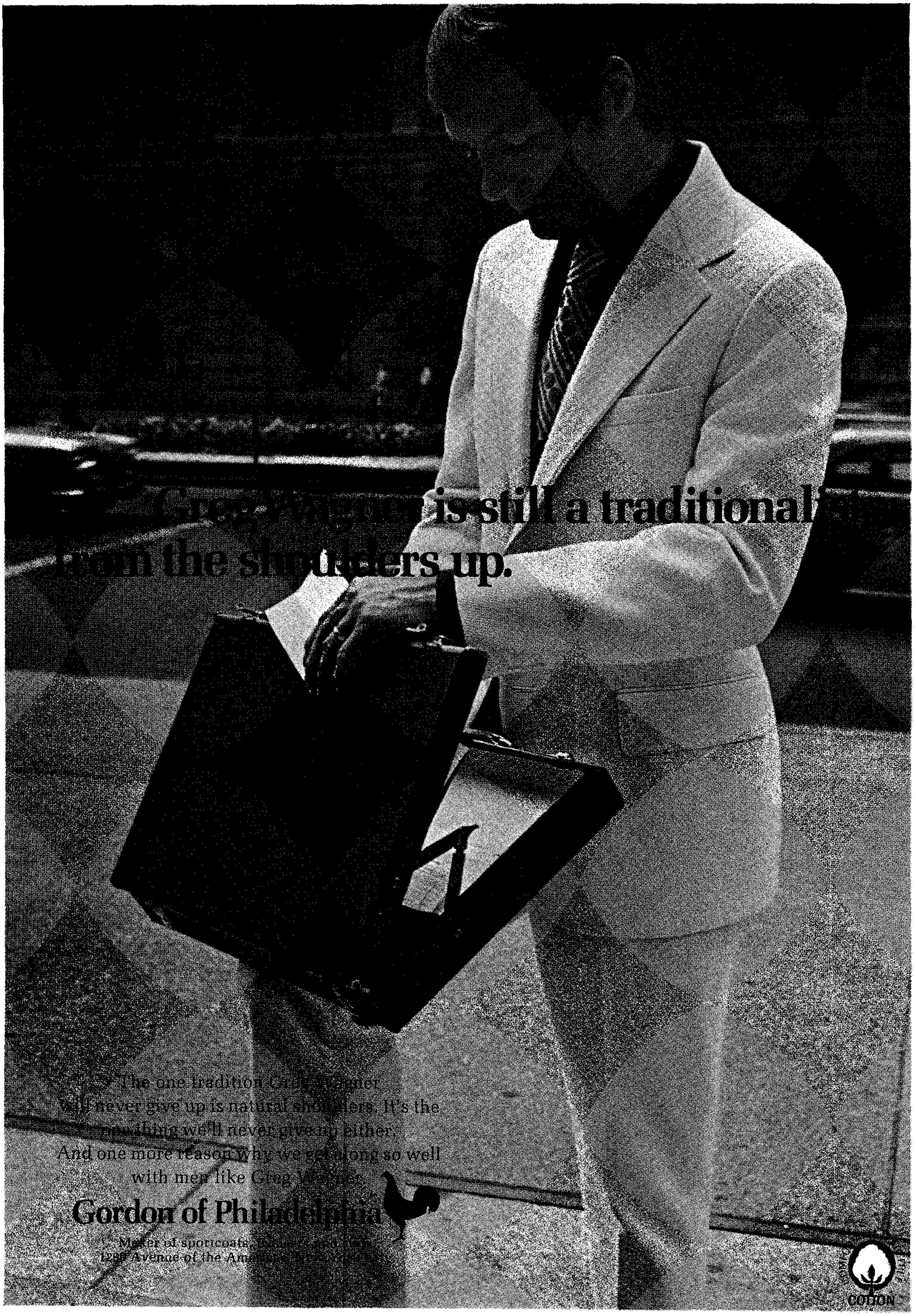
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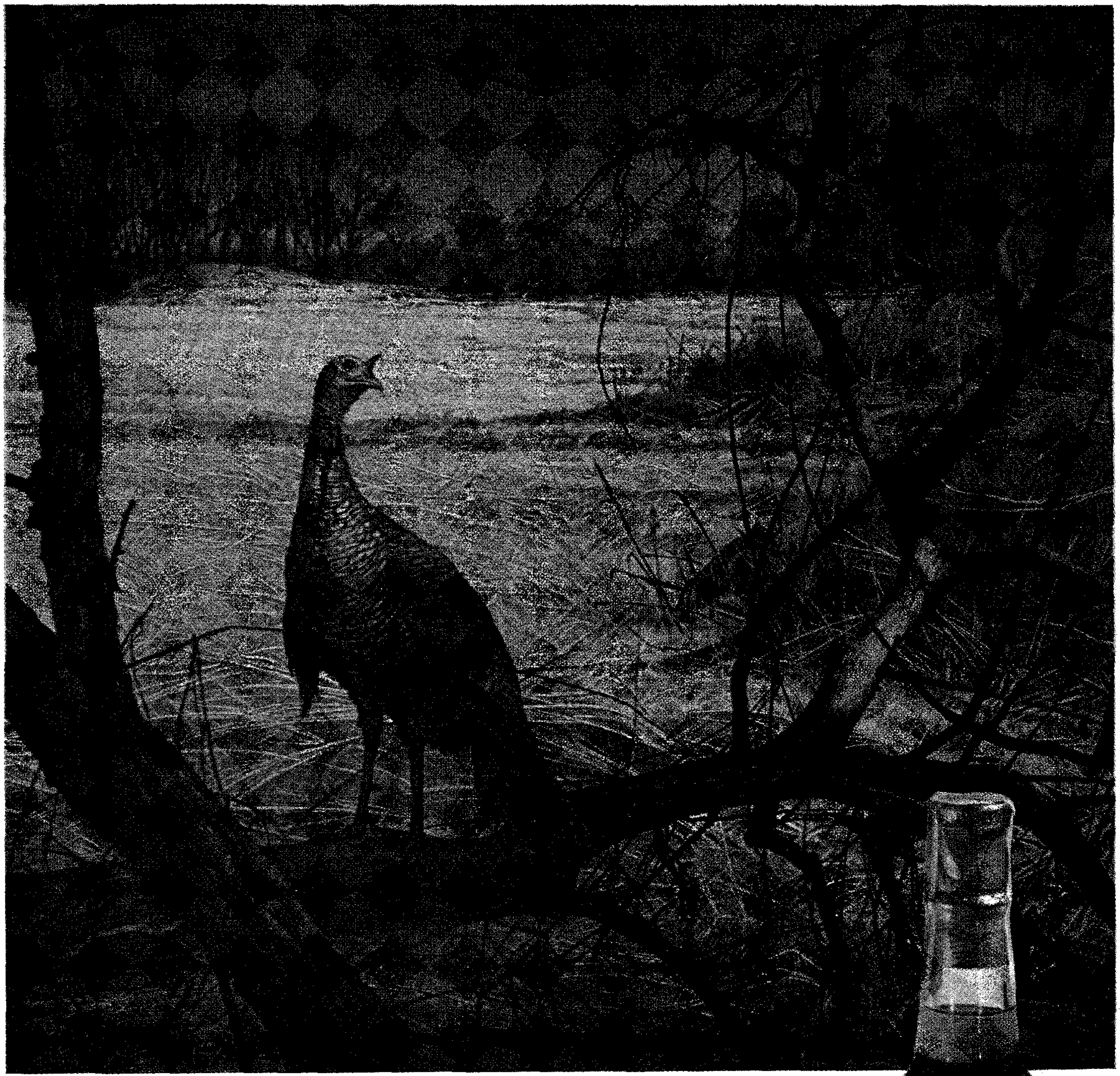

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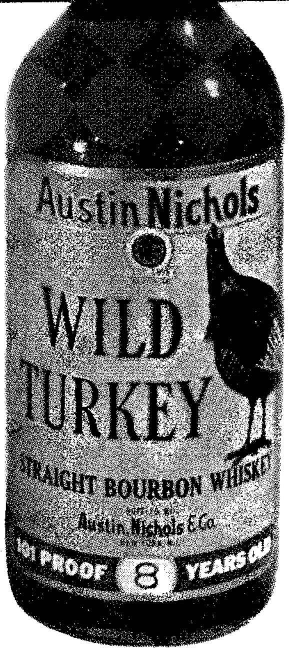
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had to settle for ten holes. Owing to that oldest of motorists' woes, a flat tire, I arrived at the club two hours late for my three o'clock appointment with the secretary, Brud Slattery. Luckily, the mishap occurred not on the road but before I started the five-hour drive from Dublin. Having parked my rented car overnight in front of the Shelbourne Hotel, I was walking bouncily toward it when a grizzled O'Casey character who was free-lancing as a parking attendant sang out the doleful all-purpose phrase "Ah, that's bad luck, sir." This can mean anything in Ireland—that you have missed a two-foot putt or that your elderly, wealthy aunt has up and married a young Danish sailor. There is no need to go into the details of why it took an hour and a half to fix the flat. Suffice it to say that the moment the old O'Casey attendant eagerly set the jack up on the wrong end and began to pump like a man possessed, I could see it all coming. It was bound to be—and it was—one of those extended blind-leading-the-blind vaudeville acts, all the more trying because it was so comical. When the spare was finally on and the old attendant had jauntily replaced the tools in the wrong compartment and then kicked the wrong tire to test the soundness of our improvisation, I thought it advisable to drive to a garage and get a trained mechanic to do the job right. While I was there, I put in a telephone call to Slattery in Lahinch. Half an hour later, when the call had still not been completed, it occurred to me that I might be stuck in the garage all day. I hurriedly scribbled a message for Slattery and, asking the mechanic to make the call for me, finally got on the road. I must say, though, that if one has to arrive two hours late for an appointment, Lahinch is not the worst place for it. The village and the golf club have a drowsy, almost Brigadoon-like air about them, and I quite believed Slattery when he said that time was the last thing he ever worried about. He was a man of youngish middle age with the look of a countrified Van Heflin, and as we chatted over some tea I was struck by the expressiveness of his language. He referred to a certain green on the course as having a "gluey texture," and when our talk turned to the perils of Irish rough (I must have been speaking about County Down) he said with a sigh, "Is there anything more conducive to ill temper than searching for golf balls?" I subsequently learned that Slattery was not only the club secretary but a schoolmaster, who teaches all subjects to boys and girls from six

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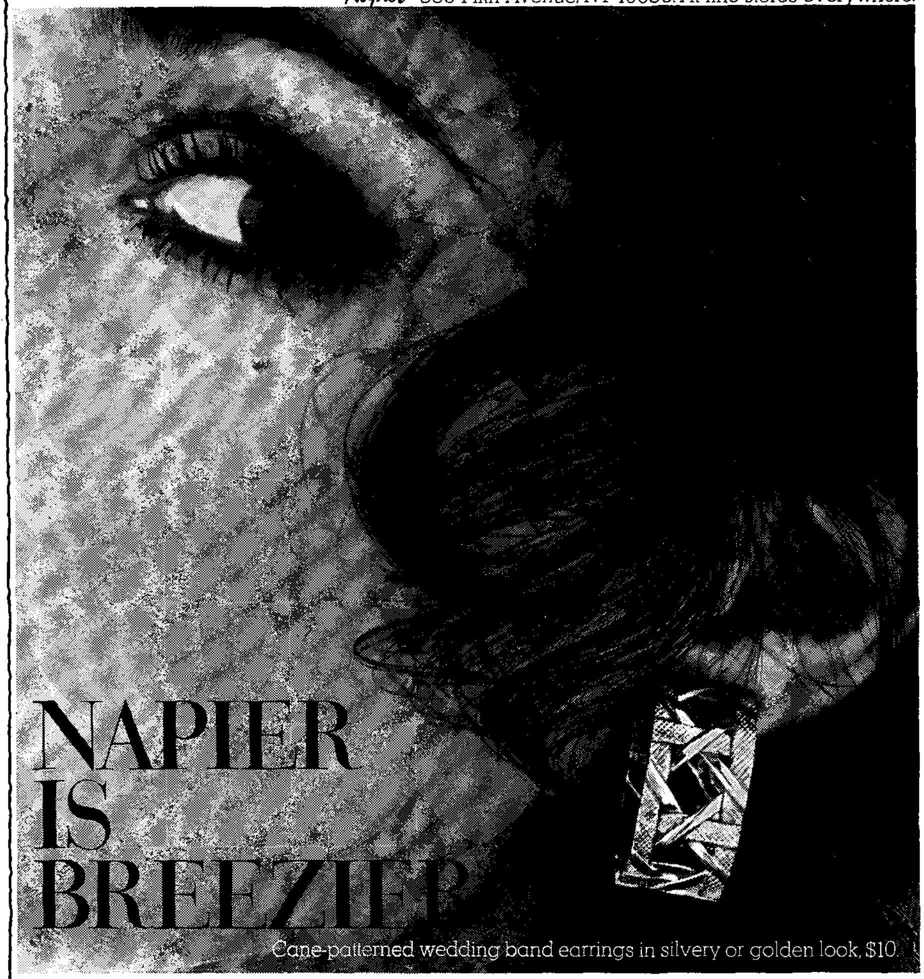

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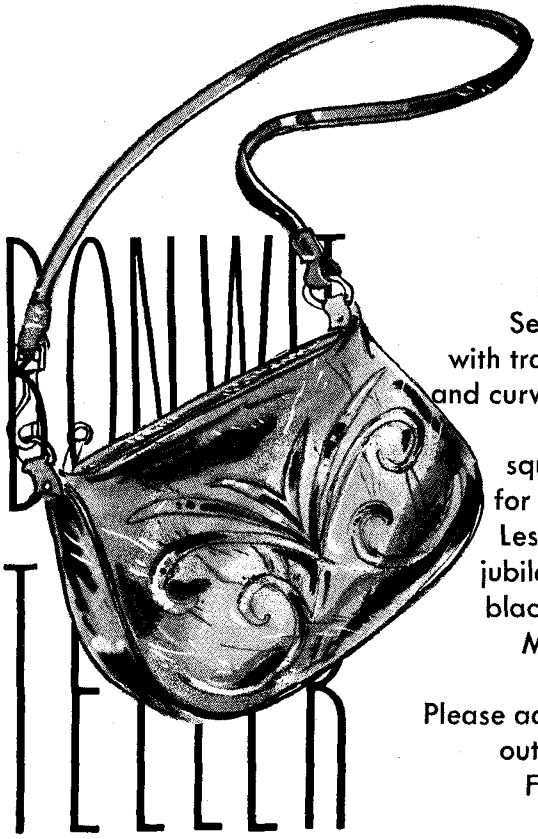

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to fourteen in the Lahinch primary school. I am sure he is good at it. I subsequently learned—not from Slattery—that he is also a former South of Ireland Amateur champion.

As we finished our tea, we were joined by the club captain, a tall, lean, pleasant man named Pat Stuart, who manages the leading bank in the village. There was no rush about him, either. He had come over to the club to be my golfing partner, and it was his suggestion that it might be more enjoyable to play ten holes or so at a gentle pace than to attempt to cram in a full round before dusk. This was fine with me, especially since his selection included the two holes that Lahinch is most famous for—the fifth, called the Klondyke, and the sixth, called the Dell. The truth of the matter is that neither of them is much of a golf hole by modern standards. On the fifth, a 458-yard par 4, Old Tom Morris had patently set out to reproduce the seventeenth at Prestwick—the renowned hole called the Alps. After a tee shot down a valley walled by lofty sand hills, the golfer's second shot must carry an outsize dune that runs the width of the fairway and shuts the green area from view. Long before MacKenzie was called in to remodel Lahinch, blind golf holes, so lavishly admired by early golfers as sources of excitement, had become rightfully scorned, but MacKenzie was not allowed to touch the Klondyke. It was part of Lahinch, and it was going to stay the way it was. The Dell was, too. This is an even more extreme blind hole—a 147-yard par 3 whose green, totally invisible from the tee, is tucked in a fold between two ridges that run at right angles to the line of flight from tee to green. To give the golfer a faint clue where to aim, a large whitewashed stone is set on the front slope of the first ridge in line with the flag; when the flag is moved to a new position, the stone is moved accordingly. What makes the hole so popular, undoubtedly, is the pleasure a golfer gets when he climbs over the first ridge and looks down on the lovely, snug little green—particularly if he sees his tee shot on it. As I say, the Klondyke and the Dell are defective golf holes, but at Lahinch they are absolutely right: two living museum pieces, two perfect Irish holes.

I spent the evening with Stuart, his wife, and some friends of theirs, talking and drinking, first in the bar of the clubhouse and then by a large fireplace in the lobby of one of the village hotels. For the most part, I talked with Mrs. Stuart, a pert, lively-eyed woman who seemed to know just about everything that was going on in the theatrical and literary worlds of London and New York. She was particularly pleased that "Philadelphia, Here I Come!," the work of the young Irish playwright Brian Friel, had done so well on Broadway. She hadn't been sure it would go in America. As our conversation continued, her comments on America gradually became franker and more critical, and since this was the first time I had been treated to the true thoughts of a native on nongolfing subjects, I found it an illuminating session. Why was it, Mrs. Stuart asked me at one point, that Americans thought they owned James Joyce. A few years back, for instance, when Dublin was the scene of an international assembly celebrating the dedication as a national monument of the Martello tower that figures in "Ulysses," the Americans had acted as if they were in charge of the ceremonies and had carried on as if they were being awfully nice to let the Dubliners in on the occasion at all. Well, I said, many Americans who were contemporaries of Joyce's in Paris obviously felt very close to him, and perhaps this was a partial explanation. Besides, I added, wasn't it essentially a great compliment to Ireland, this enduring attachment that people of all countries had for Joyce's work and his memory? From this it was a hop, skip, and jump for Mrs. Stuart to Americans in general. In a tone with only a drop of reproachfulness in it, she confessed that she didn't much care for the American tourists she had met. The minute they were off the plane, they began to tell you what was wrong with Ireland, how far behind the times it was. The tourists of Irish ancestry were the worst. You could never convince them that you were honestly happy to live in Ireland, miles from the nearest freeway or supermarket. I said that I was under the impression that most Americans found Ireland immensely appealing, and for the very reason she had mentioned: the fact that life there was not pell-mell and supercharged—that a person could catch his breath.

THE next morning—Saturday—I drove to Killarney, via Limerick. The day brought the first poor weather of the trip—a cold drizzle that now and then spurted into heavy rain. The going was slow on the winding roads,

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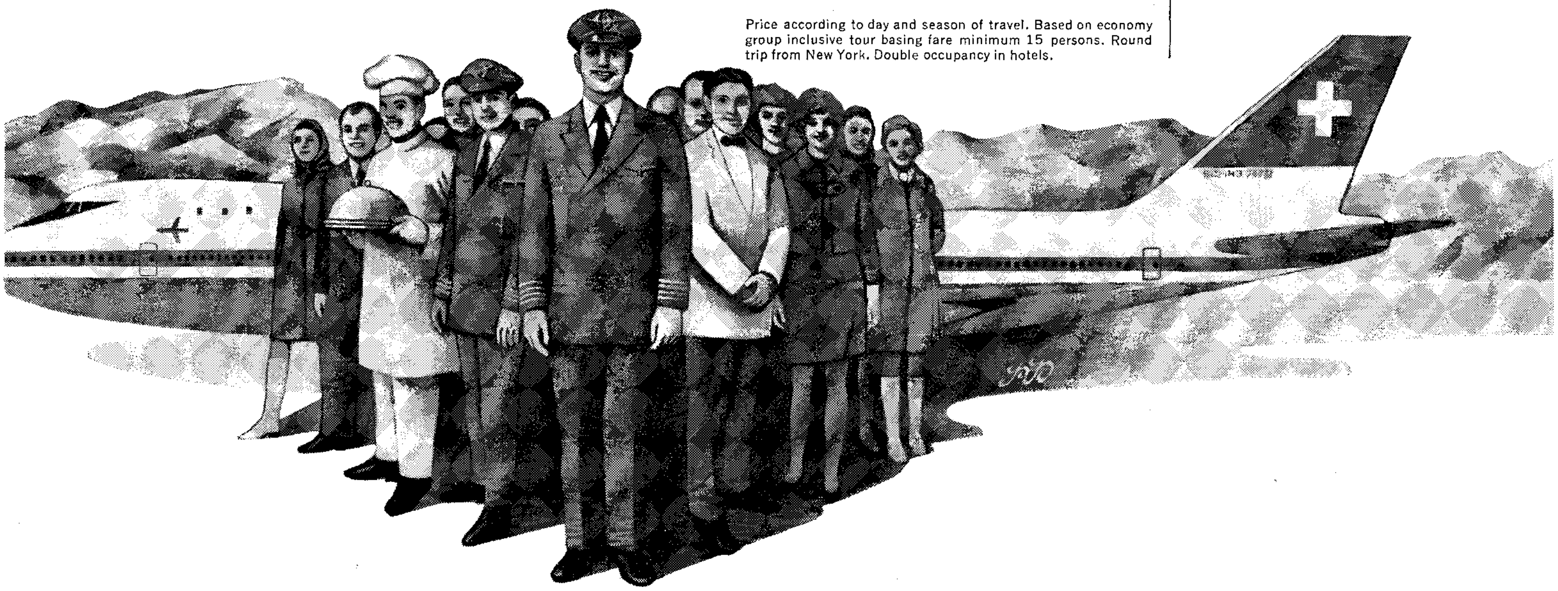

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and I was late again—this time for a two-o'clock appointment with Dr. Billy O'Sullivan at the Killarney Golf and Fishing Club. Though I was only about forty minutes late this time, I missed Dr. O'Sullivan, who had afternoon house calls to make. At present, Dr. O'Sullivan is not the club captain, nor does he hold any other club office; but, just as County Sligo is known as "Cecil Ewing's club" and Sutton, near Dublin, as "Joe Carr's club," Killarney is "Dr. Billy's club." This is as much a tribute to the Doctor's strong, hearty personality as to his golfing ability, though for many years he was the finest player in the area and a regular member of Ireland's team in the Home International matches against England, Scotland, and Wales. He was especially noted for his prowess off the tee; in a country of sluggers, he was as long as the longest. I remember well the first time I saw him in action, back in 1950 at St. Andrews during a practice round preceding the British Amateur. He was in his late thirties then, a handsome, black-haired fullback of a man, just under six feet. He was worth watching not only because he hit the ball a country mile, and straight, but also because of his unique method of attacking it. He addressed the ball in the conventional manner, but the instant before he unfurled his backswing he widened his stance by moving his right foot about eight inches to the right. This step back, he believed, was the secret of his power, since it widened the arc of his swing appreciably, but, while everyone agreed with the soundness of his theory, no one switched over to the O'Sullivan method. It worked for him, though, and all over Ireland, when visiting golfers walk down the fairways to play their second or third shots, members of the home club are forever pointing out to them the exact spot where a herculean 330-yard or 320-yard drive by Dr. O'Sullivan came to rest back in '39 or '47.

In the Doctor's absence, I was taken in hand at the golf club by a tall, bespectacled, mild-mannered young agricultural expert named Finbarr Slattery, who, when I last saw Dr. O'Sullivan, at the 1960 World Cup match, at Portmarnock, had been a member of his party. Since the drizzle continued, I spent the afternoon in the clubhouse lounge, talking with Slattery and the club secretary—a retired Irish Army officer, Captain D. D. O'Connell—and watching some televised soccer and horse racing. The clubhouse, like the new wing at Lahinch, is a sleek modern structure of wood and glass, but

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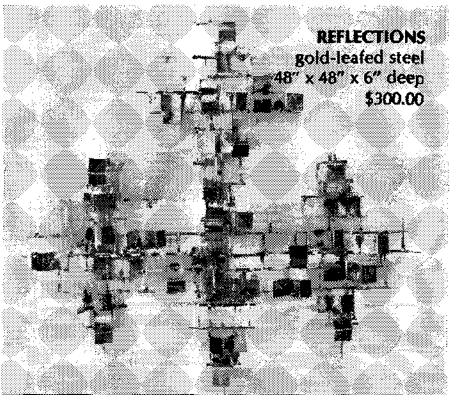

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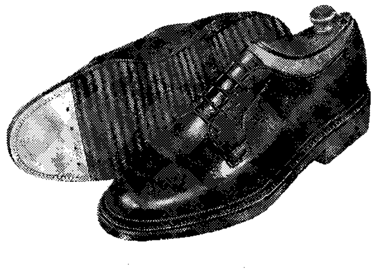

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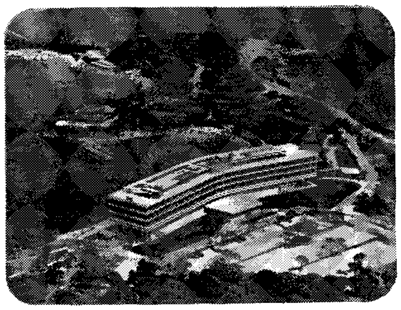

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the difference is that one rather expects to find this sort of thing at the Killarney Golf and Fishing Club. It is a most up-to-date and cosmopolitan spot, for the course gets a great deal of play from the endless flow of tourists from Britain, the Continent, and America who come to the Killarney region primarily to see the lakes or to fish for salmon at Waterville and other coastal villages nearby. In recent years, moreover, the club has been attracting more and more visitors to the region expressly to play golf. A considerable proportion of these patrons fly in from northern Europe, which has a much shorter golf season than southwestern Ireland, where golf can be played enjoyably the year round, thanks to the warming influence of the Gulf Stream. Killarney has also grown increasingly popular with English golfers, now that the facilities around London have become overcrowded. Slattery told me, "We have one regular visitor from London who claims he can get his round in here quicker than at his home course, in Berkshire. That's only twenty miles from his house, but it's so jammed on weekends that the members have to be assigned starting times. This fellow lives near Heathrow Airport, so it takes him no time at all to get here—an hour to fly to Cork, and an hour and a half to drive over from there. We're never too crowded. He can walk right out onto the first tee and bang away."

Slattery, who is the club's unofficial historian, said that golf got its start in Killarney in 1893, the same year it was formally launched in Lahinch. That summer, nine holes were laid out in the town deer park. Willie Park, Jr., one of the top Scottish professionals and golf architects of the day, designed the bunkering. In time, the course was extended to eighteen holes, but there was never much golf fever in Killarney, despite the game's inexpensiveness; as late as 1916, annual dues for the members were only a touch over six dollars. The man who changed all this was the late Viscount Castlerosse (in his last years the sixth Earl of Kenmare). A large, ponderous man, Castlerosse became a well-known personality in Britain during the nineteen-thirties as the gossip columnist of the London *Sunday Express*. He was, in fact, the first of that breed in Fleet Street, and was so good at the job that he always accorded a full page. In his youth, Castlerosse had been a skillful enough golfer to make his university team. As his girth increased, so did his handicap, but he continued to play a

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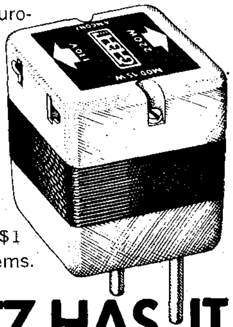

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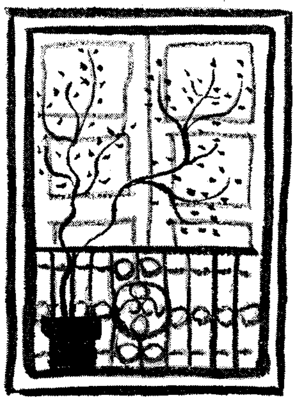
more than respectable game, and his enthusiasm for golf became steadily more intense. In the late nineteen-thirties, after he had come into family property fronting on Lough Leane, the largest of Killarney's three lakes, he was in a position to fulfill a long-cherished dream of building a championship-calibre golf course. First, a corporation was set up, some of the shares going to Killarney hotelmen, who contributed capital, and the rest going to Castlerosse, who contributed the land. Then Castlerosse lined up the golf architect he wanted—Sir Guy Campbell, whose many credits included brilliant revisions of the old links at Rye and Deal, in southeastern England. In Sir Guy's opinion, the configuration of the land at Killarney was ideal, and before laying out the holes he walked the acres tirelessly and tossed ideas around at regular intervals with Castlerosse and Henry Longhurst, the gifted English golf journalist, who was one of Castlerosse's closest Fleet Street friends. The three agreed that the course they were after should have the same close-knit, turfy grass that makes seaside links such a delight, but that, at the same time, it should have the basic flavor of a lakeside course and take full advantage of the scenic glory of Lough Leane and Macgillycuddy's Reeks, the rugged mountains that rise just to the west of the lakes. During the Second World War, before the course was officially opened, Castlerosse altered some features of the holes that Campbell had devised, and, as a final touch, landscaped many of the green areas with masses of hydrangeas, rhododendrons, azaleas, laburnum, and other flowering shrubs and trees. After the war, when it was finally opened, Castlerosse confidently expected the new Killarney course to be a *succès fou*. Recalling that only a few years earlier the land was a rabbit warren covered with furze bushes that "housed some sheep, who did not particularly prosper," he noted that "when Patiño senior obtained the rights of the famous Bolivian tin mines in return for a suit of clothes, the donor no more than the receiver had any suspicion of the value of these papers." He saw the course as "the beginning of a new movement which will make the south of Ireland, and Kerry in particular, the playground par excellence of two continents." If Kerry still has some distance to go before it eclipses the Côte d'Azur, Castlerosse's dream course has established itself solidly as a sort of Irish Gleneagles. There was never any doubt that it was of true championship class. In 1949, three years after it was unveiled, it was selected for the Irish Amateur Championship, and in more recent years it has been the venue of two more Amateur Championships, two Irish Ladies Championships, the Home Internationals, the Jeyes Pro-Amateur tournament (sponsored by a company that makes paper and disinfectants), and a glamorous event that Castlerosse would have loved but, unfortunately, did not live to see—an eighteen-hole match between Carr, who is Ireland's Bob Jones, and Alan Geiberger, the California professional, which was filmed for the American television series "Shell's Wonderful World of Golf." (Carr and Geiberger finished all even.)

Late in the afternoon, when the drizzle let up, I played Killarney with Captain O'Connell. My golf left something to be desired—little things like accuracy and power—but I still managed to enjoy the course very much indeed. To begin with, it is, as one hopes it will be, extremely beautiful. Three holes on the first nine and three on the second closely skirt the blue lake, and the greens on two of these holes—the fourth and the eighteenth—are set smack beside the water. The eighteenth, a par 3 that measures 182 yards from the medal tee and 202 yards from the championship tee, has adherents who claim that it is both the most dramatic and altogether the best short hole in Europe. It may well be. A small inlet of the lake cuts in at the head of a green that is tightly enclosed on the three remaining sides by giant rhododendrons and pines. The non-lakeside holes move across meadowland and through woodland, and this gives them a distinctly American feeling. Killarney's second major virtue is that it presents an equally fair test for the scratch golfer and for the struggler who breaks a hundred only when he is playing alone. It manages this by having no fewer than five tees on each hole: a ladies' tee, a forward tee (for the strugglers), a box (or regular) tee, a medal tee (for low-handicap players), and a championship tee. From the regular



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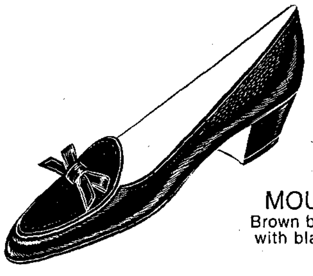

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tees, the course is under 6,400 yards long, and an 80-shooter, finding himself notching par after par without much trouble on his first round, is astonished to learn that the course record is no lower than 70. The explanation is that this is the record from the championship tees. From these, the course swells to 6,700 yards and is a wholly different proposition; it demands not only greater power but, since more hazards come into play, true control of the ball. Gary Player once needed eighty-four shots to get around. (Since my visit, a number of the less distinguished holes have been remodelled and eighteen more holes have been added. The plan, I am told, is to come up with two very strong courses, on both of which new holes will be incorporated with old ones. Killarney's revised setup will receive its first big test in 1973, when the club will be host to the European Amateur Team Championship.)

That evening, at the Great Southern Hotel, I joined Dr. O'Sullivan, Slattery, Captain O'Connell, and the club captain, Ivo O'Sullivan (not related to the Doctor), for drinks, dinner, and drinks. We talked nothing but golf for five straight hours—five hours that whipped by like two. I encountered more original thinking about the game that evening than I had for years. For example, Dr. O'Sullivan—I thought he looked quite unchanged except for a few gray hairs—held forth at one point on the unwritten strictures regarding par-3 holes. "There is no reason whatever for the number of short holes on a course to be limited to four," he declared vigorously. "If the terrain cries out for five, or six, or seven short holes, you should go ahead and build them. Am I right, Finbarr?" Before Slattery had time even to nod, the Doctor was plowing ahead. "As a matter of fact, I don't see any reason a course couldn't *begin* with a short hole. The only championship course I know of that does is Lytham St. Anne's. All right, you will counter, Finbarr, by telling me that one of the reasons a course usually begins with a par 4 or a par 5 is to give the player time to get warmed up. I say to that, 'Let him get warmed up before he comes to the first tee.' " He looked searchingly at Slattery, with whom, it was clear, he shared a strong rapport.

"Ah, you're so right, Billy," Slattery answered without a second's hesitation. "You've put your finger on something."

"Finbarr," the Doctor went on, laughing a little, "don't agree with me

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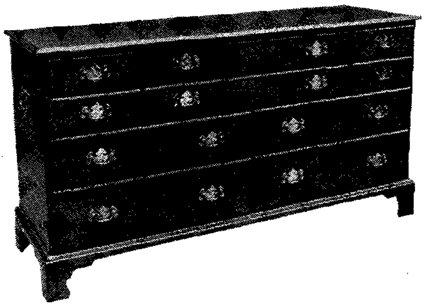

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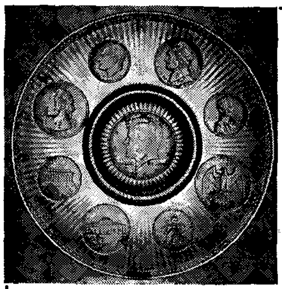

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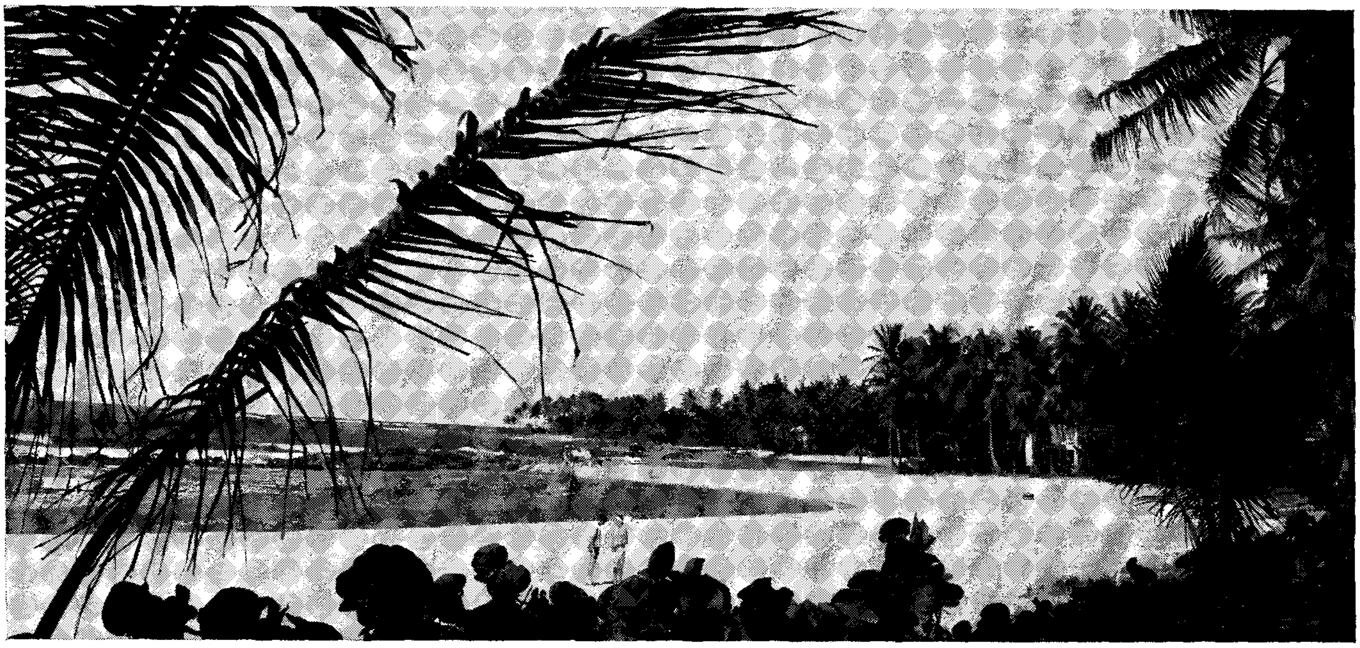

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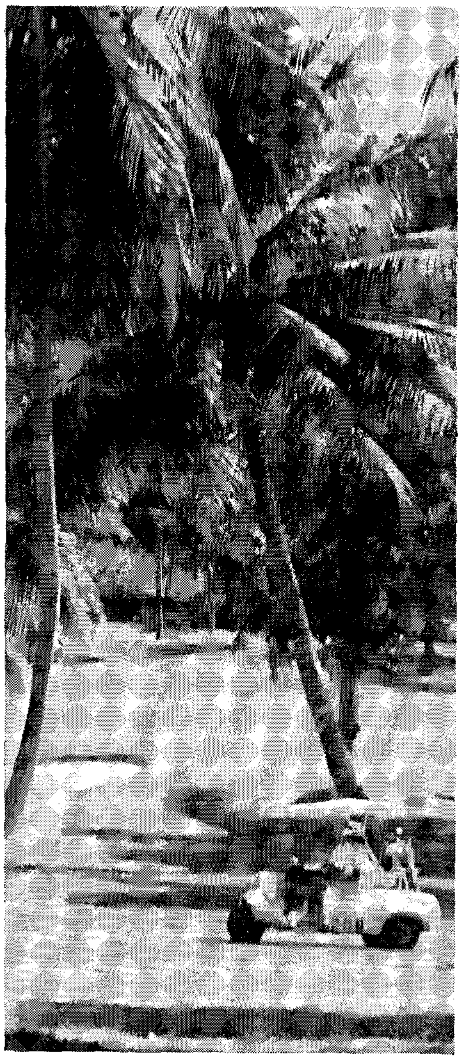

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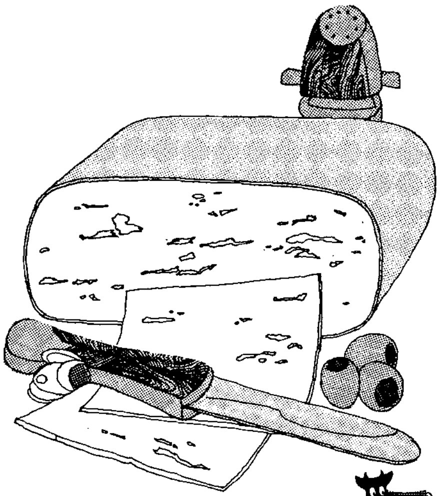

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too quickly now, but is there anything wrong with the eighteenth hole at Killarney? Along with the eighth, it's probably the best hole on the course, right? Right. But can you name another course, Finbarr, that finishes with a par 3? I'll bet you can't. Golf tradition says you should finish with a par 4 or a par 5, but I think we'd all agree that our eighteenth has worked out handsomely. I'll go further, I think a short hole makes the *best* finishing hole. Say, two men come to the eighteenth all square. What other type of hole is as fair as a fine par 3 for settling the outcome of a match?"

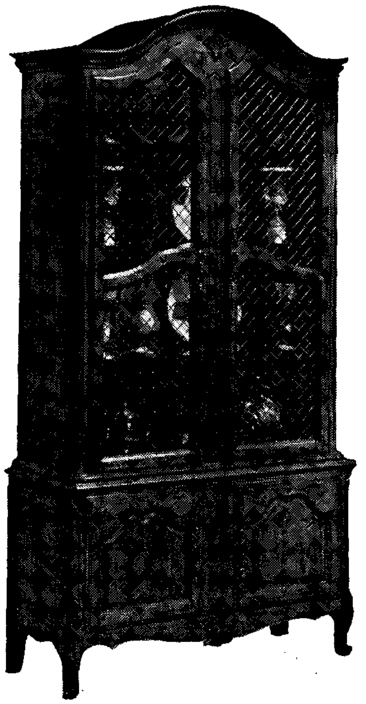
"But, Billy," Slattery interjected, "at the rate you're going, sure you'd end up with a course with a dozen par 3s."

"So I would, Finbarr, so I would," the Doctor declared firmly. "You must remember I'm not as long off the tees as I used to be."

MY schedule for Sunday called for me to drive to Ballybunion, an hour and a half away, and return to Killarney in the evening. Ballybunion was the last course on the itinerary that MacWeeney had prepared for me, and, in a way, I was glad that it was. I had been moving at a pretty fast clip, and the succession of long days and late nights was beginning to get to me. Accordingly, I planned to take it easy on Sunday: I would sleep until ten, wrap up Ballybunion as quickly as possible, and get to bed back in Killarney no later than ten that evening.

The day worked out very well, but somewhat differently from what I had planned. At eight o'clock, I was awakened by a telephone call from Dr. O'Sullivan. Wouldn't it be pleasanter for me if I had some company on my trip to Ballybunion? Indeed it would, I told him. Very well, then—he and Finbarr Slattery would come by my hotel and collect me at nine-thirty. I had no sooner hung up, it seemed, than the phone rang again. It was Slattery, announcing that he was looking forward eagerly to the day's excursion.

Ballybunion is a small gray seaside resort in northern Kerry, fifty miles west of Limerick and twenty miles due north of Tralee. A far less prepossessing village than Lahinch, it stands on the south shore of the Shannon estuary, facing the Atlantic. Though it was thick with holiday people this Sunday, I gathered from Dr. O'Sullivan that it had never been very prosperous. The golf links, he said, had suffered down through the years from lack of funds. In his opinion, the course was potentially the equal of any in Ireland, but



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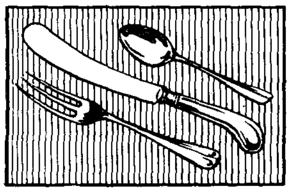

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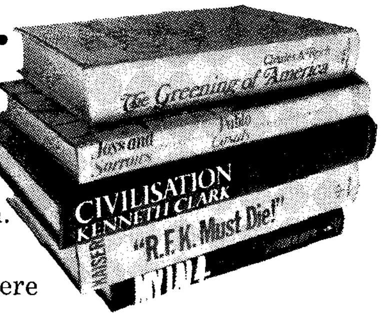

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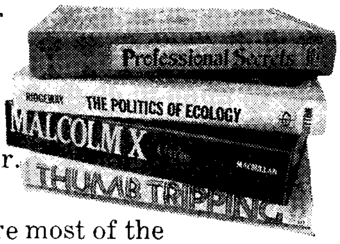

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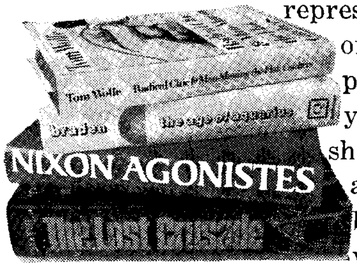

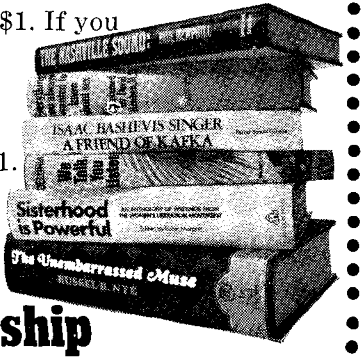

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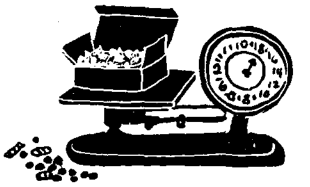
the club had never had the wherewithal to maintain it in first-class condition or to develop it as a richer club might have. On top of this, there was now the problem of erosion to cope with. Some sections of the high, steep cliffs along the shore were slipping into the ocean, and not at a geological rate, either; in fact, one or two greens might be lost in a matter of years. The principal point he wished to stress, however, was the quality of the course. One Irish Professional Championship, two Irish Amateurs, and two Irish Ladies' Championships had been held there, and he had yet to meet the golfer who had not been both charmed and awed by Ballybunion. "On the other hand, it's virtually unknown," he added. "Very few tourists from Britain or America—or, for that matter, from other parts of Ireland—bother to visit it. They know about Ballybunion, but it's stuck off by itself on the road to nowhere, so in the end they pass it by. They make a tremendous mistake."



At first glance, even the most distinguished linksland courses look utterly ordinary to the man who has never played them before. If a golfer stands on the terrace at the Augusta National Golf Club, say, and takes in the wide panorama of lush fairways swinging through tall pines, he senses at once that an authentic championship layout awaits him—an experience that also occurs at most of the world's renowned inland courses. But let him stand on the first tee at St. Andrews or Ballybunion, and all he sees is a treeless sweep of billowing pale-green land with a few dun-colored sand hills in the distance—a most unpromising vista. A fragment of fairway is visible here and another fragment there, and a few numbered flags are blowing in the breeze, so what he is looking at is evidently a golf course, but it might as easily be pastureland. It is only when the golfer gets out onto a linksland course that he discovers, to his amazement, that it is filled with great golf holes, all the more appealing since their strategic features were molded by nature instead of by the bulldozer. I should state before going any farther that I did not play Ballybunion. In retrospect, I regret this, but when we arrived that morning a chilly, moisture-laden twenty-knot wind was busting in off the ocean, and it completely doused what little desire I had to play golf. I could picture myself having one of my sparkling rounds, in which I would be standing deep in the alien corn on shot after shot while Dr. O'Sullivan patiently studied some adjacent par-3 hole and Slattery ruminated over the stubborn refusal of the local farmers to give up their traditional potatoes and raise dairy cattle instead, as he had been urging them to. Instead, we walked the eighteen holes. At the start, there were just the three of us up from Killarney, but on the second hole we were joined by Paddy Allen, a dedicated Ballybunion man in his sixties, who had long been one of the club's best players and was now a club trustee. (Allen had been waiting at the small, plain clubhouse to greet us on our arrival, along with his brother Tom, the club steward for upward of fifty years, and both had been openly delighted at seeing Dr. O'Sullivan. Allen had then phoned the captain and a few other members about our plans for the day before catching up with us.) By the time we reached the fifth tee, our walking party had been supplemented by a dozen Ballybunion men, among them the captain, J. D. Mahony; the secretary, Michael Handrahan; and a Dr. Walsh, who was forced to leave us at the fifteenth hole when a young boy raced out to inform him he was urgently needed to deliver a baby. In its general pattern, this walk was similar to the shorter one I had made with Mixie Murphy's band at County Sligo; groups of two or three went off by themselves and then converged at some natural collecting point, like a bunker, where new clusters broke off. Despite the ripping wind and some intermittent rain, the walk, which took two hours, was profoundly exciting. To put it simply, Ballybunion revealed itself to be nothing less than the finest seaside course I have ever seen. It shows its quality on the very first hole, a par 4 that doglegs to the left and seems a good bit longer than 372 yards—its length on the scorecard. From the tee, the hole appears to be a rather banal par 4, but when, upon reaching that point in the fairway where an adequate drive would finish, you study the long, narrow green, a medium-iron away, and the fanciful convolutions of the land in the green area, your assessment changes radically. It is, you perceive, a formidable, arresting hole. When I expressed these thoughts to Dr. O'Sullivan, he agreed completely. He went on to observe that he had never seen Ballybunion in such excellent condition. "Usually, it's all

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kind of shaggy and spotty, but everything's cut so crisp today. Maybe it's because they knew we were coming. Whatever the reason, the course looks grand, doesn't it?"

The second hole certainly did. It is a 413-yard par 4 running roughly parallel to the seventy-foot-high cliffs that plunge down to the beach and the water. Actually, the hole plays as a slight dogleg, to the right. The correct line on the tee shot is down the left side of the fairway, for this opens up the entrance to the green, which is flanked on the left by a massive sand hill and on the right by the cliffs. From the tee, the entire hole is visible, and, as if this were not an exhilarating enough prospect, farther in the distance, at the end of a tight valley between two rows of sand hills, the eye takes in the minute green of another dazzling cliffside hole, the sixth. I breathed it all in slowly, wondering first to myself and then aloud who the architect was who had had the genius to use the duneland in such a thrilling way. Dr. O'Sullivan didn't know, but when I later asked Paddy Allen he told me that the credit for both holes belonged to the late Tom Simpson, a much admired English architect; they were two of four holes that Simpson had substantially improved when he remodelled the course in the nineteen-thirties. Allen said this with a dour matter-of-factness that didn't tally with the pleasure a dedicated Ballybunion man would normally take in showing these superior holes to visitors. His voice and his countenance became noticeably grimmer a moment later, when, after we had walked behind the second green, he pointed out some rude wooden props that had been rigged against the face of the cliff. This was one of the places where erosion was proceeding at alarming speed. He shook his head sadly as we walked back to a sheltered basin on the inland side of the large sand hill flanking the green. "If we lose the second green," he said, "this is where the new green will probably go."

"It will ruin the hole, Paddy," Dr. O'Sullivan expostulated.

Allen opened his palms in a gesture of resignation. "Yes, Billy," he said. "It will be just another golf hole." He walked away to commune with himself.

A tourist driving through Switzerland is staggered by its prodigal beauty; around the bend from the most wondrous view he has ever beheld he comes upon a view that surpasses it—and so on and on, endlessly. Ballybunion is something like that. I do not mean to

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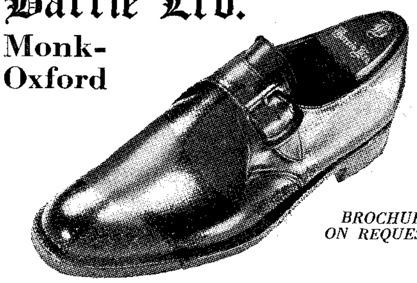

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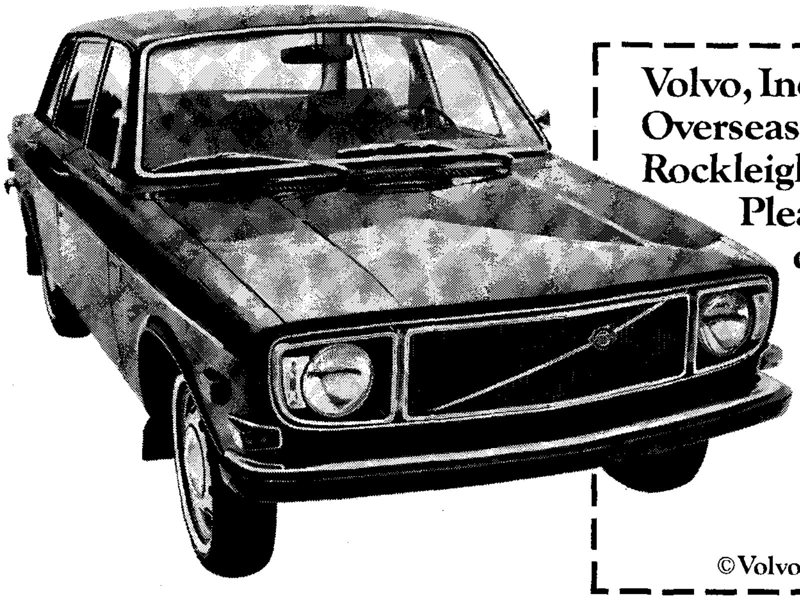

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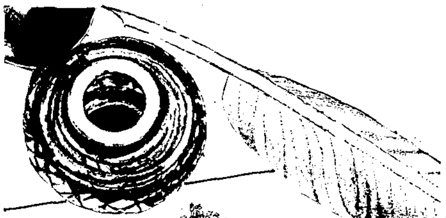

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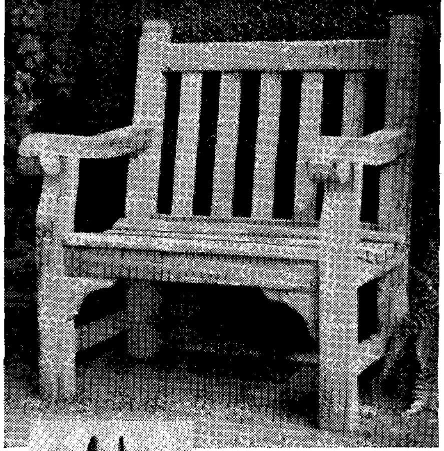

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suggest that there are vistas that put the one from the second tee to shame—there aren't—but there is a correspondence in the way one stirring hole is followed by another and another. The third, for example, is a 145-yarder that moves through the sand hills to a devilish little green that tips into an abrupt downslope on the right and is bunkered on the left and in front. On the fourth, a 451-yard par 4 on the inland side of the sand-hill belt, the key hazard is a deep bunker carved in the face of a rise in the middle of the fairway about twenty yards in front of the plateau green; anything less than a perfectly struck second shot will end up in it. (*A sign at the edge of the bunker informs the golfer that it is called the* Crow's Nest. There are similar signs at the other major hazards on the course—an original touch and a flavorsome one.) The fifth hole, which curves back toward the ocean through another twisting valley, is a very attractive drive-and-pitch par 4, 343 yards long, a dogleg to the left this time. The sixth, which I've already mentioned, is a perfect beauty—a 450-yard par 4 that tumbles downhill along the cliffs to an inviting green. And that is the way it keeps going at Ballybunion. There is not one prosaic hole—not one single "breather"—in the whole eighteen. If the course has a weakness, I suppose it is the comparative plainness of the last two holes—a pair of par 5s stretching over the somewhat featureless interior ground. They are not trite holes, for they are imaginatively bunkered, but they do lack the beauty of the rest of the course, and as a result they are somewhat anticlimactic.

At the conclusion of our walk, I found I could remember each of the eighteen holes without much trouble. This is probably the oldest and soundest rule of thumb for judging the merits of a course that a golfer has just seen for the first time. Apart from the first six holes, three others remained especially distinct: the tenth, a 210-yarder over difficult duneland, where the prevailing wind, from the west, sweeps across from left to right; the 368-yard thirteenth, where the sand in a fifty-yard-wide bunker called the Sahara is strewn with deer bones, shells, stones, and ashes deposited in the fifteenth century by a tribe that used the cavity as a midden, or dump; and the fourteenth, a 376-yard par 4 that Simpson enlivened by placing in the drive zone a mounded double bunker, which the members immediately dubbed Mrs. Simpson. Ballybunion is a moderate 6,317 yards in length, par is 71

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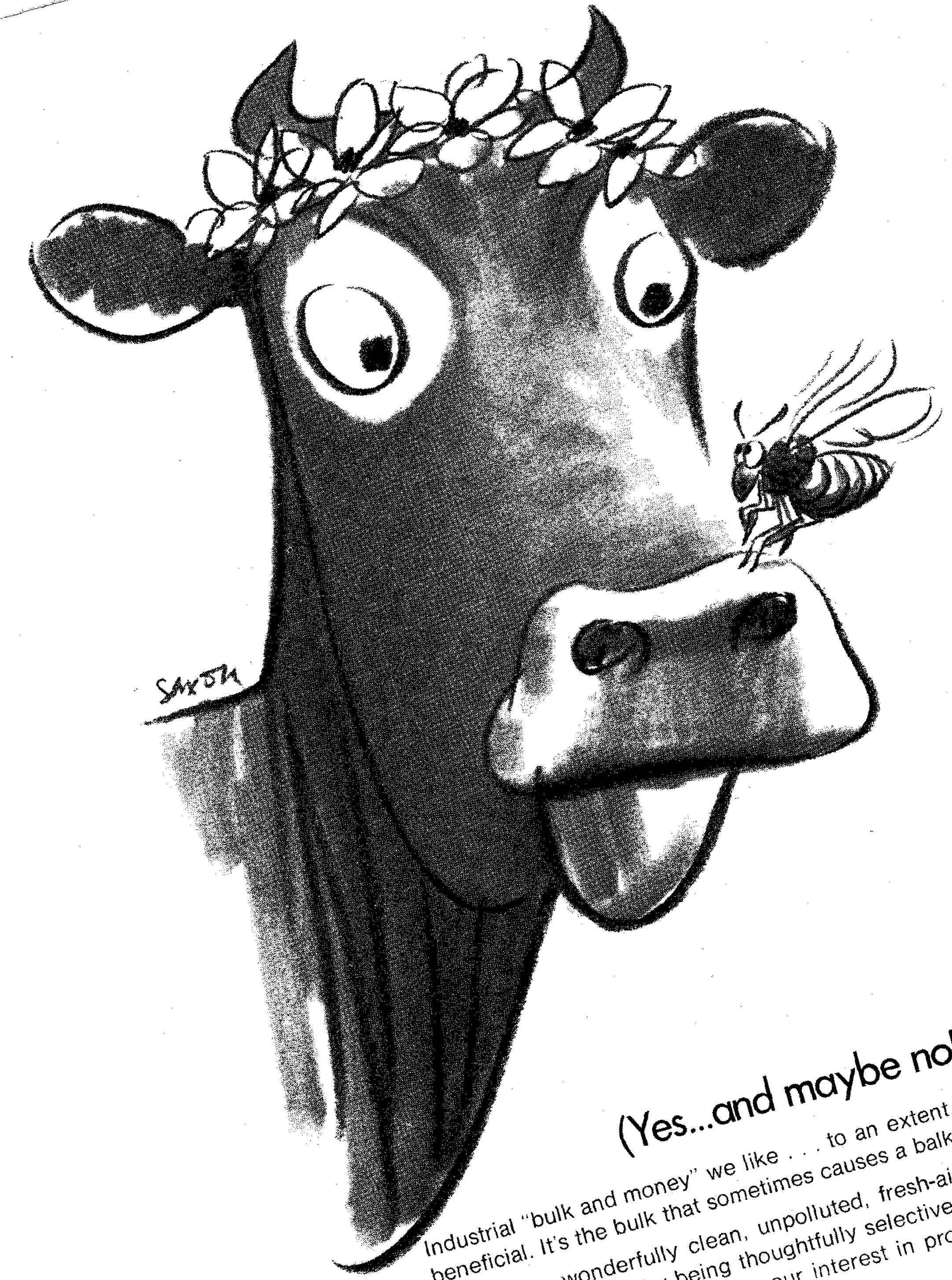

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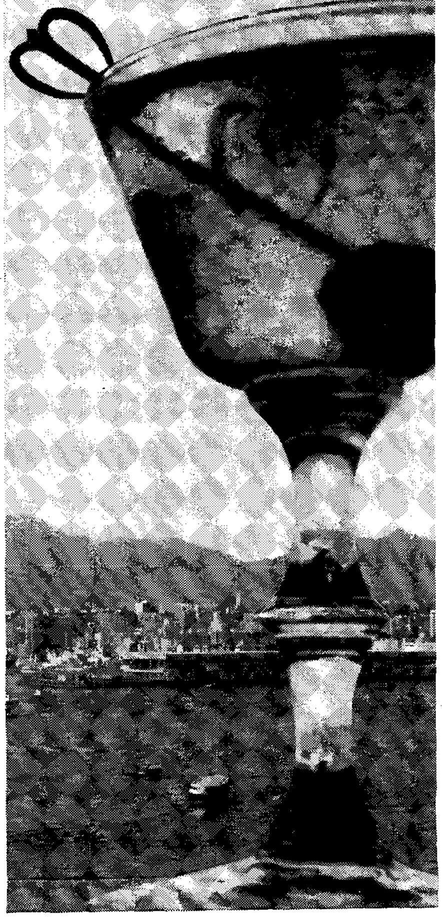
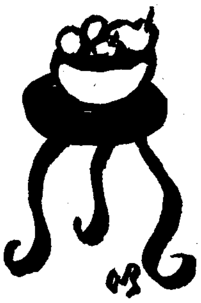


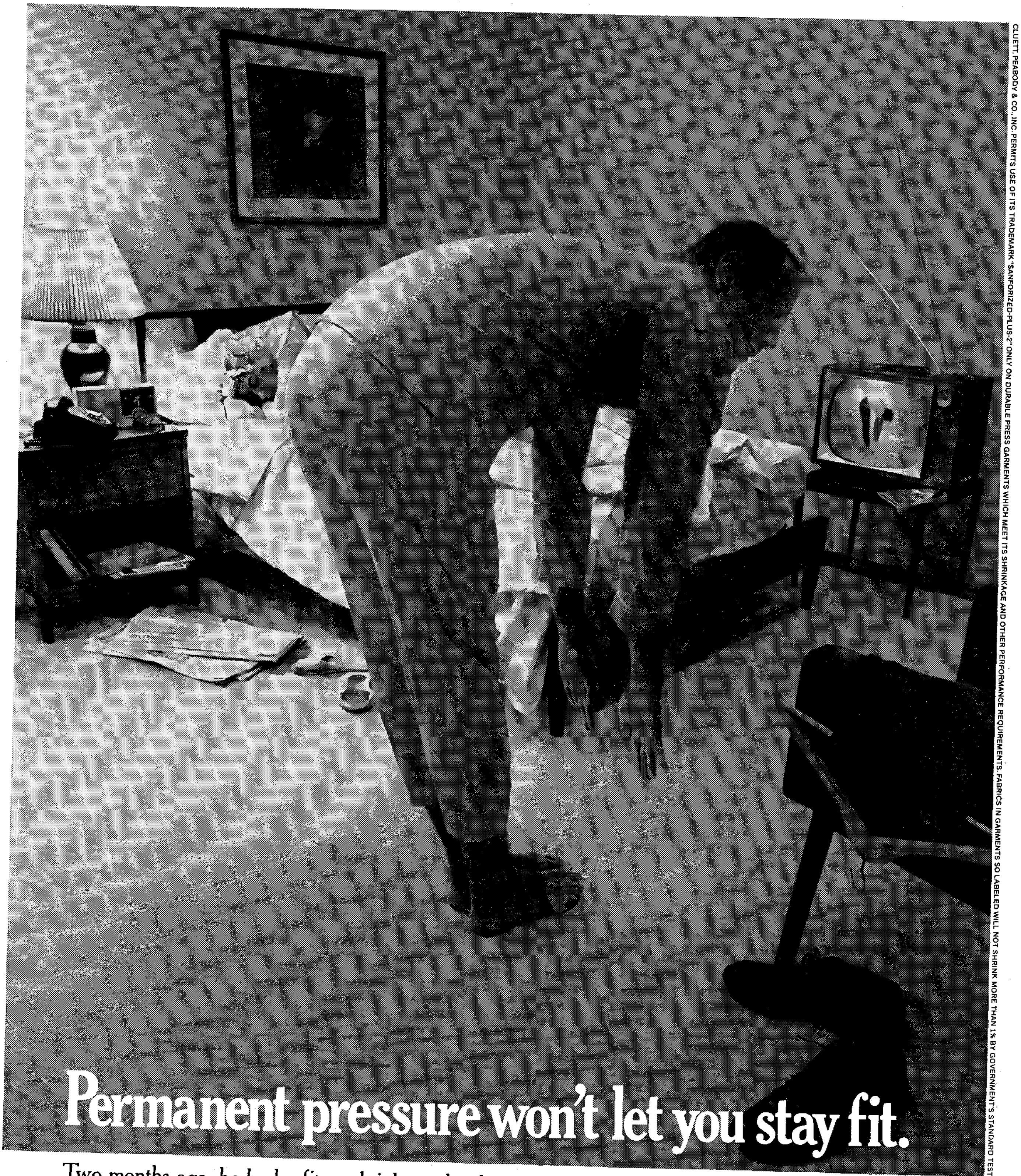
(34-37), the course record is 65, and, as I say, no other links, in my opinion, presents such a satisfying adventure in golf. The course has two endowments that I believe to be unique. First, it is the only links I know of where most of the oceanside holes are perched atop spectacular cliffs, in the manner of Pebble Beach (which is not a true links). Second—and this is undoubtedly the secret of its character and charm—it is the only links I know of where the sand-hill ridges do not run parallel to the shore but at a decided traverse. This opens all sorts of possibilities—dogleg holes of every description sculptured through the choppy land, and straightaway holes where the sand hills patrol the entrance to the green like the Pillars of Hercules. One more point: Unlike most links, Ballybunion challenges you with target golf. There is none of that bouncing your iron approach short of the green and letting it bobble toward the flag, as you do on most courses in the British Isles. No, you aim for the flag, and if your shot lands on the green the green is sufficiently receptive to hold it.

The miracle is that every one of the several golf architects who had a hand in creating Ballybunion recognized how the terrain should be handled. During lunch, at the Castle Hotel, Paddy Allen, having pored over the club records at the finish of our walk, supplied some information on these architects. The man who took care of the course when Ballybunion was founded, in 1896, was one P. Murphy, who was paid nine shillings a week. Financial woes brought the original organization down, and the club was re-formed in 1906, at which time Captain Lionel Hewson, for many years the editor of the magazine *Irish Golf*, built the nine holes that became the basis of the present layout. In 1926, when the course was extended to eighteen holes, the work was directed by a man named Smyth, who was a designer on the staff of Carter & Sons, a London firm specializing in the construction of sports grounds. Then, in 1936, Simpson was brought in to remodel the course. He was given carte blanche, but, recognizing the unusual worth of the existing layout—something that few architects would have managed to do, in their eagerness to edit their predecessors—he made only four changes: he re-sited the second, fourth, and eighth greens and introduced the Mrs. Simpson double bunker on the fourteenth. Finally, the course reflects the devotion of William J. McCarthy, a local solicitor and hotel owner, whose father was one of the club's founders. McCarthy, who is still active in the club, served for more than two decades as Ballybunion's honorary secretary and also performed the duties of a kind of resident architect. In the early nineteen-fifties, he built two first-class new holes to replace the old eleventh and twelfth, but, in truth, there is hardly a hole that McCarthy has not enhanced by some skillful little touch, like recontouring a bunker or relocating a tee.



During lunch, Dr. O'Sullivan, both as a regional hero and as the representative of a more thriving and worldly golf club, was kept busy answering a stream of questions from the Ballybunion men about how they might go about improving their hard-pressed operation. The Doctor strongly recommended that the members, if they were in a position to do so, acquire the seashore property adjacent to the course, as a safeguard against invasion by get-rich-quick realtors. He emphatically supported the proposal that a new clubhouse, however modest, be built as soon as possible at the edge of the sea, close by either the sixth or the tenth green. (One of the incidental advantages of such a move would be that the order of the holes would necessarily be changed for the better if either the seventh or eleventh became the first hole, for then the present seventeenth and eighteenth would be played in the middle of a round, and the course would surge to a much more stirring finish.) He also suggested that the club seek professional guidance in dealing with the erosion problem. He was listened to most attentively. In fact, there were only a few light moments during the lunch. One of them came when Dr. Walsh, the delivery completed, rejoined the party. Was it a boy, he was asked. "No," he said. "Only a child."

My overriding memory of the lunch, however, is the unbroken gravity of the Ballybunion men as they discussed with Dr. O'Sullivan the steps they should take to make the golf world more conscious of their course. Paddy Allen was still wrestling with that problem when I said goodbye to him. "We can't expect anything like the number of tourists Portmarnock gets," he told me, in a small voice that grew emotional despite his efforts to speak calmly. "But we need a better bite off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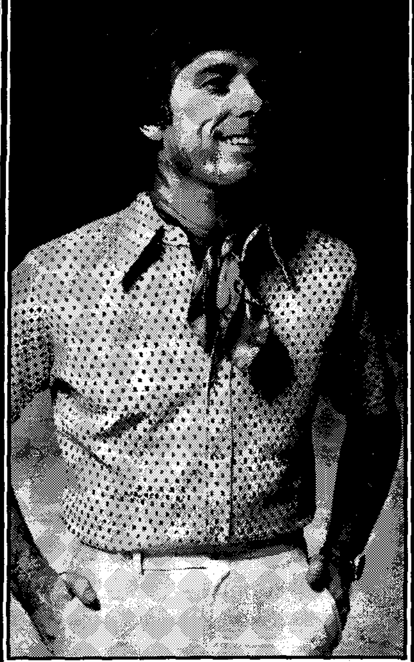

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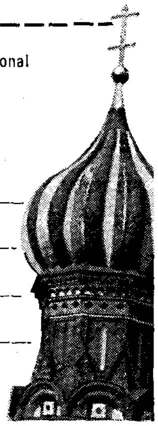

the plum—a much better bite. As you saw for yourself, Ballybunion is a fine, fine course. And that champagne air off the ocean—" He broke off, then continued, "The course means everything here. Take away the golf course and you take away Ballybunion."

We did not return directly to Killarney but instead drove to a spot some twenty miles west of it, on Dingle Bay, where Dr. O'Sullivan has a summer place—a bright seaside house that his father, who had also been a doctor, owned before him. There, after a visit with his wife and children, we walked another golf course—Dooks, a nice layout that is literally in the O'Sullivans' back yard. (It was on Dooks that the Doctor, as a boy, perfected his exclusive step-back swing.) The Ivo O'Sullivans dropped by, and the four adult O'Sullivans, Slattery, and I had dinner together at a nearby country inn, the Towers. It is customary for the patrons of the Towers to gather at one end of the dining room as the evening wears on, and put on their own cabaret. The show that evening was remarkably good. Several persons who knew how to sing Gilbert and Sullivan roved through the operettas for an hour or so. A pretty girl with ballad-length hair sang some ballads very well. Even the Victor Herbert and Franz Lehar specialists, who came on next, were not bad. By this time, it was midnight, and since our table had consumed a continuous flow of gin-and-tonic, white wine, red wine, and brandy, I was finding it hard to stay awake. None of the others in the group appeared to be similarly affected, though. This was Ireland, and for them the night was young. On came numberless rounds of Guinness, and up to piano-side strolled various members of the late, late show. The most talented performer, I thought, was a young law student, a friend of the four O'Sullivans, who ran through a few Noël Coward patter songs, a John McCormack parody, and a multi-verse music-hall ditty about a language teacher from Paris who took a fearful walloping in Ireland because each innocuous French phrase he uttered sounded like an insult in English. We left at three, after the law student's second encore, and, in pouring rain, Dr. O'Sullivan, still fresh as a daisy, drove Slattery and me down the dark, slippery roads to Killarney.

THE long drive back to Dublin was happily uneventful. I arrived at the Shelbourne in late afternoon, yawning loudly and hoping that MacWeeney would somehow be late for an

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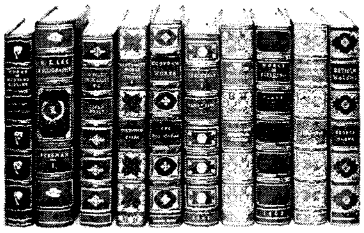

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appointment I had with him for five-thirty, so that I could sneak a short nap. He was punctual, as usual, though, and as well organized as ever; Joe Carr and his wife were expecting us to call in for drinks, he said. I washed my face hard, and, to give myself a little lift, changed my shirt and my socks.

As I have said, Carr receives the same overwhelming adoration in Ireland today that Bobby Jones did in this country during the twenties. It is certainly deserved. Think of it: twelve victories in the East of Ireland Amateur, two in the South of Ireland Amateur (in which he has made infrequent appearances), eleven in the West of Ireland Amateur, and six in the Irish Amateur, which is the national championship, not to mention his three great victories in the British Amateur! Between 1947, when he first made the British Walker Cup team, and 1965, when he became the team's non-playing captain, he appeared in all nine of the Cup matches, defeating such estimable foes as Frank Stranahan, Ted Bishop, and Charley Coe. I will mention only one more of his many achievements. After he had won his second British Amateur Championship, he was invited to play in the Dunlop Masters, one of the biggest British professional tournaments, and came within an eyelash of defeating the entire field. It took a 66 by Christy O'Connor on the last round to edge him out. The important thing about Carr, however—as it was with Jones—is that the spirit with which he approaches golf is as exceptional as his talent for the game. There is plenty of fire in his makeup, and winning always has meant a great deal to him, but few golfers have Carr's ability to conduct himself identically in victory and defeat, so that unless you know how his match has come out, you can never tell, when you see him after a round, whether he won or lost. Carr's lightheartedness on and off the course and his friendliness toward his opponents have in no way been an act for the spectators' benefit. He is the person he appears to be—a well-ordered, genuinely outgoing, buoyant man, who concluded early in his career that to compete hard and to remain amiable were not at all irreconcilable. When his international exploits, his manner, and his slashing style (he hits the ball almost as long as Nicklaus or Palmer, though he is as thin as a reed) combined to raise him to a level of popularity unmatched by any other Irish athlete, Carr changed in only one respect: he made himself readily avail-

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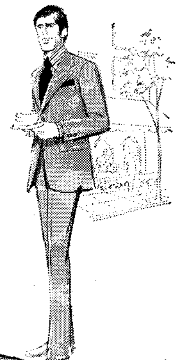

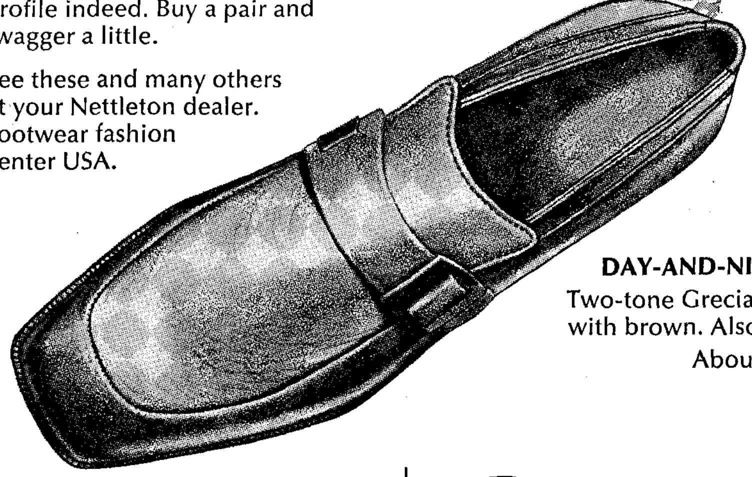

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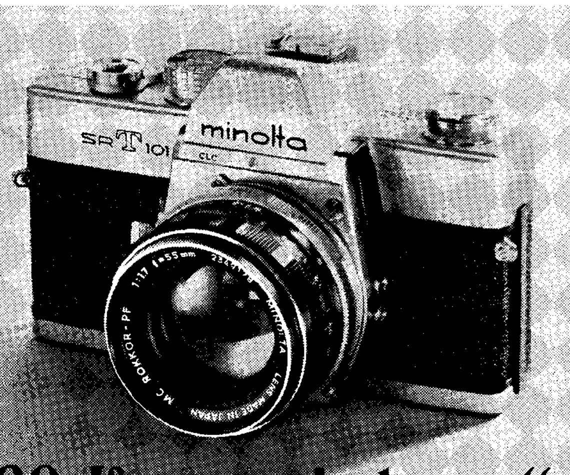

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able for tournaments and exhibition matches, at clubs both large and small, when he felt that his appearance might contribute substantially to the success of these events. He is able to give so much time to golf because he is a well-to-do man—one of two partners in a dress-manufacturing company that over the years has grown from a small business into the largest of its kind in Ireland. Carr's partner, Freddie McDonnell, is a winter-sports aficionado, so it works out perfectly. McDonnell carries the burden of the business in the summer, and Carr in the winter.

A tall man with blue eyes and wavy black hair, Carr makes his home in a suburb of Dublin called Sutton, not far from Portmarnock. He and his wife, Dor, and their six children live in the right-hand half of a three-story duplex house, whose chief merit is its location: Carr's golf club, Sutton, is only a few yards away. A stone stile at one side of his driveway leads over a wall onto the course, close by the second green. It is unquestionably the best-conditioned green at Sutton, for some member of the family is always assigned to water it whenever it is dry and to roll it whenever it needs rolling. Carr has also set up lighting equipment around the green, so that if his short game is rusty he can chip and putt after dark. Each morning before going to work, he climbs over the stile and tunes up his game, banging at least a hundred practice balls down the empty course from a level plot of ground off the third tee. Since it is known to rain in Ireland, he has erected at the edge of this practice area a corrugated tin shed, open on the side that faces the course, and this enables him to get in his morning workout whatever the weather.

MacWeeney and I made our call a brief one, because Carr was leaving for a business meeting in London the next morning, and he still had his packing and his other getaway chores to do. He wanted to know all about my trip, and I touched on some of the high spots. He seemed to know everyone I had bumped into. When I expressed surprise at this, he explained that most of the people in Irish golf know one another. "It's one of the advantages of a small place like Ireland," he said. "I suppose it's something like living in one of your American states. Take a fellow like Billy Joe Patton. He must know nearly every golfer in North Carolina. Or Charley Coe—same thing in Oklahoma. Oh, it's a little different here in some ways. Right now, we're all frightfully keen, if

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you'll pardon that English phrase. Everyone is studying golf technique like mad. Every young lad now aspires to be another Palmer or another Nicklaus. We may go centuries before we produce another playwright."

"Do you think we'll produce a Palmer or a Nicklaus, Joe?" MacWeeney asked.

"Ah, that's hard to say, isn't it?" Carr replied, after a pause. "Finally, you know, it all comes down to the individual. But there's really no reason why we shouldn't. The boys are learning to play at an earlier age, and they have the invaluable opportunity to develop their games on championship courses. Ah, they're coming." He broke into a smile. "Next thing you know, some of those colleges in Texas will be waving golf scholarships in front of our boys."

We stayed perhaps fifteen minutes longer, and I was introduced to the Carrs' children—young Joe, Roddy, Sibeal, Johnny, Gerry, and Marty. (Roddy, I learned the other day, has been named to the 1971 British Walker Cup team.) I have no idea which of the Carrs I followed over the stile when we visited the practice ground just before leaving, but I remember that the sight of all eight of them bent over and critically examining the state of the second green struck me as the perfect climax of my Irish golfing tour.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

(*This is the second of two articles on Ireland's golf courses.*)

•

In Britain the Rolls story was said to be "largely one of a complete misunderestimation of development costs for the extremely advanced three-spool 211 jet."
—*Chicago Tribune.*

Sounds more like antimisunderestimation to us.

•

Striking a pose, Jean Voigt has launched a new career as a theater costumer. The Danish ex-fashion designer is currently sketching designs for a nude ballet to be choreographed by Maurice Béjart.—*Photograph caption in After Dark.*

Bet *he* takes long lunch hours!

•

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[*From the Newark Star-Ledger*]

Bishop Luis Eduardo Henriquez Jimenez of Caracas, Venezuela, called the new rite "too simple."

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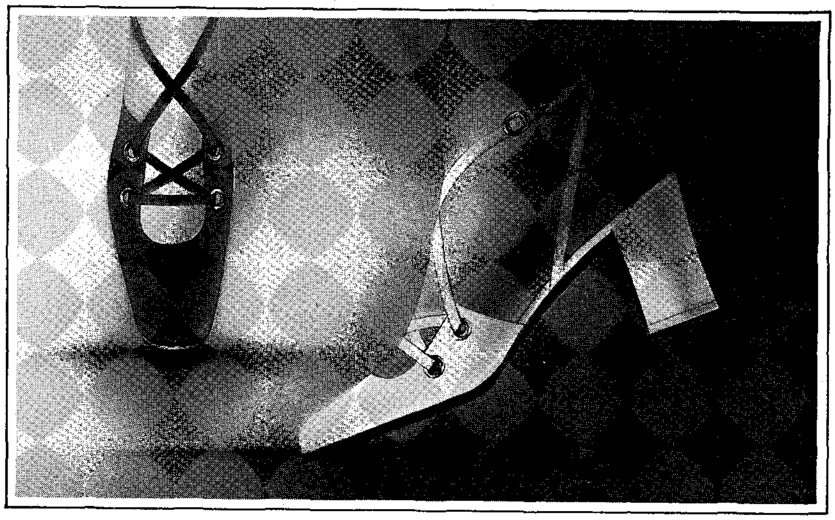

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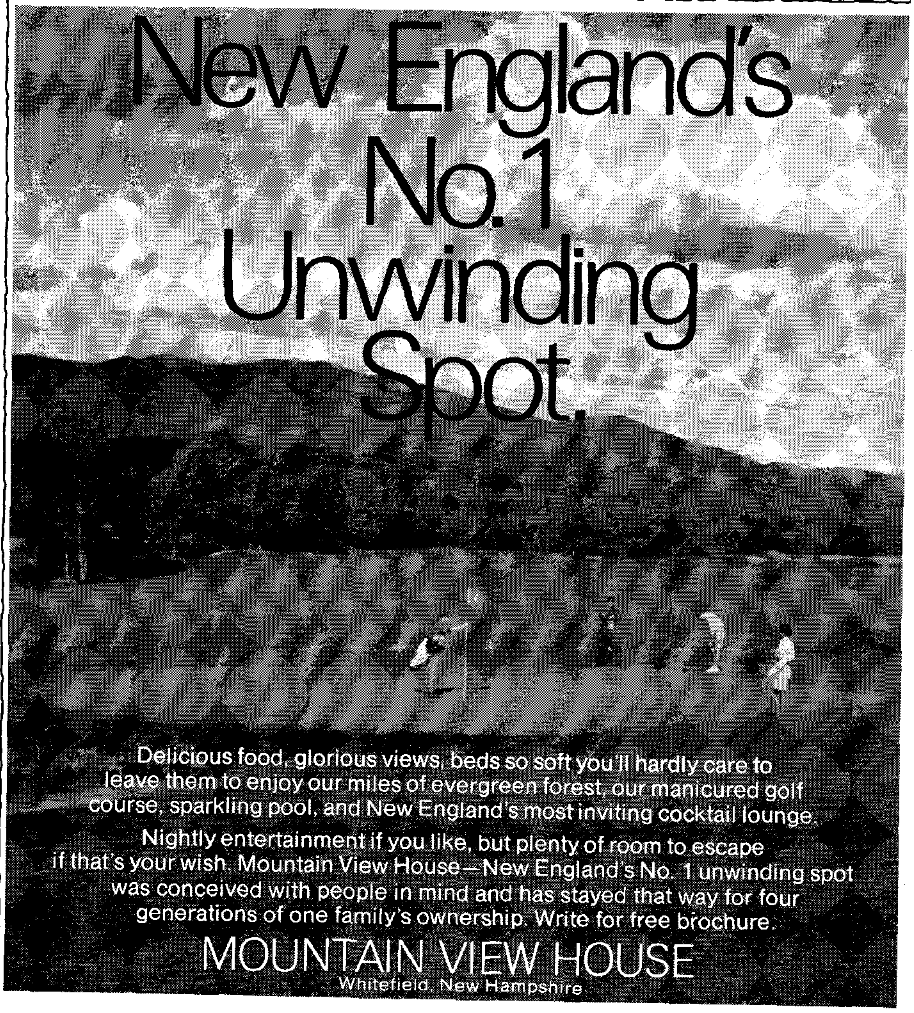

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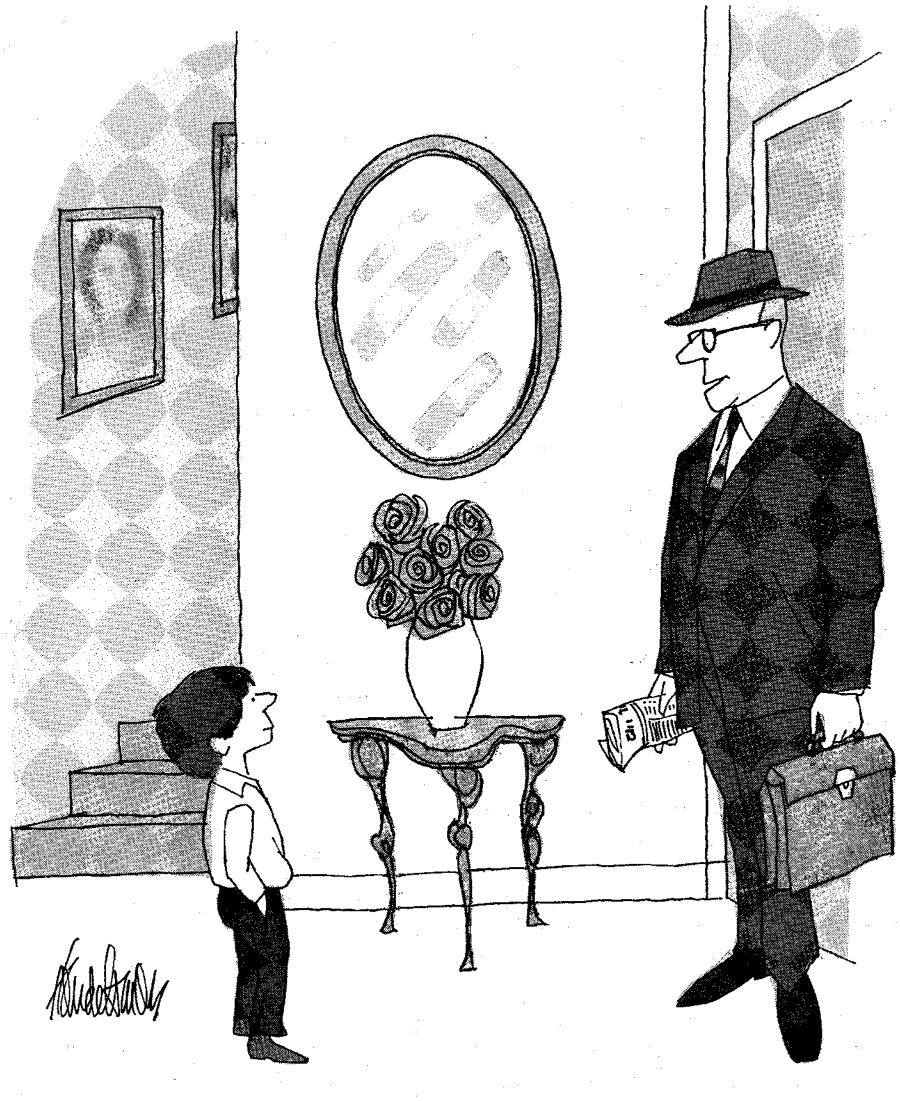
THE CURRENT CINEMA

La Napoléon

SERGEI BONDARCHUK'S "Waterloo" is about a Napoleon whose predicament is, of all things, the Marschallin's in "Der Rosenkavalier." This Bonaparte—played by Rod Steiger—comes back from Elba to try to tear Europe apart because he is alarmed by intimations of middle age. He is a creature whose experience might have been bounded by looking glasses and beds. What a strange and deficient idea from the ample man who directed "War and Peace." Bondarchuk has arrived at a character whose impulses and sense of what is sad are tinctured with nothing more considerable than the feelings of a beauty whose prime is passing. This Napoleon belongs to the world of actresses and courtesans, not to the world of empire conquerors. We see a man who reminisces plushily about past battles, whose notion of courage is that the show must go on and whose integrity is the primitive one of loyalty to other people in the cast, whose apprehension of the political and the tragic is limited to a quivering sensibility about the personal and the melancholy. He is a prima donna on a stage that you would never know to be all Europe. His comeback in 1815, he feels, should stir his audience to fortitude and fealty, should move Frenchmen to give him a standing ovation—and indeed it does. This is a Napoleon of—well, pathos at most, and one that is not so much acted as sung in full flood from a chaise longue. The scriptwriter, H. A. L. Craig, is a witty man and must have known exactly what he was doing, but I doubt if Bondarchuk has the same sense of humor or of history. Steiger's tyrant speaks poignantly of old victories, crumbles a little in private, needs an hour's lie-down in the middle of battle, cries with the Marschallin's tears about things passing, envies the handsome Duke of Wellington in a way that seems viciously cosmetic. Wellington is well played by Christopher Plummer, but the part is undercharacterized and historically shallow. A schoolchild who knew anything much about the time might need to be protected from this movie, and I think he would be right to feel let down by its way of never quite making one feel sure which soldier in a battle scene is coming from which direction.

Anyway. Napoleon as the Marschallin, rocketing out of Elba because of wrinkle-dread. Wellington as a pretty Sophie, threatening to oust him by right of youth and beauty, and behaving like a poop, though for some reason the poopishness is fictionalized, so that we have a toffee-nosed and inadequate poop who wouldn't impress even another poop, when it would seem more interesting to show the factual poop who held the interest of a skeptical and brilliant old nation for decades. The odd thing about this film is that, though it is entirely polemical in its ignoring of the supplementary questions that will be asked by any twelve-year-old with the instinct to look things up, it is not really at all political. It seems to have no feeling for the general drift. Waterloo becomes a vehicle out of the world of time and place, a vehicle for three furious stars: Napoleon, galvanized by fear of age; Wellington, a professional ingénue; von Blücher, the Prussian heavy, seen here as a hunk of raw drive and military expertise whose alliance with England salvaged a battle that was lost on the playing fields of Eton. This is a personality-cult movie. It gives one no sense of nations, of citizenship, of populaces deployed, of territory, of anonymous needs abetting the celebrity it describes. If one parachuted into 1815 on the strings of this film, one would think the Napoleonic Wars a combat of fan clubs. But Bondarchuk is an acute man, dialectically gifted, and himself a fine-grained actor (he was Pierre in his own "War and Peace," and, long ago, the husband in the Samsonov film of Chekhov's "The Grasshopper"); it may have been the great burden of working not in Russian that made his meanings come out so ill. The picture was co-produced by Mosfilm and De Laurentiis, in the Ukraine and Italy. The film unit is a Russian-Italian mixture, naturally. The scriptwriter is Irish, and Bondarchuk collaborated with him on the screenplay—which makes two pretty different axes to grind about Welling-



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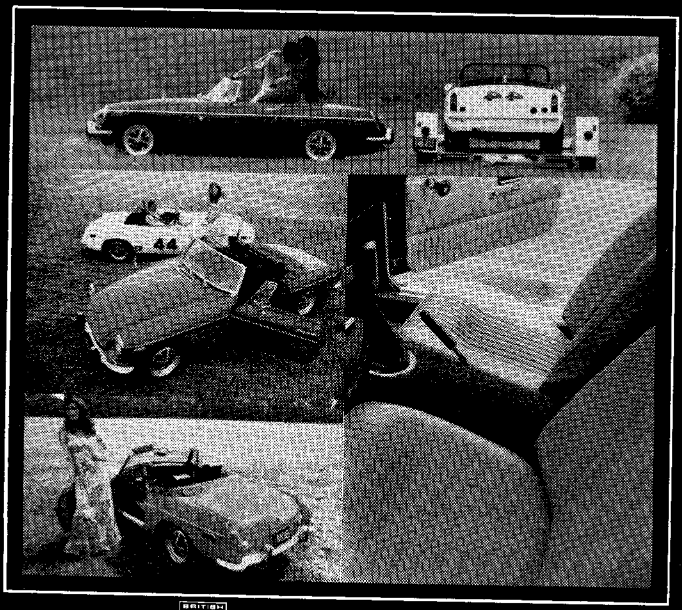

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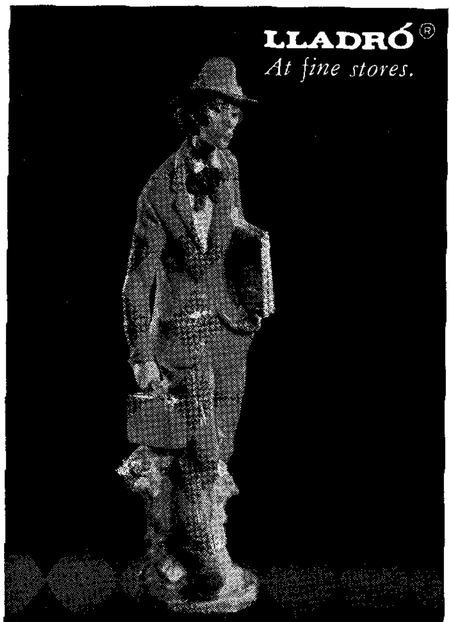

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ton. The man playing the hero of England, a Canadian, is skilled in a different acting method to the man playing the hero of France, an American, and what they visibly both draw from Stanislavsky is not Bondarchuk's Stanislavsky. Bondarchuk is a supremely Stanislavskian actor, but the technique has taken a different course in Russia, and it isn't the easiest method to use with foreign-speaking stars in any case. The performances don't seem much nourished by the Stanislavskian background of improvising around the text in rehearsal. How could they be, when no one exactly spoke anyone else's language? It is inconceivable that Harry Craig could have agreed happily to Napoleon's complaining about the kind of soldier "who sits around on his ass." The line jangles against the style of the script; it must have been put in by the actor, and any good director working in his own language would have said no.

"By God, that man does war honor," says Wellington of Napoleon, giving us one of the themes of the film, which is that war in the times of Waterloo was perilously treated as if it were a lady. This would be a big idea if only one came to it slowly and on one's own, instead of being belted over the head with a statement of it. There is nothing wrong with its familiarity; it wonderfully pierces a lot of scenes in Tony Richardson's "The Charge of the Light Brigade." But because of the language problem it seems banal here, while the talk of the characters is sparse and without much individual flavor. The script includes some gnomic exclamations that are almost eerily wrong, though buoyant in their wrongness, like aphoristic truisms produced with a faultless accent by an Eskimo who has learned to speak English by gramophone record in an igloo. There is an awful lot about weather. "Dirty night, hard morrow," says a Henry V surrogate in a night-before-Agincourt scene. Tolstoy was much interested by the idea of a fate implicit in natural elements, and Bondarchuk absorbed the idea into his film of "War and Peace," but in "Waterloo" it seems an effect. "The only enemy I fear is Nature," Napoleon explains, in one of the voice-over whispers that give the film its rather undeserved air of being a piece of old-fashioned junk about a genius. Voice-over is a difficult device to use; so it should be, since few people writing for cinema seem to see it as anything but a convenient conduit to the informative but not plausibly sayable. It sounds maladroit, an artifice

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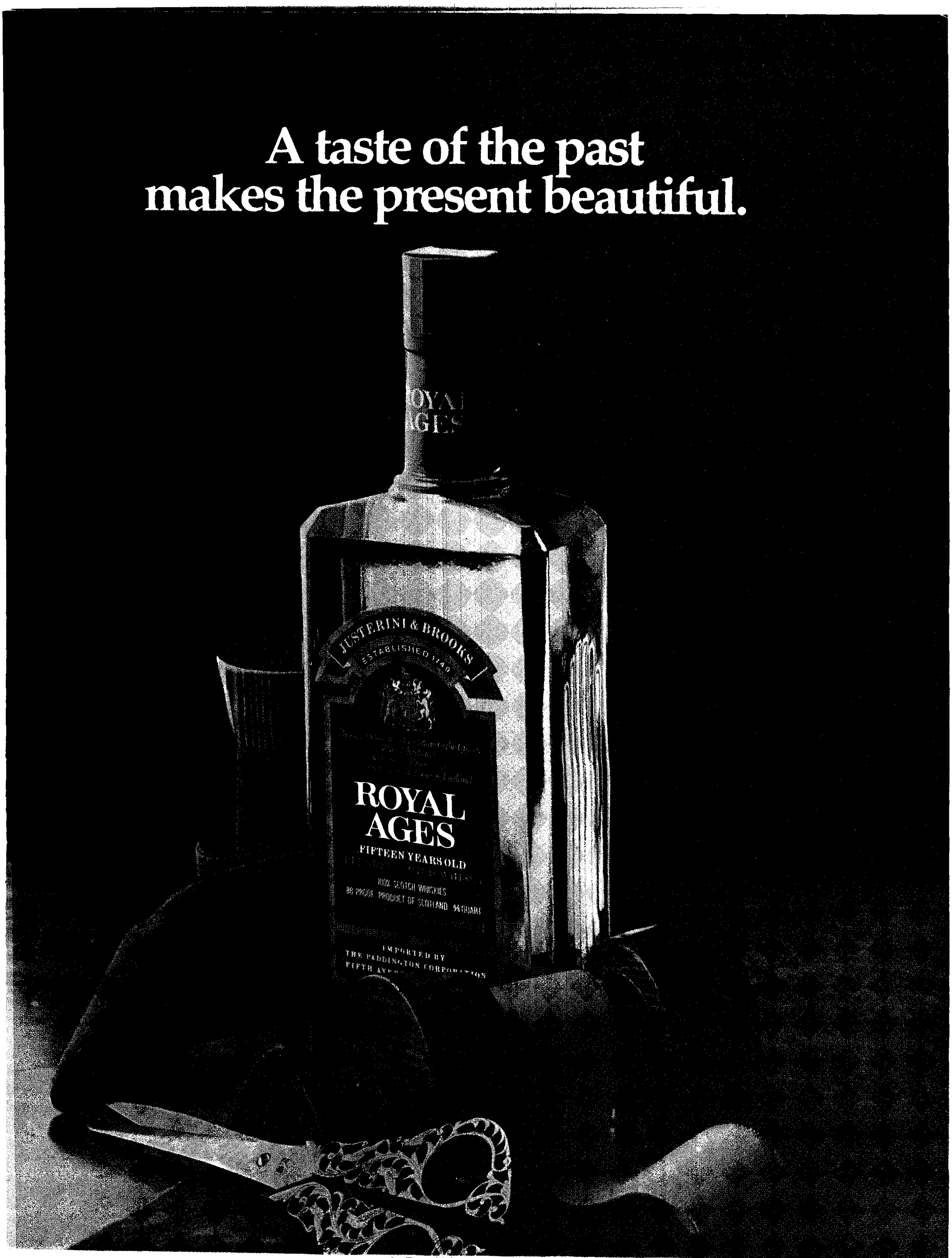
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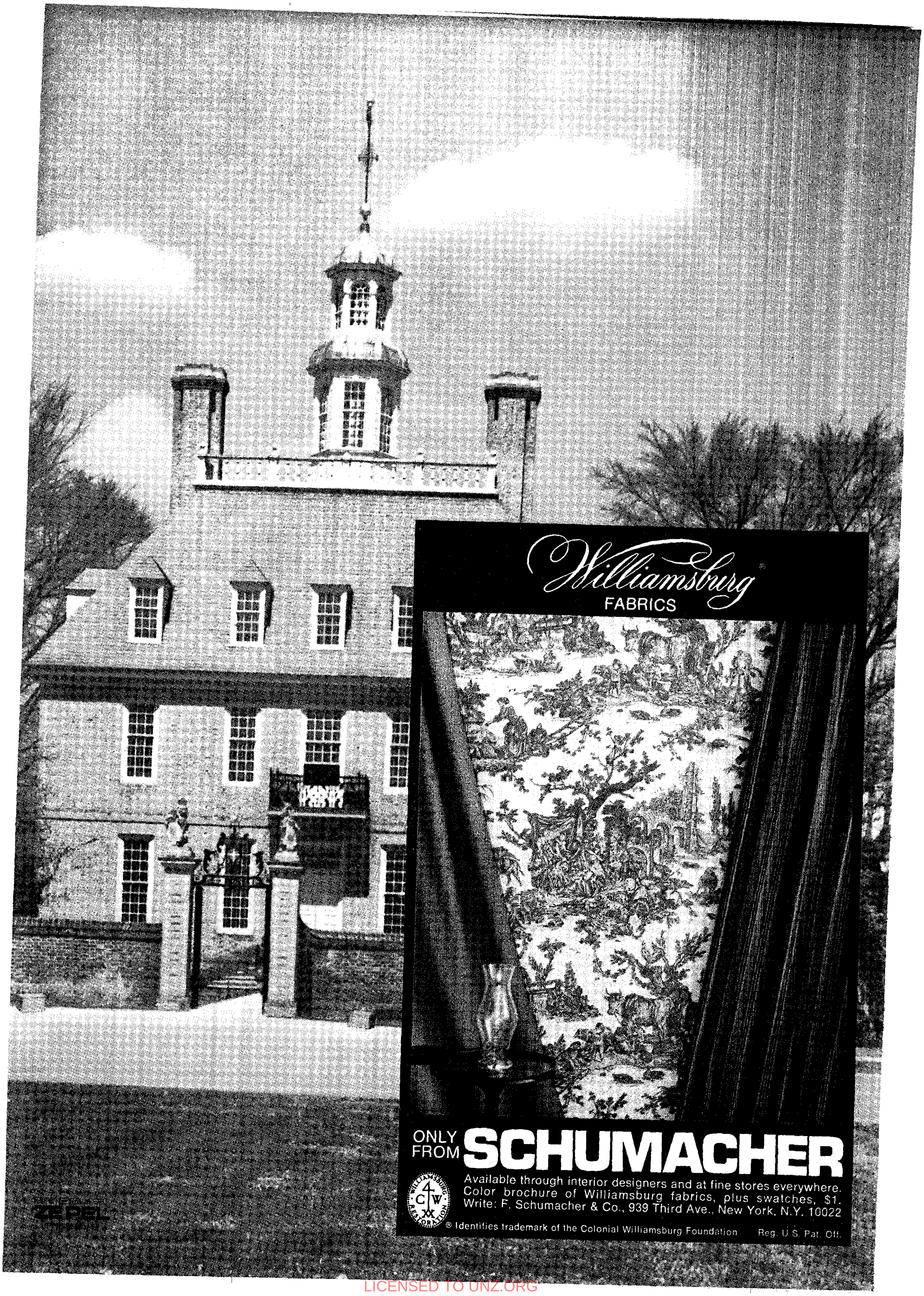

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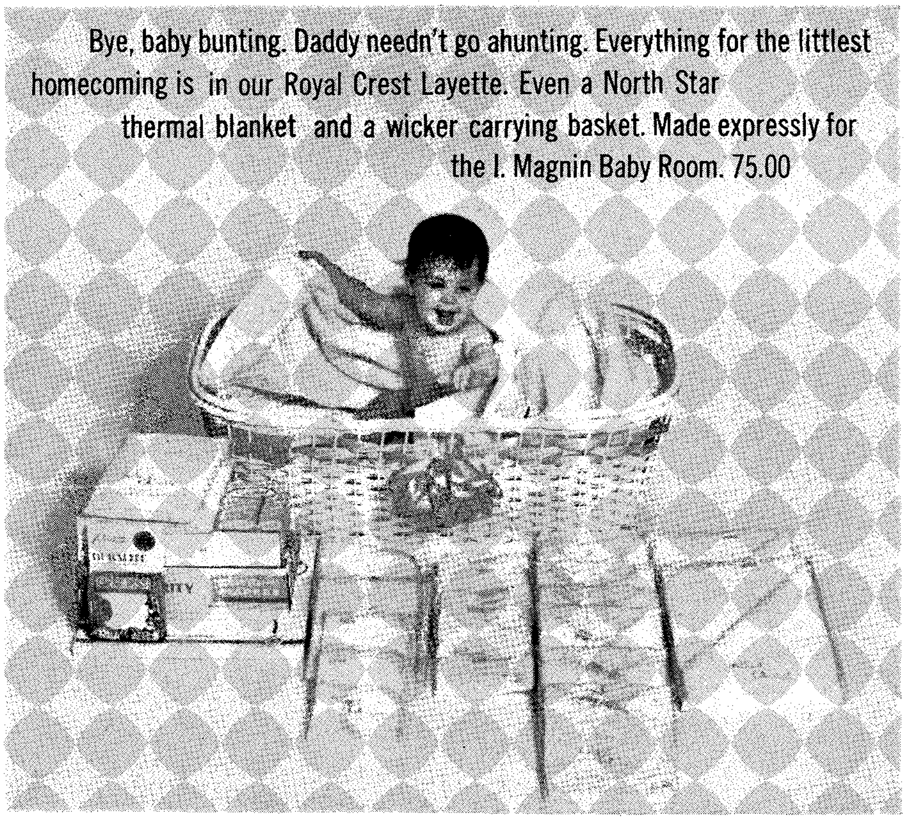
of a medium that has never grown out of its envy of theatrical soliloquy and also never equalled it. Voice-over often strikes one as a form of utterance reserved for the great and dead, with knowledge of burial ahead in Les Invalides or Westminster Abbey making the sepulchral mutters sound smug and sobered. The spoken thoughts in "Waterloo" have a hallowed hush, and they aren't always preserved from the clownish. "After I'm dead, what do you think the world will think of me?" asks Napoleon. It is faintly absurd, as if a film Schubert were to tear his hair and say, "What if I can't finish my symphony?"

HERBERT DANSKA'S "Right On!" is presented as "A Woodstock in Poetry" on the jacket of the recording of the sound track. It is rougher stuff than that—more dangerous, more agile, more strange to more people. Three black men are on a roof. Niggas, they insist. David Nelson, Felipe Luciano, Gylan Kain, poets. Drummers accompany them while they incant their own poetry for eighty minutes. A New York day goes by. The light burns and slowly wanes. Sepia newsreel passages of city life are cut in: railroad stations, markets, a small boy seen against the sun as he comes through a shabby doorway. The three young men are angry, cool, disciplined, caustic. Their humor curls and stings like the end of a lash. Their film is entirely stylized, and the controlling style is disdain. They speak to a beat of slow-moving and erotic rancor. Being niggas, they have rhythm, you see. Niggas have a good time, so we will all have a good time watching them. Niggas have an especially good time dying. They have been having a good time dying for four hundred years. Niggas watched Medgar Evers die. Niggas watch niggas dying on TV. Niggas dying now in mansions. Niggas sleep with resigned nigga women and it's like dying. "Die, niggas," says a poem by David Nelson, "so BLACK FOLKS can take over!"

"Right On!" is percussive and exclamatory and avid and funny and murderous. "Right On!" is stirring and chilling, is about making love and war, is about raising the wind. The drums go on into the evening. The sun sets—an outlined red circle in this Harlem where people are happy, you understand, because niggas are happy people, have been happy for four hundred years. It is often said that propaganda wrecks art. Not true here. This is pure, brilliant, freezing propa-



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ganda for black power, and it is certainly art. Whites are mocked, black quietism is mocked, intellectualism and liberalism are mocked. Crimped falsetto voices do it. About Vietnam, in a high, white mimic: "I was in the library; honest to God, I didn't even know." These are men with the dandyish contempt of Pope and Swift, but the contempt is directed even against books, because books are a trap, books are by whites, books are instead of action, books fib about history and about the life your people had, and your people are the people who talk like you and crept up the same alley as you when you were nine and vowing revenge on the man who busted you in the chops with a sawed-off zip gun.

The skill with sound and repetition is terrific—something near to what Schoenberg does in "Moses and Aaron." The sarcasm burns skin off. "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" is hummed with lethal sweetness against a monologue about revolution. The literary beauty of the poems is new, and their content is scathingly crass. Who *wants* to marry your white sister? Who *wants* an office job in an integrated building? Who *wants* the determinism of a Christianity that settles you down to your lot? Who *wants* a Heaven that was invented to sugar dying? The visual style of the picture is spectacular. The heads of the three men are arranged in profile-and-full-face compositions as formal as Cubist Picassos. The words beat out like bones on drumskins, and the insistence doesn't let up. There is no hysteria; much cold humor, resentment, love, energy; a mischievous pretense of torpor; and bottomless ire.—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

DEAR MEMBER OF THE NORTHEAST MUSEUMS CONFERENCE:

Our Canadian hosts, and those of us who were able to attend the splendid program they organized were sorry indeed that the announcements for the 1970 annual meeting were lost in the U.S. Mails. This accounts for the small representation of American museums. On all other accounts, however, it was a successful event, superbly run by William Patterson.—*Letter received by a man at the Whitney Museum.*

Known to his familiars as Laughing Bill Patterson.

•

Lyndon Johnson liked to picture himself in Vietnam "nailing the coonsk into the wall."—*Editorial in Life.*

Haven't seen a genuine coonsk since leaving Minsk.

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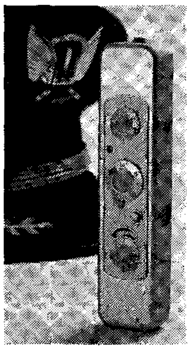

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BARNARD COLLEGE,
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY,
NEW YORK,
MARCH 30, 1971

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

YOUR Notes and Comment in the January 9th *New Yorker* makes this letter necessary. You wrote, "Recently, we read in the *Post* that Barnard College was offering a program for credit that required the students to live in a commune." Here are the facts about the Experimental College at Barnard.

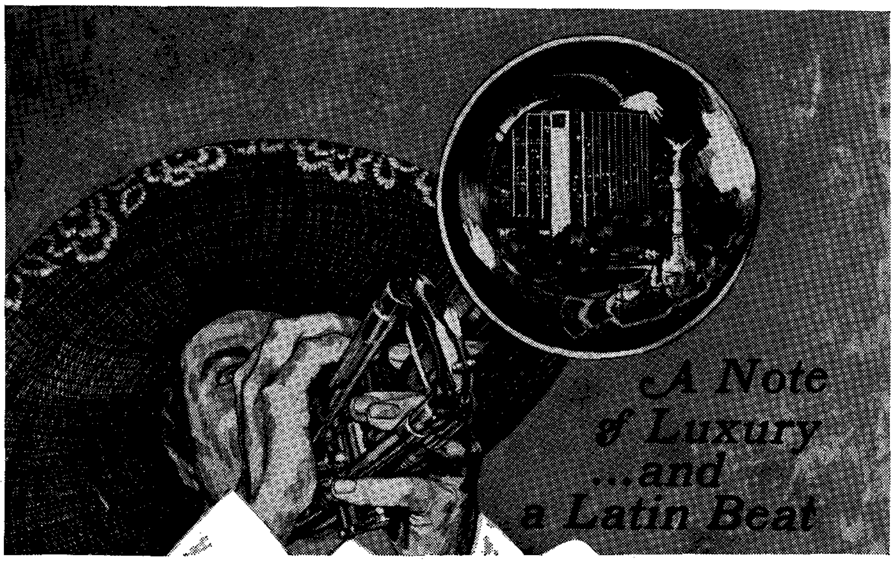
First, the Experimental College, to which you refer, although never by name, is not a Barnard College program but, rather, a Barnard and Columbia program. Of the twenty-three students in the Experimental College, ten of them are from Barnard.

Second, no student is required to live in a commune. Students may be part of the Experimental College and choose any of the several living arrangements open to all Barnard students: off-campus apartments; the Experimental College coeducational housing; the traditional dormitory room; or a room in one of our dormitories built in apartmentlike units, where the girls can share, in a communal way, the housekeeping and cooking tasks among themselves.

Although we offer these several living options to our students, we never give academic credit for the way in which a student chooses to live her life. However, we do respect and encourage any Barnard students who develop and take responsibility for their own living options while studying here. The academic credit that is given for the Experimental College is for a course described as follows:

> This course will investigate the current conditions of education in America and the assumptions that lie behind them, in an effort to gain perspective on the educational experience of the participants and possibly to formulate some new directions, particularly in higher education. The reading list is intended as a representative sample rather than an inclusive listing, as the search for relevant bibliography will form an integral part of the course. Participants in the course will be asked to state their observations and/or conclusions in writing.

This course is taught by a Barnard assistant professor of history, Hester Eisenstein, who is also the coördinator



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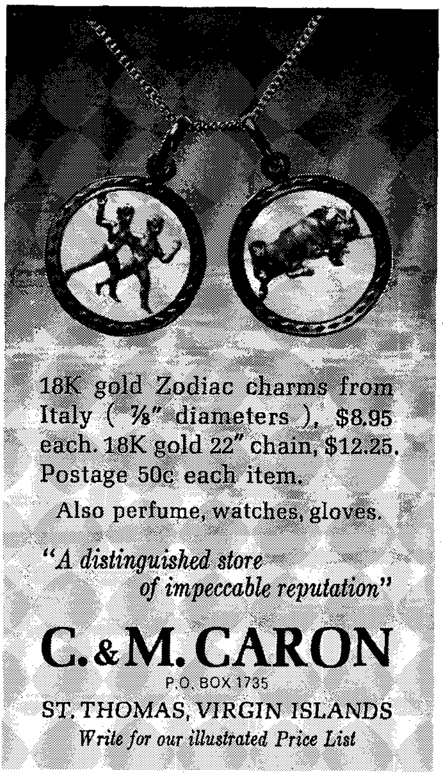

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of the Experimental College. Miss Eisenstein is a *magna-cum-laude* graduate of Radcliffe and holds a Ph.D. in history from Yale, where her dissertation was entitled "Victor Cousin and the War on the University of France."

I realize that *The New Yorker* has a point of view and that you are free to interpret material on the basis of available facts, but I am sure you feel that your readership is entitled to correct data, and not just the reproduction of misinformation from another publication.

Sincerely,
MARTHA PETERSON
President

•

THE RAISIN

I drank cool water from the fountain
in the undertaker's parlor
near the body of a ninety-two-year-old
man.

Harry loved horses and work.
He curried the flanks of his Morgan,
he loaded crates twelve hours—to fill in
when his foreman got drunk—
never kicking a horse,
never kind to a son.

He sobbed on the sofa ten years ago,
when Sally died.
We heard of him dancing
with widows in Florida, cheek
to cheek, and of scented
letters that came to Connecticut
all summer.

When he was old he made up for the
weeping
he failed to do earlier—
grandchildren, zinnias,
Morgans, great-grandchildren—
he wept over everything. His only
advice, "Keep your health."
He told old stories, laughing slowly.
He sang old songs.

Forty years ago his son
who was parked making love in the
country
noticed Harry parked making love
in a car up ahead.

When he was ninety he wanted to die.
He couldn't ride or grow flowers
or dance
or tend the plots in the graveyard
that he had kept up
faithfully since Sally died.

This morning I looked into the pale
raisin of Harry's face.

—ANDREW HUNT

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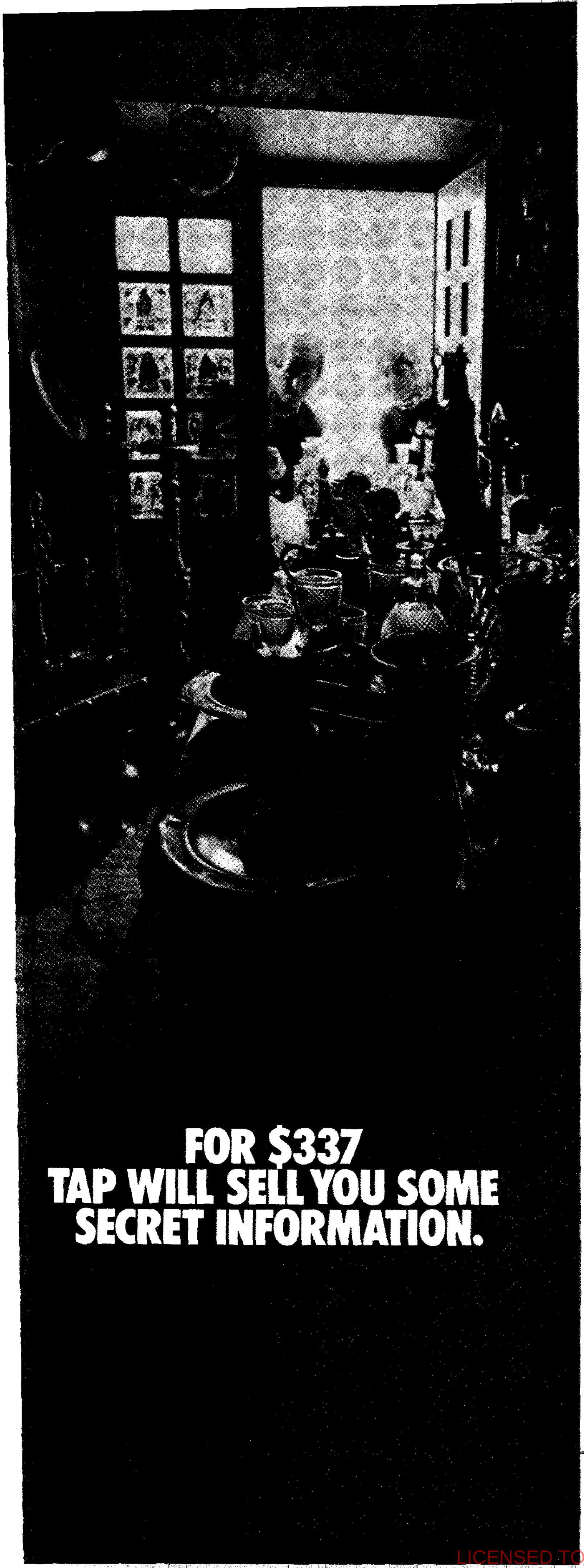

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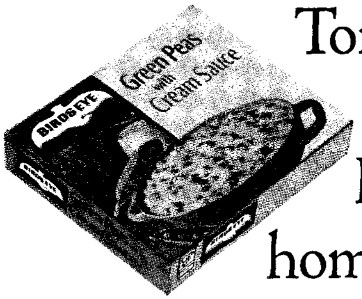

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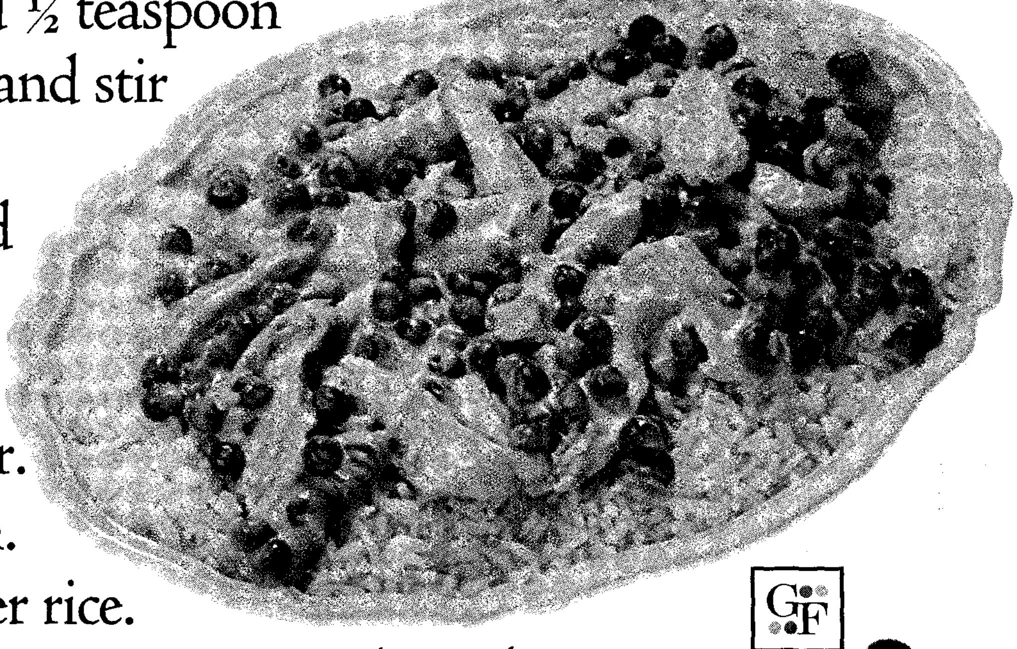

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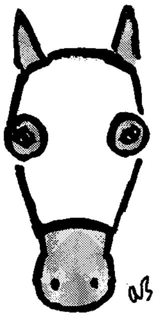
THE RACE TRACK

Bagpipes at Bowie



THIS leg-weary department bucketed down to Bowie last weekend for the John B. Campbell Handicap, and it was a good show. Named in memory of the track's onetime handicapper, who for years was also racing secretary and official handicapper in New York and at Hialeah and points west, it has been an important race in Maryland ever since it was inaugurated, in 1954. This year, the management put on a sort of Clan Campbell Day, with bagpipers "delighting the chiels, with sniggering pibrochs and jiggety reels," and the customers were given paper caps in the colors of the Campbell tartan. Ten thoroughbreds ran for the Campbell, including Never Bow, winner of the Westchester at the Big A a week before, and True North, winner of the Widener at Hialeah. Both, however, came in behind Bushido, who had an advantage of six pounds in the weights. Bushido, owned by Mrs. Susan B. Fisher and saddled by Heather (hey, laddie, how's that for a hunch on Campbell Day?) Buchanan, made every post a winning one. Sunny Tim, owned by Mrs. Lucille Markey (Calumet Farm), was fourth. Personality, the favorite, who is owned by Mrs. Ethel Jacobs, was in close quarters on the clubhouse turn, dropped back to last, and finished sixth. Earlier in the day, Darting Missile, ridden by Edith Hinsley, won and paid a $74.80 mutuel. What price the feminists!

THE worst news of the week was that Hoist the Flag broke his right hind leg in a workout on the training track at Belmont Park. He'd done five furlongs at a racing pace and was easing up when it happened. X-rays showed that the long pastern bone, which joins the fetlock joint, was badly fractured, as was the cannon bone. Most horses with such an injury are destroyed immediately, but Mrs. Stephen Clark, Jr., who owns Hoist the Flag, wanted him saved, if possible. That night, four veterinarians and an orthopedic surgeon worked for five hours in Dr. William Reed's office-hospital near Belmont Park, putting the pieces together. Happily, as this is written, Hoist the Flag is doing as well as could be hoped for, but it will be a month before the danger of complications has passed. It's the opinion of horsemen that he put a foot down wrong, and the jar to his underpinning was too great. It happened on the anniversary of the day he was foaled. Not a very nice birthday present. If all's well, he will go to the stud next year. Racing has lost a real drawing card, for nobody since Native Dancer and Kelso had caught the eye and the fancy of the crowd as he did, winning with an air of effortless superiority.

THE Gotham Stakes, at one mile, brought out seven three-year-olds at Aqueduct last Saturday. If Hoist the Flag had run, there would probably have been half that many. As I caught the scramble on television, Good Behaving ran the same sort of race he did to win the Swift Stakes on the opening day of the meeting. He was slow to get into his stride, but when he did he swept past the leaders in the stretch. Droll Role, who ran second to Hoist the Flag in the Bay Shore and, before that, in the Swift, was nearly two lengths behind. Sound Off was third, and the others were down the course. . . . Loud seems to be back in form again. Anyhow, I liked the way he galloped off with the overnight mile affair that preceded the Gotham. . . . The Big A nearly had a six-million day—$5,967,612.

AFTER running third in his three previous starts (the Florida Derby, the Bay Shore, and the Flamingo), Jim French, the traveller, finally won one—the Santa Anita Derby, no less, beating Unconscious comfortably by a couple of lengths. Vegas Vic was third. Jim French completed a nice double for Johnny Campo, who, as you know, also trains Good Behaving.

SEE you at the Grand Central betting shop. —AUDAX MINOR

•

NET Playhouse is still looking back at the '30s and this week sees that raucous decade through period films. There are bits from "Little Oscar," "Public Enemy," "I Am A Fugitive From a Chain Gang" and "Golddiggers of '33."—*Buffalo Courier-Express.*

You remember "Little Oscar." It nearly won the Caesar that year.

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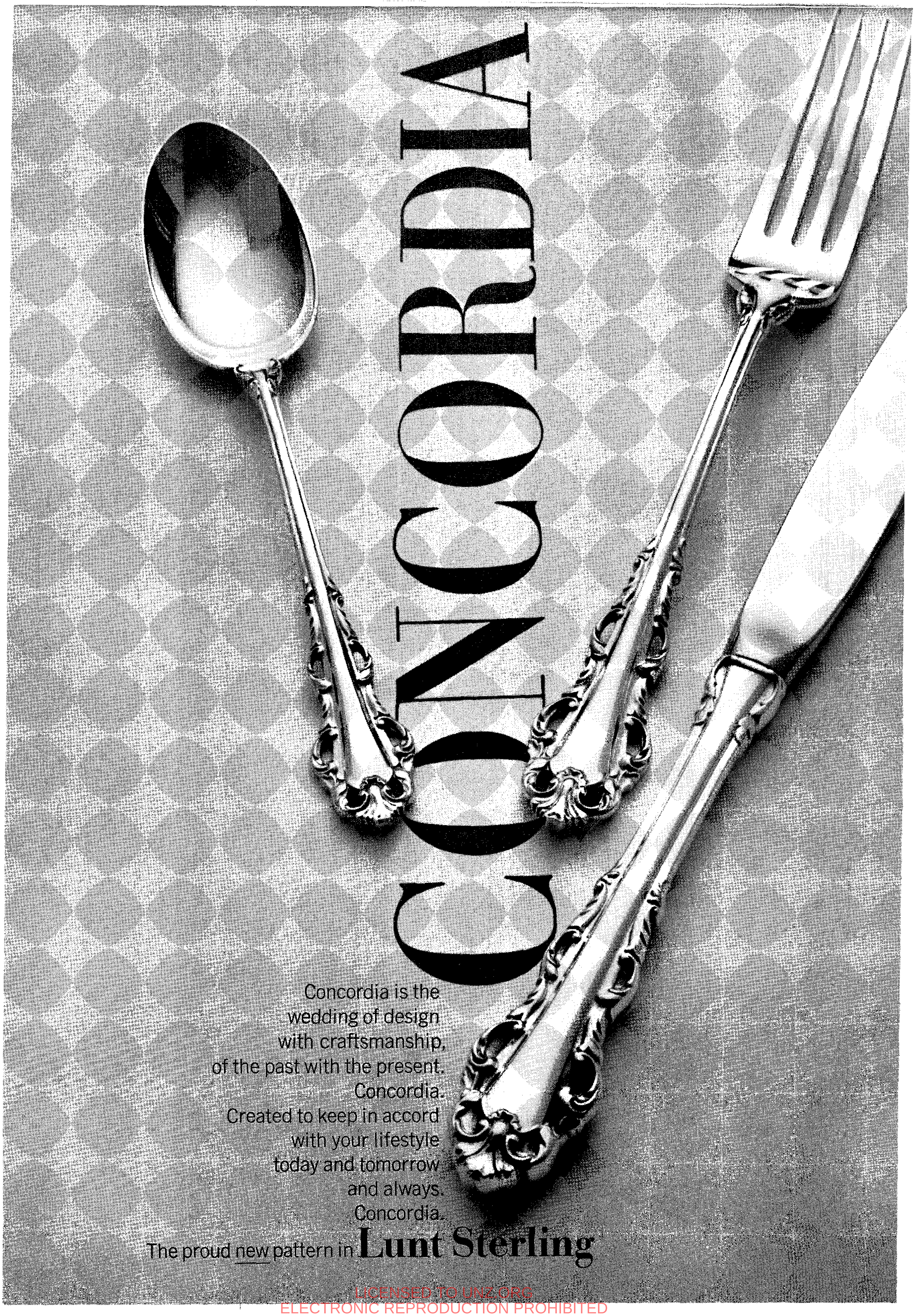

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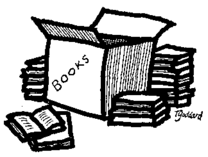


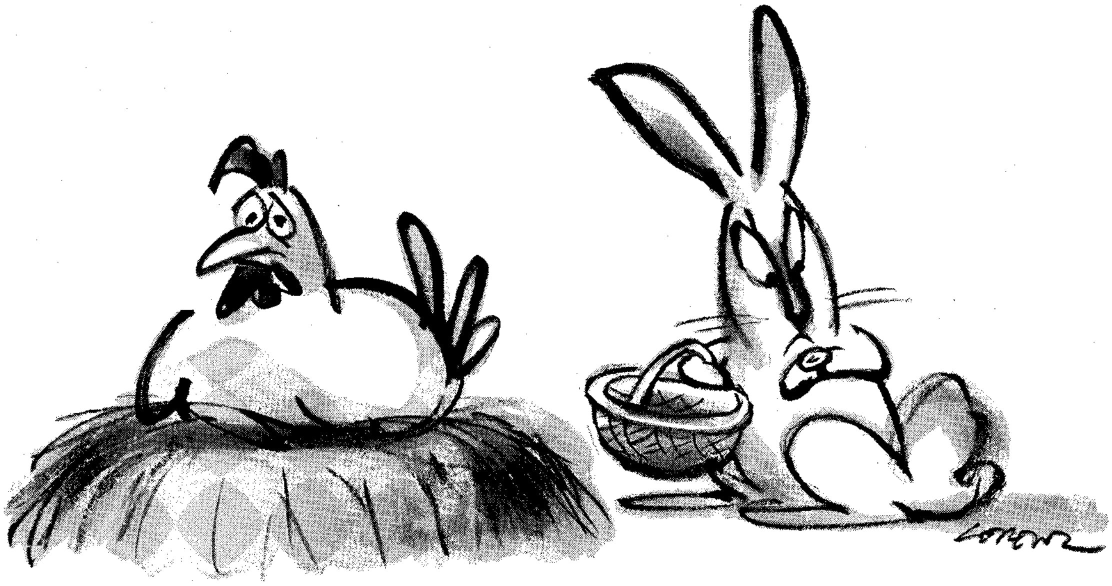
“First Novels” are almost a genre to themselves; *Time* used to refer solemnly to a “First Novelist” with the same capitalization it employed for “First Lady” and “First Baseman.” Second novels lack this irksome mystique; they are just supposed to be not as good—scrimped follow-ups of that first furious spending, strained variations on what came naturally. And, true, the two second novels at hand do seem less assured, less exuberantly annunciatory, than the first productions of their gifted young authors. Yet the flaws and deformities show stress *in a direction* and hint at why, in a historical moment when private concerns have lost moral priority to public awareness, it is difficult for an earnest spirit to write novels at all.

Marge Piercy’s “Dance the Eagle to Sleep” (Doubleday) describes—via the experiences of four major characters—the birth, short and somewhat blissful life, and violent death of a youth movement that one might call a nightmare version of S.D.S. The Piercy group is named the Indians, and early this year Bernardine Dohrn issued from the happy hunting ground of her hiding a proclamation “to express ourselves . . . as tribes at council.” Miss Piercy places her history in a futuristic time (there has been a government shelling of Bedford-Stuyvesant, a President called the King of Clubs has been succeeded by one called the White Knight, a compulsory period of national service called the Nineteenth Year of Servitude has been initiated), but the styles and equipment and brand names are all of our time, and at one point the author specifies that for “twenty-five years” the American people “had been sold a crusader’s world of Armed Might Versus the Red Hordes.” Twenty-five plus 1945 equals 1970. No matter. The futuristic conceit frees her to work on a large scale, to set her characters in the context of armies and headlines and—crucial to public-spirited agonists—*publicity*. The novel as the saga of private lives, soul journeys invisibly pursued under the heel of power (a tradition that Erich Auerbach’s “Mimesis” sees originate in the anecdotes of the Gospels), does not suit our Roman times, when only kings and gods matter. Miss Piercy’s heroes would be kings; that attempt failing, she caricatures them as gods. “Shawn felt useless and yet full of energy and light, a turned-on bulb, a ridiculous helium-taut balloon.” “The blade hit [Corey] with its dull weight, making him fall. As it rolled over him smashing his bones, his heart burst free like a rising crow, and he fainted.”

Shawn has been a member of a screamingly successful rock group. Corey is the part-Indian founder of the Indians; his pilgrimage begins with a vision of a buffalo who tells him (I radically abridge this stentorian manifesto):

> “I was the bread of your people. . . . Your people lived on me as on a mountain. The grass waved and I ate it as far as the clean fresh wind blew. Then I was burnt and left to rot. . . . I became garbage. It had been beautiful, the world made out of my flesh and my bone, my hide and my sinews. The people danced each season on my back. . . . The word was real, and every man had his own poem to connect him to himself. Now what is there? . . . Now there are people in boxes, their heads full of noise, their lungs full of smoke and poison, their bellies full, but their flesh sour. They do what they are told. . . . At the top are a handful of men who buy and sell the mountains and the rivers, who pollute and explode and set aside as preserves all the lands of the earth. The people . . . are chained together and crippled by shame. They cannot dance. Only the young are alive a little while to dance and feel and touch each other.”

The movement thus inspired begins by seizing a high school somewhere in the Midwest and progresses to rioting in Manhattan. It achieves publicity: “The media discovered them. . . . *Esquire* put Shawn’s face on the cover in feathered headdress, and inside had a snotty article heavily laden with psychoanalytical insights.” These insights, unlike the buffalo’s, are not quoted. “Dance the Eagle to Sleep” fails as a novel of ideas because “the system” is never allowed to have a cogent, let alone persuasive, spokesman. The policemen are uniformly faceless and brutal, the schoolteachers are all “frustrated, embittered lumps.” The adults in the book are either venal or oppressed—Brand X and Brand Y of the system, summarily dismissed in the very tone of presentation. “His father was a partner in a prestigious Philadelphia law firm. His mother owned buildings, had studied psychology and been analyzed by Jung, and was still beautiful in a gaunt silvery way.” Or: “His father was a pale gray drag. Started out as a high-school math teacher and ended up as a middle-echelon man in a company specializing in auto insurance.” Anything genial in middle-class life is dismissed as “co-optative softness.” Fascinating suggestions pass unchallenged: research scientists have no alternative to participation in nerve-gas projects, Che and Mao will deliver us from toilet training, all people over twenty-five hate all people under twenty-five because television commercials present youthful beauty as an ideal. The actions of the government, as it blitzkriegs the movement into smithereens, pretend to no rationale beyond the author’s desire to allegorize the Vietnam war. Comic-book heroes like



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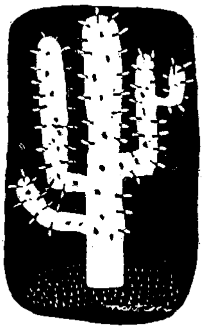
Captain Marvel and Plastic Man are frequently invoked, and the climactic chapters strongly savor of comic-book art; one can almost see BLAM and RATATATAT in jagged balloons, and (when Corey is hypersymbolically crushed by a bulldozer) AEEIIII trailing off into the next panel. The government becomes one of those almost omnipotent syndicates of evil that Superman did battle with. No mitigating circumstances are allowed in the Piercy condemnation—no historical causality, no suspicion that the system is a self-admittedly imperfect patchwork of changeable human devices, no comparison with other systems, living or dead. The system is never seen in operation; nobody functioning within it has any reality. This is not true of Miss Piercy's first novel, "Going Down Fast," wherein some of the manipulators of an urban-renewal boondoggle are substantially, if unsympathetically, realized. It is even less true of—to cite a masterpiece, as magnanimous as it is devastating, of political disaffection—Solzhenitsyn's "The First Circle;" here the author's compassion moves outward from the jailed to the jailers and does not exclude even the ultimate jailer, Stalin, as he scuttles through his suite of cells beneath the Kremlin, beset by dogma and paranoia.

Yet, in another way, Miss Piercy's second novel does reveal a (let us call it) Christian sense of human fallibility. As an anti-utopian novel, a study of the breakup of a visionary movement into doctrinaire factions, "Dance the Eagle to Sleep" has a credible complexity. It is "Lord of the Flies" with girls on the island. The warrior spirit is here embodied in the Piggy figure, the fat bright boy with glasses, now called Billy Batson. Corey, the Indian chief, remains a mystic theorist. The debates within the councils of the young are vigorous and subtle; Miss Piercy follows the cruel exigencies of the social contract as they arise in the tribe with just the sympathetic understanding she denies the enclosing society. "We were right and wrong," Shawn admits in the end, without surrendering his faith that "the system is all wrong."



Where *did* the Indians go wrong? In a sense, by biting the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. At first "there were almost no tools available in the tribe to communicate political values, but only to embody them. Which worked, sort of." Then communication becomes all too practiced: "Councils tended to turn into sharp debates now between different sides gathered around leaders who could argue a position and put others down. . . . The louder got louder still. . . . But somehow they were not getting any better at talking to people who were *not* yet Indians." Marcus, the Negro to whom the mantle of wisdom descends after Corey's death, says, "We thought guns made us real, but it was people, and we didn't have them." (Bernardine Dohrn's statement says, "We became aware that a group of outlaws . . . cannot develop strategies that grow to include large numbers of people.") The delusion that better communication would win "the people" seems shared by the author; her novel leaves us with the impression that the movement's only fault was not being strong enough. In the last chapter, a girl, Ginny, cries out in childbirth, "I thought I was stronger than I am." Marcus's answer comes back: "Human beings *aren't naturally strong enough* or nasty enough to live in this world." So even labor pains seem to be allied with the evils of "the system." What did the Indians want? For a time they live in a New Jersey farm commune, and their idyll centers upon a brown hardness of body, which they gain through the outdoor labor that millions of their ancestors hastened to escape. Joanna, the heroine, is always "tough" and "skinny." When she turns traitor and sides with the system, the first thing Corey notices is that she has put on weight. She is "a robot that looked a little like Joanna. A plastic doll with rubbery skin and a smell of plastics about it." In short, the system—substitute "history" or "technology" or "overpopulation"—has alienated us from Nature. As in the original myth of Eden, there is in "Dance the Eagle to Sleep" a suggestion that sex is behind the Fall. Joanna, once a blithely promiscuous runaway, becomes Corey's mate, then betrays him with Shawn. Yet this event, though much discussed, does not offend the sexual code of the tribe or bear upon its military defeat. Indeed, by this time the reader has become enough of an Indian himself, having witnessed so much random and inconsequential copulation, that he cannot give the incident the emotional significance it would have in a conventional, bourgeois novel. Shawn himself says it:

"Don't you think it's strange. We're running for our lives. There's a battle

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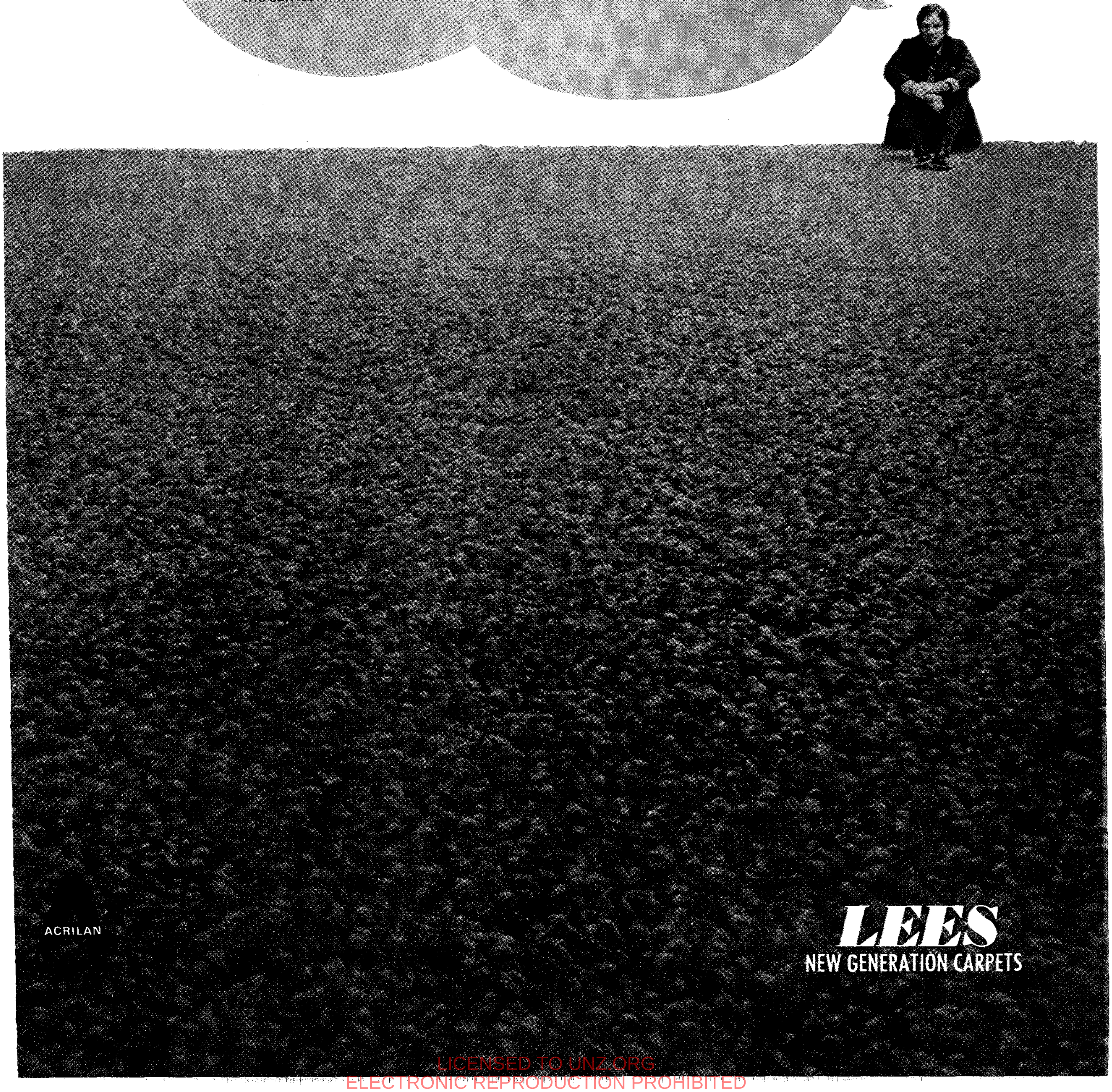

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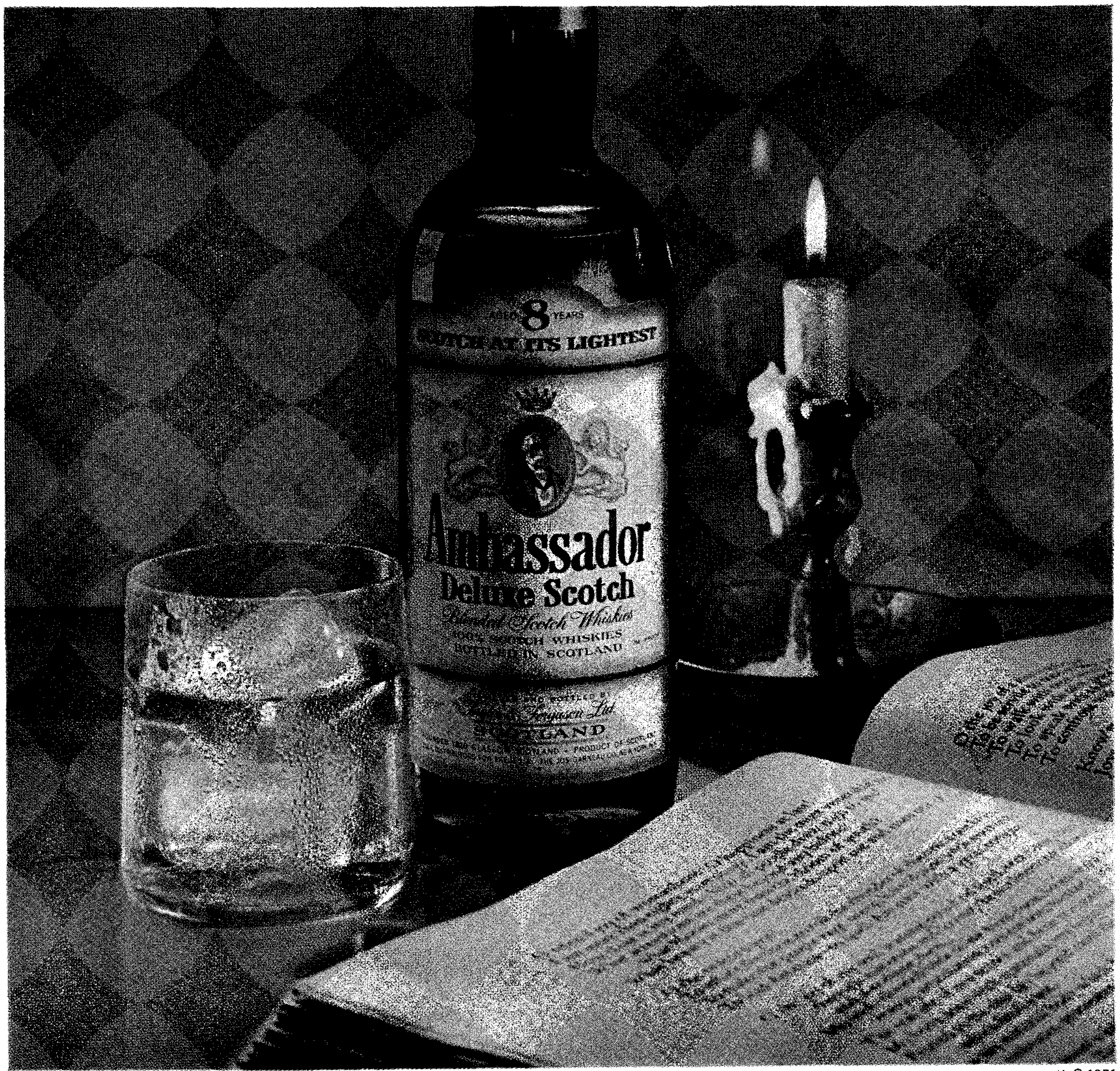
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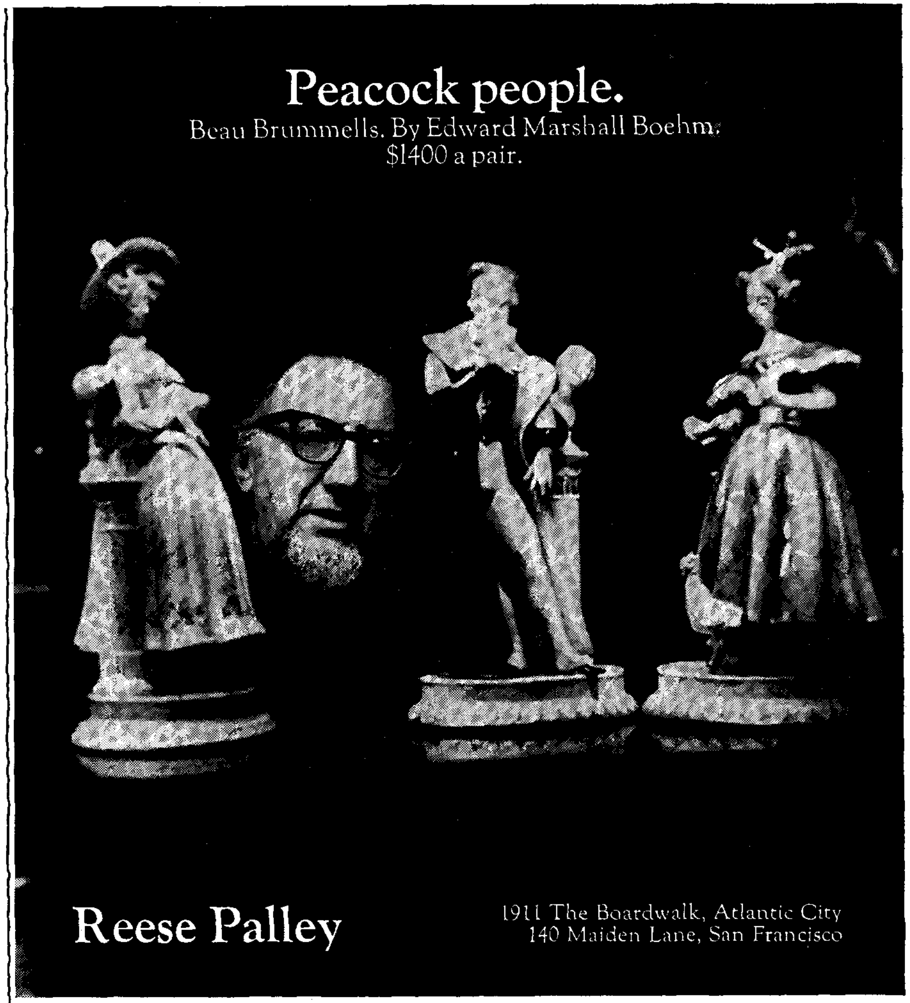
going on down below. Maybe it's all over for us. Our home is gone. Maybe our tribe is destroyed. And we're analyzing the subtleties of a love affair."

This confessed awkwardness and the curious failure of Joanna, though she is the most vividly realized character, to be anything but a pendant upon the book's essential action finger one crisis in the novel form. Is sex in the shape of "romantic interest" interesting enough? If sexual "possession" is scorned as part of the hated private-property bag, fidelity becomes meaningless and betrayal impossible. Joanna tries to make it possible again; she tells Corey, "I'm not liberated. . . . I'm your private property." And later, more wifely still: "I was trying to castrate you." Corey despises her new psychoanalytical vocabulary as part of her sellout, but does not answer her questioning of the "freedom" he and his desperate revolution offer. "I've got a scholarship to a decent school. I'm going to be a teacher. I'm going to be something on my own"—is the reader meant to scorn, with Corey, her moderate hope? In this ambiguity Miss Piercy uncovers a private feminine theme within the mighty masculine one of social rebirth. Just as the old novels etched the tragedies of private persons within the gray revolution of industry and technology, new ones may trace the personal liabilities of the anti-Establishment Establishment.

"SINGLE FILE," by Norman Fruchter (Knopf), presents a texture much different from "Dance the Eagle to Sleep." Whereas Miss Piercy's prose crackles like a comb being hastily pulled through rather tangled hair, Mr. Fruchter's glints like fragments of a mirror. While Miss Piercy, in her haste to get on with it, is not fastidious about clichés, resorts to a hurried sociological tone, makes people talk like press handouts, and declines to linger upon sensual details, Mr. Fruchter deals in the exquisitely concrete:

> Wet white bones, glistening like licked fingernails. Tooth-white. Fleshy hunks that evaded Negrone's knife, clung stubbornly to white bone. Tougher than chicken bone, sharp enough to cut and sting—cross-hatchings of scars creased Negrone's wrist up to his elbow, a foot above the cuff of his rubber gloves. Carp skeletons stacked, moist rattles, in Negrone's brine-soaked buckets.

After Miss Piercy's editorializing, it is a relief to sink into the crisp news Mr. Fruchter has assembled: mock documents, interior soliloquies, street sayings, descriptions clean as ice chips,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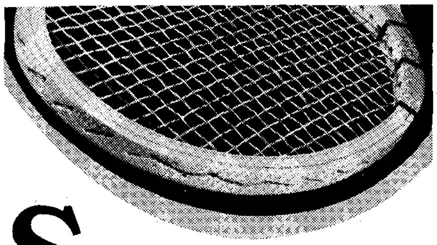

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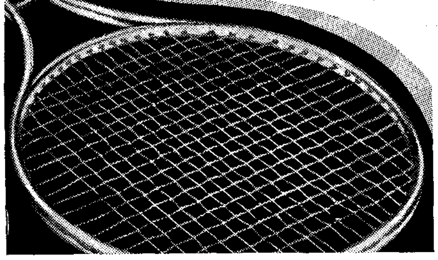
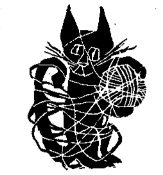


dialogue better than tape-recorded, all of it smartly shuffled and laid before our eyes in a fancy typographic dress of ragged-right margins, italics, play format, and an intermittent left-hand hairline. The conceit is that all this heterogeneous material exists in a single file of welfare casework, but my one complaint about this book is that its excessive "interestingness," its continual declaration of itself as a literary object insulate the reader (whom Miss Piercy does engage in argument, however feverish) from the shocking substance. For this is a novel of the urban humiliated and oppressed, a novel rich far beyond its modest bulk with the sights and smells and processes of present-day city life. In content, indeed, it is more radical than "Dance the Eagle to Sleep," which deals with middle-class teen-agers and ends with that hoariest of sentimental affirmations—*the birth of a baby.* Not since Steinbeck and Algren has a writer of Mr. Fruchter's skill demonstrated such unforced love for the proletariat, entered so willingly into their cramped lives, and found so much room for drama and mystery in the cabins of desire, scruple, and frustration that confine their freedom of choice.



Two clusters of days in April and July of 1965 are interwoven to form the plot. In April, Dutch Matto, an illiterate Italian laborer, limps with his mangled, infected knee from a nameless city hospital through the vacantly sociable routines of his utter solitude, pain and memories crowding upon him, to his destiny: at 5:21 A.M., "with the only pure motion of his life," he goes upstairs to where a black woman is pounding on the radiator for heat and "sweeps the pan's handle from her startled fingers and swings it through an arc which, completed, smashes her skull." In July, in the same lower West Side neighborhood, a welfare worker called only "the kid" suffers a rude ending to his affair with Angie, a Puerto Rican woman downstairs: she kicks him out and then piles the sheets he has soiled into the arms of his wife. Matto's memories and "the kid's" casebook amplify this double strand of action outward into a wilderness of other lives, and for each brief scene Mr. Fruchter finds the exact accent, the one poetic yet honest image that might filter through Matto's stupidity or the bleakness of bureaucratic notation. An uptown poolroom, a Chinese man's "bare room that smelled of scalding tea-kettle water dousing already spotless surfaces," a weekend on the water with sunburned call girls, the ins and outs of robbing trailer trucks—no corner of metropolitan existence evades the light of the author's imagining; the many vignettes expand and merge into one large landscape of impoverishment and confusion, individual egos and libidos winking like phosphorescent animalcula in a sea of despair. The "system" is seen functioning in its lowest forms (the neurotic, uncertain, well-intentioned welfare worker; the tired, tough, racist, grudgingly conscientious cop), where it intertwines with the "victims" (the ignorant laborer, the sexy, angry, helpless young hooker and her child). The policeman, Sal, lives with Angie while she is also accommodating "the kid," and he is in on Matto's arrest. Sal and the neighborhood itself are the definite links between the two strands of the novel; the indefinite link, *which binds them into a "single file,"* I take to be a verdict—scarcely audible in its irony—of guilty on the book itself.

That is, "the kid," if not quite the author, is the assembler of these fragments. His interest in Matto's act of murder generates the vivid re-creation of Matto that is set before us; his affair with Angie, his affectionate word-portraits of his welfare cases, his willingness to stretch and overlook regulations for them all stem from a "romantic interest" in the poor. Yet the depth of the poverty he sees swallows and exhausts him. Sal dislikes his type ("I knew the kid was bad news first morning I met him, sipping Angie's coffee. . . . Department was dying for staff, but he hadda pretend he was on a mission!"), and his wife, Laurie, begs him to quit ("You know why you went to work there and it hasn't worked out. . . . It's another one of those private notions you have, nobody's keeping score). "The kid" pretends to acquiesce, pleasantly envisions returning to college, but then sinks back into his "squalid anemia of the soul." In a world so radically awry, no effort is enough. One man goes upstairs to murder a woman, another man goes downstairs to fornicate with a woman; it equals out, it is the same. A possible response lies outside reality, in art, but his own work of art Mr. Fruchter has enigmatically fractured as if with the blow of a fist.

BOTH authors offer to tell us about sections of American society—the revolutionary young, the urban poor—more frequently met in the newspapers

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than in prose fiction. Need it be argued that the novel form accommodates some kinds of people better than others? Lively dialogue, for instance, assumes a degree of articulate self-consciousness beyond the Dutch Mattos of this world. Indoor actions like domestic quarrels are easier to diagram than outdoor actions like the street war of "Dance the Eagle to Sleep." Secretive sufferers like Matto and Sal, vision-possessed youths like Corey and Billy feel uncomfortable in the living rooms of fiction, whereas on the basis of previous acquaintance very marginal figures like "the kid's" wife and Shawn's parents call out heartily to the reader. Good, greedy, guilty, quasi-Christian people: without them, where are the moral tension, the irony, the retribution that give a novel its tug and design? Mr. Fruchter's first novel, "Coat Upon a Stick," showing the same clairvoyance and the same fascination with the humble and even the same trick of inserted monologue, dealt with an area of urban experience, the Jewish, already in cultivation; while striking his own note firmly, the young author yet based his precocious achievement upon a literary tradition. And the personae of Miss Piercy's first novel were also familiar—bohemians and small cultural operators in their twenties, their traditional absorption in sex and art wrenched toward political commitment by a not yet overt streak of demagoguery in the author. These second novels move further from bourgeois conventions.

The bourgeois novel is inherently erotic, just as the basic unit of bourgeois order—the family unit built upon the marriage contract—is erotic. Who loves whom? Once this question seems less than urgent, new kinds of novels must be written, or none at all. If domestic stability and personal salvation are at issue, acts of sexual conquest and surrender are important. If the issue is an economic reordering, and social control of the means of production, then sexual attachments are as they are in Mao's China—irrelevant, and the fewer the better. Vast portions of the world have always lain beyond the boundaries of bourgeois arrangements, and a sizable new population is in conscious revolt against them; the novel, reaching out to this sea of subject matter, encounters resistance. Sex figures in "Dance the Eagle to Sleep" as a puzzled promiscuity, and in "Single File" as a squalid menace. Yet neither author could quite do without it; indeed, against the grain of their prophetic purposes, it threatens to domi-

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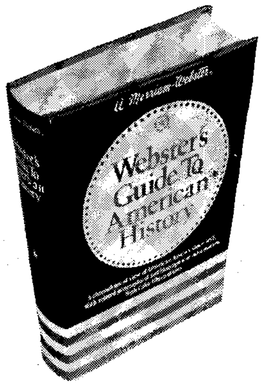

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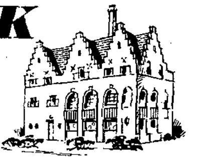

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nate their narratives, as something inchoate, unchannelled, mysterious. Both second novels—in contrast to the first novels—show people removed from the context of families. In one case, parents have been rejected; in the other, urban pressure has broken families down. Without the multiple perspectives of a family, Miss Piercy's portrait of youth rampant is a lopsided cartoon; writing about city dwellers interconnected with an extreme of tenuousness, Mr. Fruchter has compiled a scrupulous brochure of fragments. Yet if these be faults, truth seeps through them; and less, in the case of these second novels, may be more.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

LASSITER'S FOLLY, by Nathaniel Benchley (Atheneum). With sorrowful satisfaction, we watch the approach of catastrophe for a bland, bumbling do-gooder named Harold J. Lassiter, who tempts fate when he buzzes into a lazy, half-dead Southern town named Mariposa and tries to jolly the place up into solvency and an awareness of life's more sombre responsibilities. Mariposa, on the Inland Waterway, does not need Lassiter, with his schemes for a mammoth golf course and a super-mammoth airport, but the good-hearted millionaire, happy in his benefactions and revelling in the fresh air, fails to detect the ominous rumble of discontent, and pays for his foolishness when he falls victim to a spectacular local version of the kick in the pants.

THE FALL OF NEW YORK, by Miles Donis (McKay). A facile little horror story, related in a strutting, ingenuous tone that sounds affected even considering the fact that the narrator is a twelve-year-old boy. We read of the bloody chaos that results when the generation gap explodes into open warfare and teenagers and their young brothers and sisters take over the city of New York.

GENERAL

THE NAPOLEONISTS: A STUDY IN POLITICAL DISAFFECTION, 1760-1960, by E. Tangye Lean (Oxford). A knockout work, combining scholarship, humanity, humor, and penetration, that lights up not merely a moment in history but a whole sector of human character. The author studies, in detail, a small group of English who, during the long

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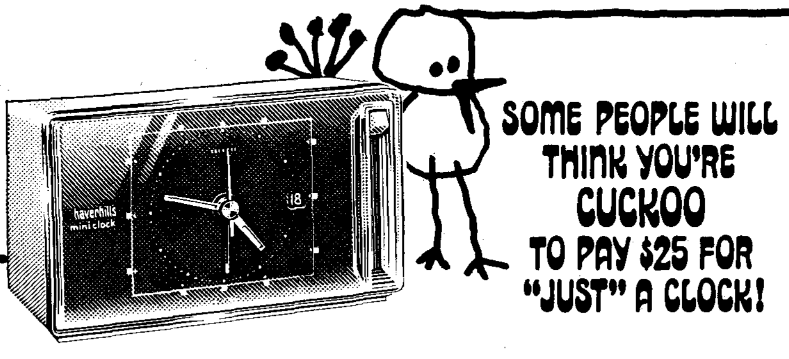

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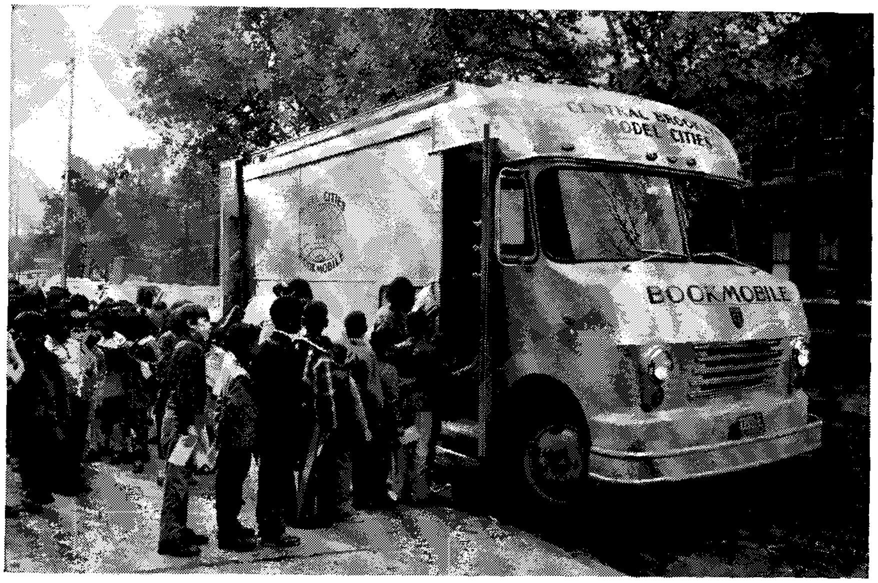

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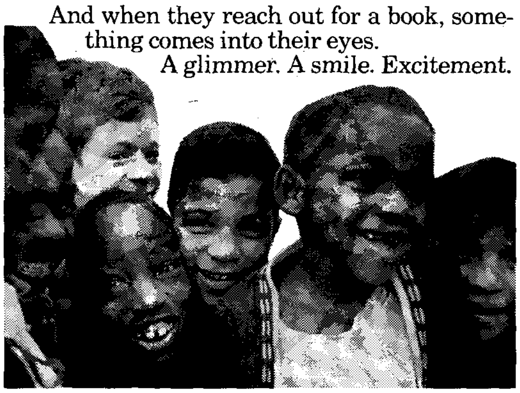

And the sky doesn't seem quite as grey. Or the streets as sad. And the air is filled with the sound of their laughter and talk.

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struggle against Napoleon, insisted that he was grand, good, heroic, and (especially by the English) much misunderstood. Every time he seized another country, they maintained that England had forced him into aggression—if, indeed, they admitted that any action of his *was* aggression. Many of their countrymen considered them traitors, but Mr. Lean is certain that none actually gave military intelligence to the French. He shows what this assortment of Catholics and dissenters, peers, poets, parliamentarians, and publicists had in common, and why they could all believe that their country was rotten and Napoleon was nearly perfect. Mr. Lean's look at some twentieth-century figures turns up a number of more than coincidences, for he demonstrates that the reasons that impelled Sir Oswald Mosley (sixth baronet), the founder of the British Union of Fascists, to admire Hitler were like the reasons that made his ancestor Sir Oswald Mosley (second baronet) a thoroughgoing Napoleonist.

SAMUEL JOHNSON AND THE LIFE OF WRITING, by Paul Fussell (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). This book, glory be, is about Johnson the writer, *not* Dr. Johnson the lovable, stertorous old curmudgeon of Mrs. Thrale's drawing room and other men's books. We learn about how Johnson made his literary career, and about the mastery of skills and literary genres that were required. Mr. Fussell examines Johnson's principal achievements—the Dictionary, "Rasselas," and "Lives of the Poets"—and judges them in context with the times and the idiom contemporary with them, and he fixes Johnson in his world of publishers, printers, patrons, fellow-writers, and intellectual compeers. The object of Mr. Fussell's labor is to rescue Johnson from never-never land and restore to us one of the great exponents of English prose at its most trenchant and precise, the man who broke the ground for modern literary criticism.

THE BATTLE STALIN LOST: MEMOIRS OF YUGOSLAVIA, 1948-53, by Vladimir Dedijer (Viking). The author explains that he was impelled to publish this book at this time because he fears—especially when he considers the doings of the Russians in Czechoslovakia since 1968—that Stalinism is making a comeback in the Soviet Union, and he wants the world to know just how cruel, de-

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*A portion of this book appeared originally in *The New Yorker.*

structive, and unprincipled Stalin was. His message may not be new, but his first-hand account—he was the Yugoslav Director of Information when Stalin excommunicated Tito—is full of fresh (or at least previously unpublished) and absorbing material. Stalin attempted first to depose the Yugoslav leader, and when that failed his agents tried to foment civil war in Yugoslavia; at the same time, he tried to wreck the Yugoslav economy. By ordering mobilization along Yugoslavia's frontiers, he hoped to drive the Yugoslavs to a state of desperation in which they would bring on their own destruction. Dedijer describes his own naïveté and that of other Yugoslav Communists, noting that a good deal of what they learned about Stalin, and about Russia as he ran it, would have been evident earlier had they been willing to see it. Many of Stalin's wartime policies, Dedijer says, bewildered the Yugoslavs, as did the arrogance and avarice of the Russians who were sent to Yugoslavia as advisers. Dedijer is frank, personal, and exact—a good, vivid, but never fancy writer, who makes very clear to Western readers the real sorrow of the Yugoslavs' disillusion with Stalin, as well as the terrible anxieties they suffered.

Edith Sitwell: Selected Letters, 1919-64, edited by John Lehmann and Derek Parker (Vanguard). This is a short book—the editors explain what correspondence they either could not find or were not allowed to use—but it is enough to show a passionate, powerful, enthusiastic, and (sometimes unintentionally) diverting personality. In all these letters, Dame Edith is very, very mad, or very, very glad, or very, very sad, and though poetry is what she cares most about, there is scarcely an invitation to tea that is not the product of strong emotion. The charm is in meeting with so much loyalty, generosity, and willingness to joke, and—above all—so much vigor.

•

Dr. P. C. C. Garnham, Emeritus Professor at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, has recently been elected Academician of the Pontifical Academy of Sciences (Vatican). In the June 1970 issue of *Tropical Medicine & Hygiene News*, this honor was erroneously reported as election to the Pontifical Academy of Saints.—*Tropical Medicine & Hygiene News.*

Try not to take it too hard, Dr. G.

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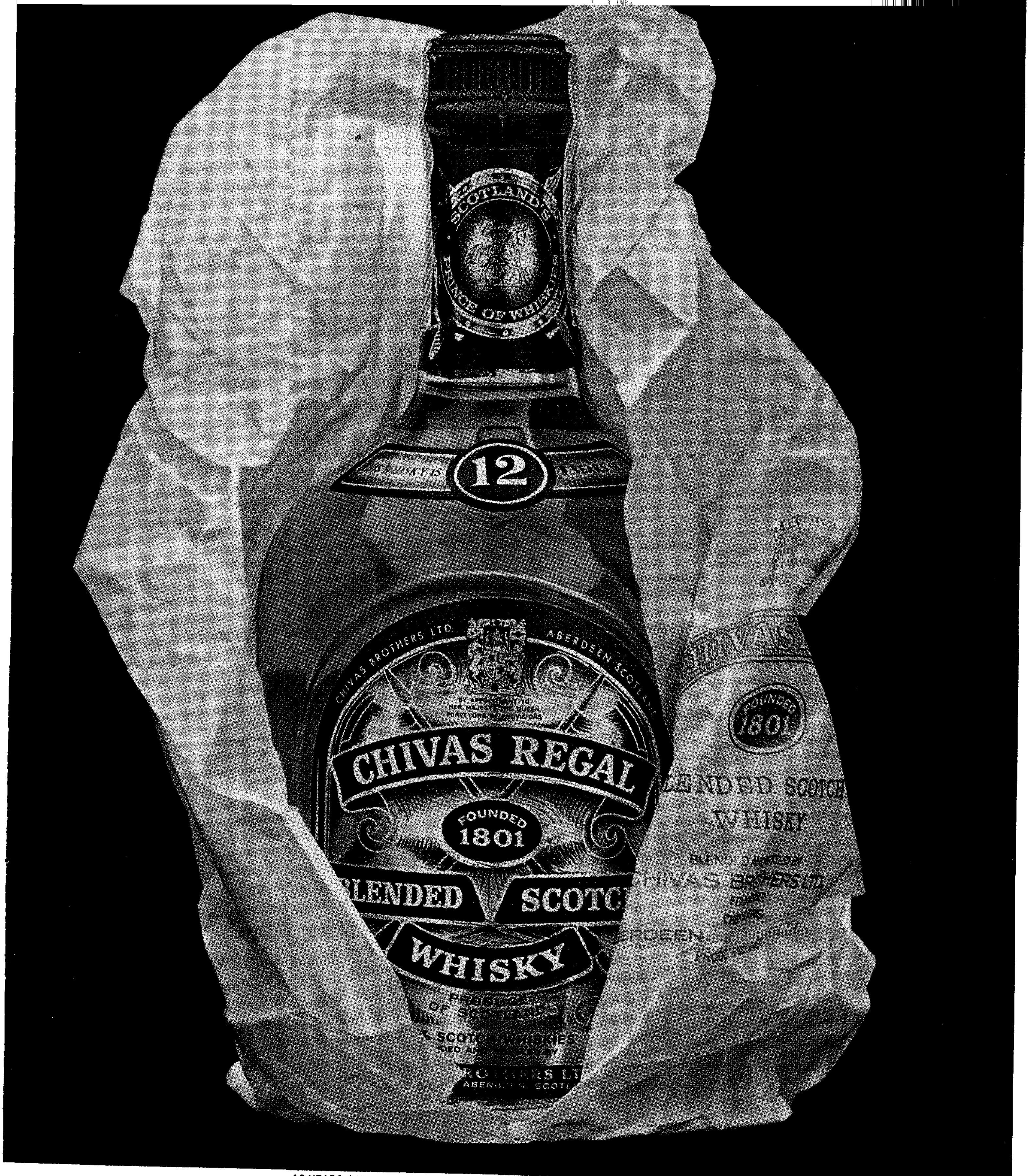
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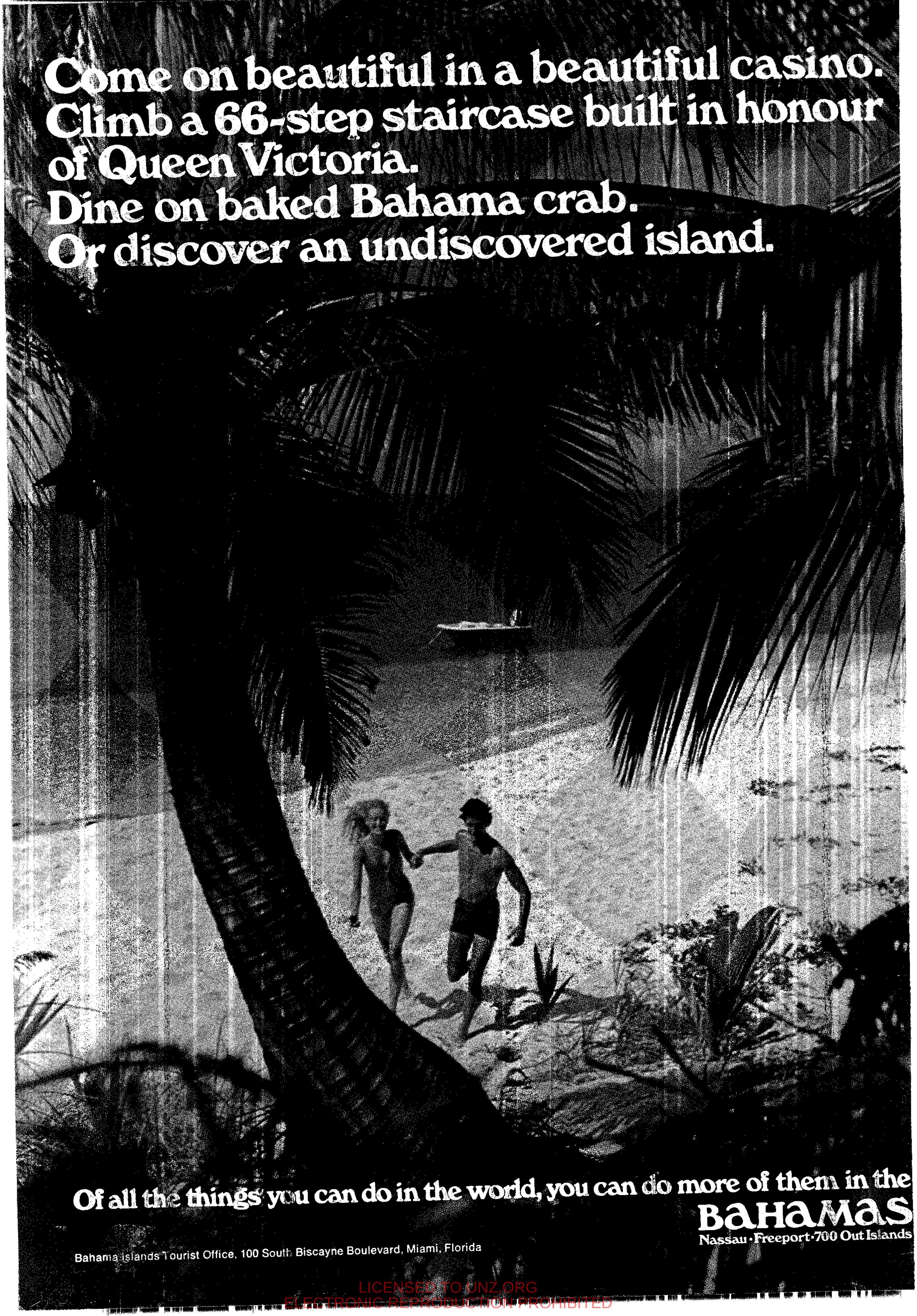
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